

January 30, 1963

Printed in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



**FREE
FIVE-WAY
PATTERN
MAKES
THESE ➡**

8-page feature
**A TOURIST
IN INDIA**



Pain and its relief...

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO EVERY WOMAN

What you should know about the formula of **Alka-Seltzer** and its unique dual action

Alka-Seltzer is a family home remedy for the relief of symptoms of simple complaints which are due to obvious causes and not to those conditions requiring medical attention

A principal use of Alka-Seltzer is for the relief of Aches and Pains

Headache... muscular aches and pains from over-exertion or unaccustomed activity... pain and discomfort of neuralgia—all these respond to the soothing relief which Alka-Seltzer so speedily provides.

Alka-Seltzer is also most effective in relieving Stomach Upset and Indigestion

Rich food, too much food or drink, hurried or irregular meals—these may all cause abdominal discomfort and a feeling of "fullness," or the distress of heartburn, flatulence—even nausea.

(Actual stomach pain may be an indication of more serious conditions; continuous indigestion or stomach upsets are not a matter for home medication—a doctor should be consulted.)

That "out-of-sorts" feeling is also rapidly relieved by Alka-Seltzer. The term "out-of-sorts" is used here to describe the lack of well-being caused by too much food or drink; during colds; and when hot or humid weather brings on a summer headache feeling; Alka-Seltzer provides speedy relief.

What is Alka-Seltzer?

It is the world's most popular dual-purpose remedy. It has been widely used as a family home remedy throughout the world since 1928. Each Alka-Seltzer tablet contains 5 grains of acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) with an effervescent base of citric acid (14.9 grains) and sodium bicarbonate (25.1 grains). (Alka-Seltzer does not contain phenacetin, caffeine or codeine.) However, the user does not take Alka-Seltzer in tablet form.

Alka-Seltzer must ALWAYS be taken in water! It then becomes a solution which contains:

1. Soluble sodium salt of aspirin.
2. Sodium citrate.
3. Sodium bicarbonate (trace).
4. Dissolved carbon dioxide.

Because the tablets are dissolved before being taken, not only is an important chemical change in the tablet ingredients effected, but adequate fluid intake is ensured for effective and prompt action. Alka-Seltzer solution is two medicines in one. It not only contains an efficient and quick-acting pain-reliever, but also an ingredient to relieve stomach upsets and neutralize excess stomach acidity. It does not have the harsh acid reaction of so many other aspirin type products.

What happens when you take Alka-Seltzer?

The pain reliever contained in Alka-Seltzer is quickly absorbed into the system. The sodium citrate in Alka-Seltzer solution buffers excess stomach acidity and the carbonated solution quiets upset stomach, giving quick relief.

How does a headache remedy work?

Relief is obtained only when the analgesic is absorbed into the bloodstream. It is obvious that ordinary tablets or powders (which are fine-grained solids) must be dissolved before they become effective. "Instant" relief is impossible! Alka-

Seltzer is pre-dissolved! Because it is taken as a liquid, it goes to work so much more rapidly!

Alka-Seltzer and safety

Alka-Seltzer is a home remedy for relief of symptoms of simple complaints. It is not a cure-all. It is not a tranquilliser or a pep drug. Like any other medicine it should only be used when there is a real need.

Who makes Alka-Seltzer?

Miles Laboratories, one of the world's leading manufacturers of pharmaceutical products with a world-wide reputation for ethical standards and high quality. As an international company Miles Laboratories back Alka-Seltzer with the facilities of extensive quality control and research laboratories. A constant programme of testing and development is your safeguard.

What is the Alka-Seltzer dosage?

For Adults—one or two tablets in water as required. Not more than 12 tablets should be taken in any 24-hour period.

For Children: 3-5 years... ½ tablet
6-12 years... 1 tablet
Over 12 years... same as adults (1-2 tablets)

Dose may be repeated not more often than 4 hourly. Alka-Seltzer should not be given to children under 3 years without medical advice.

(Note: Alka-Seltzer solution contains a salt of aspirin and should not be taken by people whose doctor has advised them not to take aspirin, nor by those who are on a salt-reduced diet.)

You can rely on Alka-Seltzer—it really works.

ALKA-SELTZER IS OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4047, Sydney.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1856, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4047, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 3044, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JANUARY 30, 1963

Vol. 20, No. 5

CONTENTS

Special Features

India Today—8-page section
Be Your Own Handyman—new series
The First Day at School

Fiction

The King Who Loved Suburbia, Robert W. Wall
Girl on a Ledge, Pat Flower
The Voyagers (serial, part 2), Margaret Culkin Banning
The Clouded Glass, Dorothy Cooper

Regular Features

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain
Social
Television Parade, Films
Letter Box, Ross Campbell
Worth Reporting
Stars
Mandrake, Crossword

Fashion

Fashion Frocks
Fashion Patterns

Home and Family

Collectors' Corner
Cookery—Midday Meals
Prize Recipes
At Home with Margaret Sydney
Home Hints
Gardening Book

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The Taj Mahal, India's best-known tourist attraction, deserves its pre-eminence, says our chief sub-editor, Kay Melaun, who wrote the 8-page feature "India Today" which begins on page 27.

BUT she found the romantic story about the Taj a trifle irritating.

"It was built at Agra in the 17th century by the bereaved Emperor Shah Jahan as a tomb for his beloved wife," she said.

"He gets all the credit, when all he put up was the £4,000,000."

"Neither the Persian architect who designed it nor the men who worked for 22 years building it get any credit at all."

On the flight to and from Australia by Boeing jet Kay and staff photographer Adelle Hurley were guests of Air-India.

★ ★ ★

THE rare Tibetan Apso dogs about which Robin Adair has written the doggerel on the opposite page are owned by Mrs. J. A. Beard, of Balgowlah, N.S.W.

The first of their kind to arrive in Australia—they were imported from England—they have an interesting history.

The breed is very old. Some American authorities claim to have traced it to 800 B.C.

It is known that from the beginning of the Manchu dynasty of 1583, the Dalai Lama of Tibet presented the dogs to members of China's imperial families and other dignitaries—a great honor and traditionally supposed to bring good luck.

There's a legend about the hair over the dogs' eyes. It was said that the spirit of the dead Lama rested within

Our cover—

● You can make five different garments—a two-piece sleeveless suit (the top with sleeves, too), plus a ruff blouse, a tunic, a shift-dress, all by Mary Ellen Johnson—with the free life-size pattern in the centre of the paper.

The pattern was devised by Dawn James, our staff, who made the cover clothes in three days.

Dawn designs and makes nearly all her own clothes. Her next ambitious job: A short white chintilly lace evening dress—with lace completely embroidered in pastel beads.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

the dogs until it returned to earth and the hair over its eyes was to help him sleep.

★ ★ ★

PAT FLOWER, Sydney author of the short story "Girl on a Ledge" (p. 21), is busy on her new detective novel, "Killer in Clover."

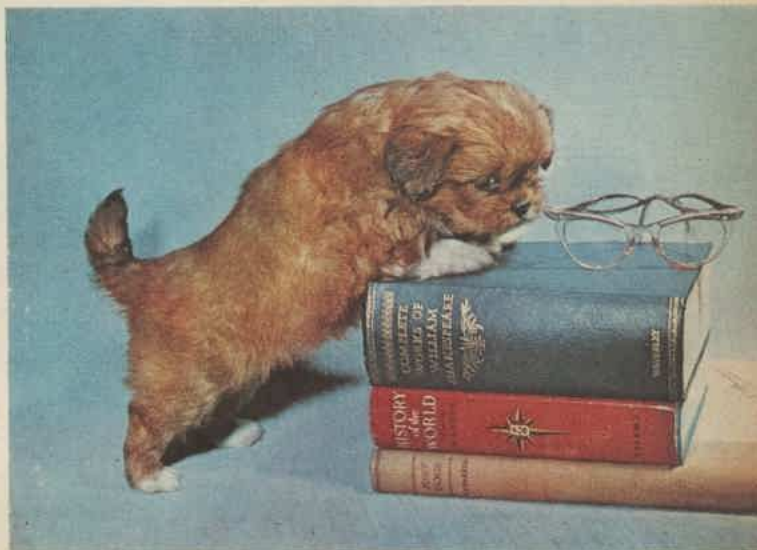
At present she's anxious to see a copy of one of her stories, "Goodbye, Sweet William," which has just been published in Italy as a page back.

She is wondering if the title has been translated generally, which would make quite a mouthful—"Arrivederci Dolce Guglielmo."

PUPPY LOVE...

● A poem, translated from the doggerel by
ROBIN ADAIR. (Story on the dogs—rare
Tibetan Apsos — on the opposite page.)

*I ponder, lonely as a cloud—
I haven't caught my quarry yet.
I wonder if she'd be bow-voiced
By a canine poet laureate?*



*My love is like a red, wet nose
(We're each Tibetan Apso),
She's quiet, refined—so unlike those
Who I wish wouldn't yap so.*



*With long-haired, dogged persis-
tence
She seeks a romance plan,
But books are no assistance—
Freud isn't dog's best man.*



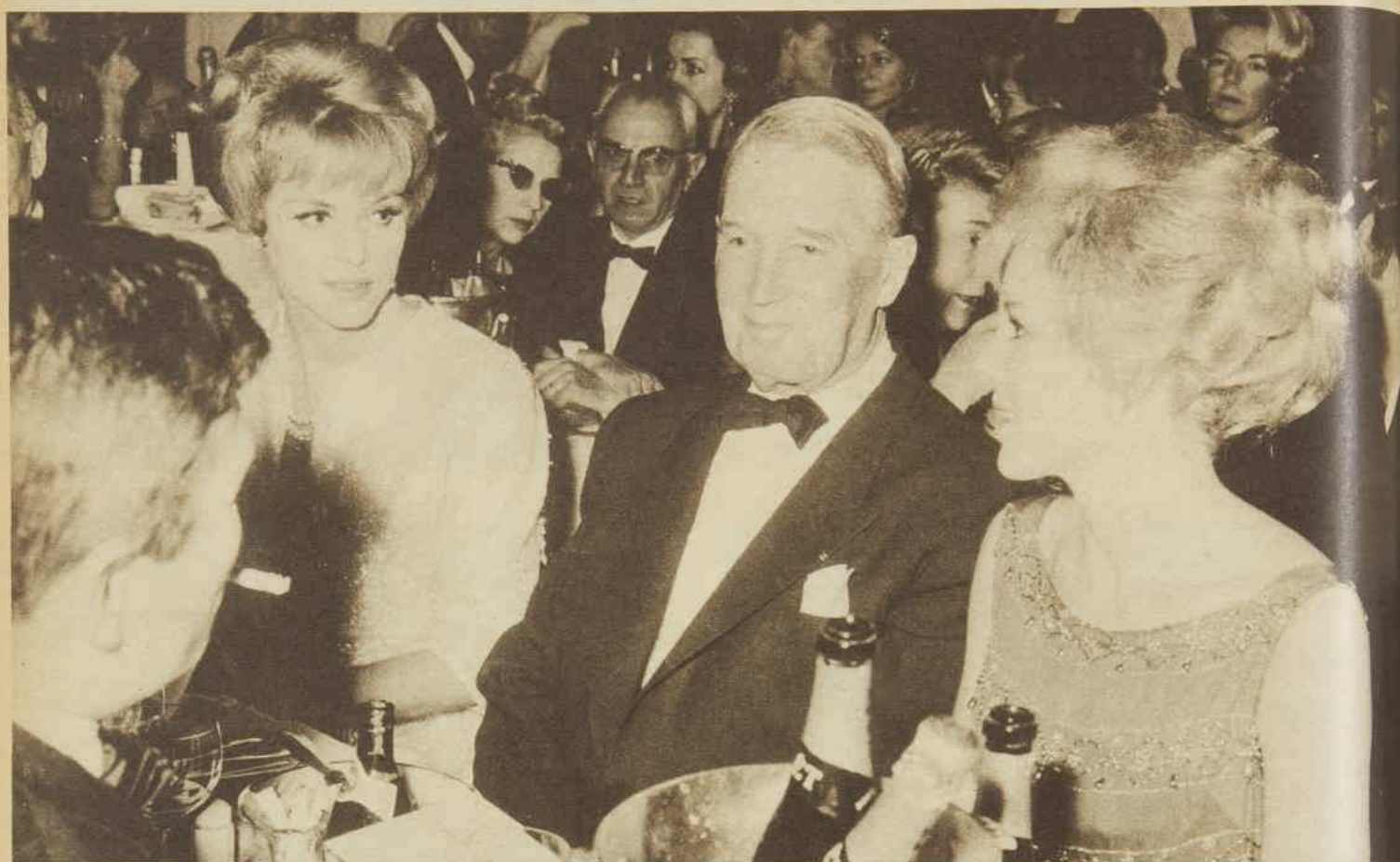
*I choiced her ear, she gave a cry,
I tried to closely clinch her;
She slapped my paw—well, I'm not shy,
But at least I'm not a Pinscher!*

*I serenade her, love songs yelp,
But the notes don't come out right.
Even Elvis' "Hound Dog's" not much
help—
My Bach's worse than my bite!*

*She loves me—not! Is it that chew
Or my poem that's the curse?
Perhaps, though, she could say "I
do"
For biter or for verse!*

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.

THE LONGEST NIGHT OF



MAURICE CHEVALIER, still popular, still gay, still young at 74, is still every woman's ideal Frenchman. He escorted the blond Kessler twins Ellen and Alice, themselves ex-Lido stars, to the gala held on the longest night of the year.



FRENCH film director Roger Vadim arrives with Catherine Deneuve and Eddie Barclay. Vadim (his first wife was Brigitte Bardot) is engaged to Catherine, but says he won't marry until 1970 because he cannot "impose a new mother" on Nathalie, 5, daughter of his second marriage to Annette Stroyberg. Left: Millionaire German industrialist Gunter Sachs von Opel (whose engagement to Princess Soraya was broken last October) with Birgitta Laaff.

THE YEAR

● Twenty different brands of vintage champagne — more than a thousand bottles of it — and caviare galore (from the Volga) were polished off at the premiere of a new revue at the Lido, Paris, home of the world-famous chorus-line the Bluebell Girls. Four hundred guests, among them an ex-king, a princess, playboys, and film stars, saw the Lido's new show, which opened on December 22, the shortest day — and the longest night — of the year in Europe.



THE DUKE and Duchess of Windsor with Baroness Cabrol. At the party a photographer dropped his flash equipment on the Duke's head, raising a lump. Unperturbed, the Duke murmured to his wife, "Smile, darling, they are taking pictures of us."

CARY GRANT, in Paris to film "Charade" with Audrey Hepburn (he plays a Soviet delegate to the U.N.), was divorced last year from Betsy Drake after 13 years of marriage. Here he kisses the hand of an unidentified companion sitting beside him.



BETTINA, 38, friend of the late Aly Khan, with Count Lorenzo Attolico. Her bedraggled school-boy hairstyle caused a sensation.



THE DUKE of Bedford pours champagne for the Duchess, formerly Nicole Millinaire, French ballerina and TV personality. Several times during the evening (they flew from England for the premiere) the Duke turned to kiss his wife.



"BABY" Pignatari with Princess Ira von Furstenberg. They were married in 1961 after her divorce from Prince Alfonso Hohenlohe.

In New Zealand . . . all over the world

**. . . so much
more
to enjoy . . .**

Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh,
vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette
with the international flavor. For that deep down enjoyment
of rich choice tobaccos — plus the miracle filter — light up
a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did.



THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE



Charlie took the words out of Edgar's mouth

● Charlie McCarthy, 41, sat in his luxury hotel room; stared through his monocle at the Sydney skyline, glanced at the life-like figure beside him, and said with a sigh: "I'm mighty tired. You don't mind if I don't make Edgar talk?"

A REASONABLE request from a ventriloquist jaded by a 6000-mile flight from America? Certainly. Through rather crazy, coming, as it did, from the doll.

But that's the world-famous voice-throwing team of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy all over. The act never stops, and that's not all.

As I heard the story of Charlie from Mr. Bergen and his pretty wife, Frances, it became apparent that Charlie is much more than just 23in. of maple in tiny colored clothes.

Charlie has had a fuller life than many real people, and has, in many ways, owed Pinocchio to Mr. Bergen's Geppetto.

Indeed, for 23 years Charlie and another doll were Mr. Bergen's only children.

The "family" grew in 1945 when Mr. Bergen married Frances Westerman, a former model and singer from Alabama.

They have one daughter, Candice Patricia, 17, and a son, Kris Edgar, 15 months.

Edgar Bergen—who looks rather like a shorter-haired, less-letal Edward G. Robinson—was born in 1915 in Chicago, where his Swedish-born parents ran a dairy.

When Edgar was about

13 he felt the first stirrings of show-business interest.

He entertained mates with mimicry, then learned ventriloquism from a book that cost 25 cents (about 2/3).

His mother made up the first "audience" for his ventriloquism.

By
ROBIN ADAIR

One evening he "threw" his voice to the back door, and his mother went to let in the "caller."

Charlie McCarthy was "born" in 1922, when Edgar Bergen was a 17-year-old high school student.

The doll's cheeky face and carrot hair (it's real hair, you know) were inspired by a bouncy Irish paper-boy.

A doll's help

Paradoxically, Charlie first caused Edgar to fail at his studies; then helped him graduate to the university.

It happened this way. Edgar's planning of Charlie interfered so much with his schoolwork that the principal warned him he would almost certainly fail his graduation examinations.

When Charlie was finished by an old woodcarver, he and Edgar made their first public appearance together at a school concert.

Even at that stage people were beginning to take Charlie seriously and to think of him as more than just a doll.

The principal, recognising the young ventriloquist's talent, called him in and said, "It's a shame to keep Charlie out of college just because you're so stupid!"

Edgar was then given special tutoring that enabled him to graduate.

Charlie, incidentally, still has his original head, which cost only a few dollars in 1922, but has outlasted four bodies and is insured for 25,000 dollars (about £12,500).

After winning honors in public speaking and play production at the university, Edgar and Charlie became stars of vaudeville and films.

But radio proved their most successful medium.

"Why people were willing to accept the act, so apparently unsuited for radio, has always puzzled me," said Mr. Bergen.

The fact is, however, that for 22 years, from 1936, the pair had a national show that during much of its run had the No. 1 rating.

The radio show provided Mr. Bergen with two fascinating anecdotes.

Once, when Mae West was a guest on the programme, a rather risqué interchange between Charlie and the "Come up and see me sometime" blond bombshell caused the network to abruptly end the broadcast.

But Charlie's fans were loyal.

Mr. Bergen recalled a letter, from girls at a con-



VENTRILOQUIST Edgar Bergen, pictured in Sydney with his wife, his most famous doll, Charlie McCarthy (in the monocle), and two other members of his doll "family": Mortimer Snerd, a country bumpkin, and Effie Klinker, a busy-body spinster.

vent school, which said: "We knew Charlie would get into trouble with Mae West, so we didn't listen!"

Mr. Bergen's other memorable recollection from the radio years has grimmer undertones.

One Sunday night in 1938 the Angry Young Man of the theatre, Orson Welles, threw America into a panic by a too realistic broadcast of H. G. Wells' "War Of The Worlds," science-fiction about an invasion of Earth by Martians.

Opposition

The Welles play was opposed on the other major network by Bergen and McCarthy.

Police later said that the panic would have been much greater except for the fact that the ventrilo-

quist had such an enormous audience.

Charlie isn't Mr. Bergen's only doll.

In order of "birth" there are Mortimer Snerd, a buck-toothed country bumpkin; Podine Puffington, a life-size "living doll" with a 36in. bust, blond hair down to her 19in. waist, and a winking eye; and Effie Klinker, a busy-body spinster.

Like Charlie, two of these dolls are modelled on real people.

Podine was inspired by a glamorous southern belle reporter who once interviewed Mr. Bergen. Effie is a caricature of a Hollywood publicist.

Currently, Mr. Bergen and his strange brood, who are in Sydney for a season at Chevron Hilton Hotel,

are kept busy with TV, stage, and nightclub appearances.

Australian teenagers, too young to have known the ventriloquist and his dolls during their radio and film hey-days, have been entertained by their appearances in many TV shows such as "The Dick Powell Show," "Five Fingers," and "Bachelor Father."

Photographer Adeline Hurley and I departed—but in the grand tradition the show went on.

"Tell me, Effie," we could hear Mr. Bergen saying, "have you met any nice young men in Sydney?"

"No. But there was a Peeping Tom."

"Good heavens. Did you pull down your blind?"

Charlie: "No, but he did!" "Gawshi!" said Mortimer Snerd.

NEXT WEEK

● New Agatha Christie mystery serial

Beginning "The Mirror Crack'd From Side To Side," the latest exciting mystery serial by Agatha Christie.

Acute mystery-solver Miss Marple is ill. Her doctor says she needs "a nice juicy murder" to help her recover.

And it happens; a murder that taxes Miss Marple's ingenuity and will keep readers guessing until the climax.

"The Mirror Crack'd From Side To Side" by Agatha Christie (see feature page 13) is at her world-famous best. Begin the first long instalment in our next issue.

● Six variations for our suit pattern

Six ideas to give a different look to the basic suit featured in the lift-away full-size pattern in the centre of this issue.

Each idea is fashion-wise but inexpensive.

● Peppers—red and green

Red and green peppers add variety and interest—as well as color—to family meals.

From Leila Howard's Test Kitchen next week are appetising recipes, including pepper salad medley, stuffed peppers, pork chop creole, skillet kabobs.

● Be Your Own Handyman

In the second of our new series for the home handyman and woman, expert advice on how to brighten up the front door; how to make a bathroom shelf.

● Carving guide

An expert guide to carving meats and poultry, with simple step-by-step diagrams and extra hints for beginners.

● Knit-look fashions

In Teenagers' Weekly, the plain and glittery knit-look fashions that are ideal for late summer into autumn wear.

Get busy now for next
season's iris display

THE IRIS PILGRIMAGE

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● Melbourne's spring weather may have been maddening for humans, but it was perfect for the iris population, which burst into bloom right on schedule for the Australian Iris Society's second Iris Convention.

FOR a week the Victorian Region of the Australian Iris Society played host to iris growers, lovers, and experts in an absolute orgy of iris gazing.

Staff photographer Jonathan Evetts and I joined 90 Convention members from all over Australia, from New Zealand, and America, for a tour of country iris gardens north of Melbourne. The tour covered 300 miles through Girgarre, Tongala, Kyabram, and Byrneside.

First stop (except for unscheduled ones when overseas visitors just had to photograph brogas and gather wildflowers) was at Mr. Norman Moller's dairy farm, "Iowa," at Girgarre.

The coaches tipped out their passengers, and in seconds the enormous garden of irises was sprinkled with people, many with notebooks and pencils in hand, recording new varieties.

Norm Moller himself, long, lean, and suntanned, standing head and shoulders above his visitors, answered questions galore. Irises are a big thing in Norm's life, but his dairy farm comes first.

He imports iris rhizomes from the United States, using them for his hybridising experiments. His irises are not for sale. "It's a non-paying hobby," he says.

At "Ivyholm," the property of dairy farmer Mr. Alan Johnson, country vice-president of the Victorian

region of the Society, there were crowds of irises crowded by jowl with every other spring flower imaginable.

In fact, Mr. Johnson's roses—they really were like cabbages—and his lupins (which, he says, he resow themselves every year) claimed almost as much attention.

But it was the irises that all came to see. One of Mr. Johnson's specialties is breeding from the American iris Whole Cloth.

Mr. Johnson imported a rhizome of Whole Cloth bred by Mr. Paul Cook, of Oregon, a few years ago. Imported rhizomes like this cost about £20 each—there's the quarantine period. You have to wait your rhizome pretty late.

Blessed event

Whole Cloth, with its striking white standard and blue falls, is a good breeder, Mr. Johnson says, with good texture, form, and color. This was the first season his Whole Cloth seedlings had flowered and each was an event in the Johnsons' life.

One bed of them stretched right along the front fence, each one a different and—even to an amateur like me—fascinating blend of Whole Cloth and another iris parent.

The New Zealand visitors, coming from such a different climate, were interested to see Mr. Johnson's results in conditions so exposed to the weather, and with what he called naturally poor soil, etc.



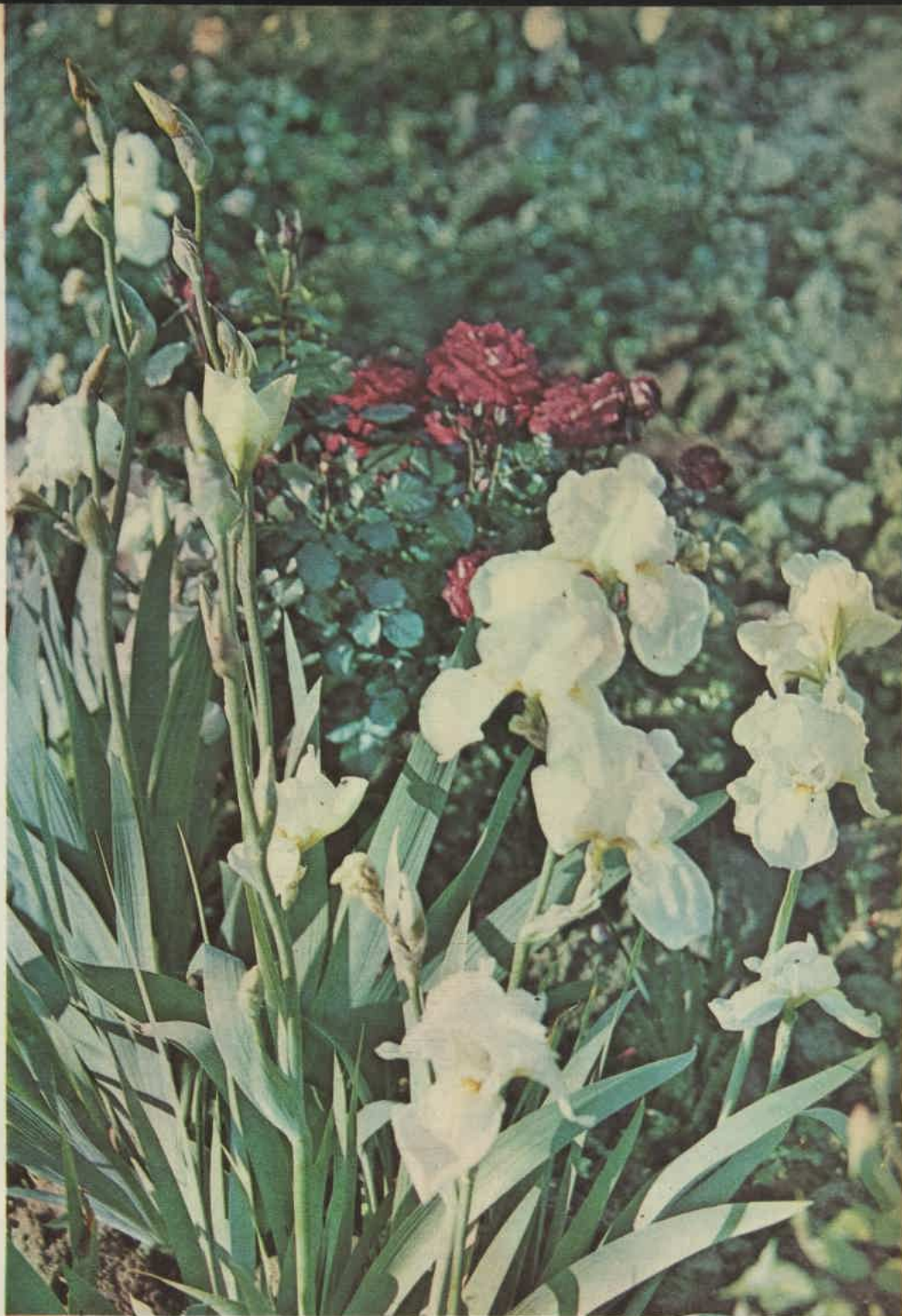
MAGNIFICENT blooms of Sable in Mr. and Mrs. Bill Robertson's garden on their dairy property, "Karingal," at Kyabram, Vic. Irises are mixed with roses and a profusion of other flowers.

VISITORS to the second Iris Convention admire iris beds in the homestead garden of "Iowa," Mr. and Mrs. Norman Moller's dairy property at Girgarre, Vic. Mr. Moller imports rhizomes from abroad.





VIOLET FLARE, dark blue with a yellow
center, in the garden at "Iowa." Mr. Moller
has been growing irises for about ten years.



ground though it was with
loads of red loam. He adds
a little blood and bone, but
that's all.

The soil is not acid, be-
cause this is natural lime-
stone country, but Mr. John-
son gets results in spite of
the fact that irises generally
have better color in acid soil.
I asked Mr. Johnson for
some tips for the amateur
iris grower.

"You can plant irises
whenever they are given to
you," he said, "but the best
time for planting is Decem-
ber or as soon after as pos-
sible."

"Irises are hardy, but
young ones should be looked
after very carefully. If you
plant young irises between
rows of lettuce seedlings, and
the lettuce are crisp and
ready when you cut them,
then you have been looking
after your irises properly.

"They don't need so much
water in the second year."

Alan Johnson's irises do
well in rough conditions —
he simply hasn't the time to

treat them gently — but the
rhizomes are well covered
with soil to protect them
from the hot summers.

A long stone's throw from
the Johnsons' home is the
old "Ivyholm" homestead,
where share-farmer John
Hall lives with his wife and
family.

Mr. Hall caught the iris
bug from Mr. Johnson when
he moved to "Ivyholm" four
years ago, and the two of
them and Norm Moller vie
in friendly competition in
hybridising experiments.

In the Halls' garden three
lily ponds are grouped to-
gether, edged with clumps
of Japanese iris and the free-
flowering Spuria.

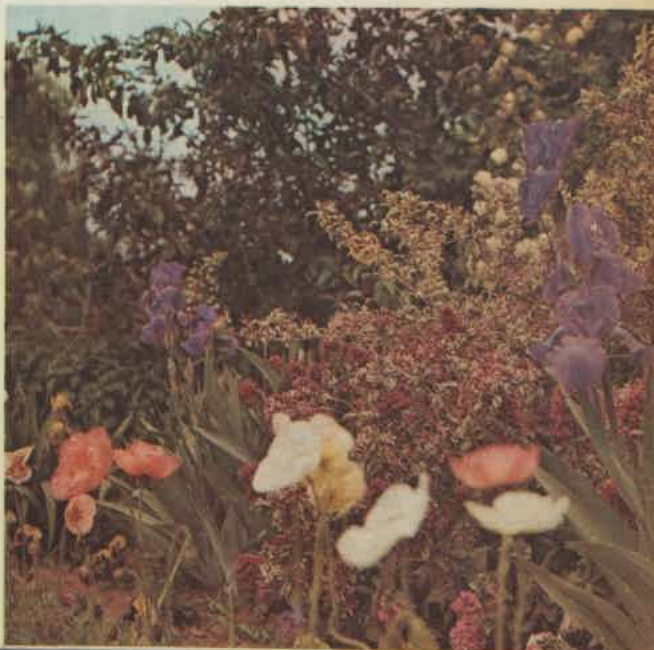
At "Karingal," Kyabram,
the dairy farm of Mr. and
Mrs. Bill Robertson, irises
border the drive, massed in
beds between roses.

In Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
Halsey's garden at Byrne-
side, irises are used simply
as an occasional piece in
the borders of an old-world
garden.

Pictures by staff photographer JONATHAN EVETTS

LADY BOSCAVEN,
one of the best-known
white irises, flowers
among the roses in the
lovely garden at "Kar-
ingal," which was in-
cluded in the Iris
Convention's itinerary.

FIRST VIOLET, a
lovely blue iris, makes
a colorful display with
iceland poppies and
variegated weigela at
"Ivyholm," Mr. and
Mrs. Alan Johnson's
home at Tongala, Vic.





"Looking for unusual recipe for your next smorgasbord, barbecue, or after-theatre supper?"

It seems to me

AS a rule I am no birdwatcher, lacking the patience and the sharp eyesight necessary to the real bird-bug.

But while hanging out washing on the roof late the other afternoon I heard a pair of doves carrying on one of those interminable conversations at such close range that I turned round to look.

They had chosen the top bar of a television antenna for a flirtation.

As one spoke it hopped a bit closer to the other, who answered provocatively but retreated half a pace. Step by step they travelled the full length of the bar. The coy one — naturally I assumed it to be the female — said, "Oh, go away," or noises to that effect.

And he did fly away.

Instantly she began work on every note in the register to call him back.

By the time I had hung out a line of sheets and towels she was beginning to realise that the boy-friend was not coming back.

Gradually her optimism faded. The flirtatious note disappeared from her voice and she was still sitting there chattering miserably to herself when I picked up my peg-bag and departed from the roof.

It served her right, I suppose, but no woman could fail to sympathise.

PARAGRAPH in this column a while back told of a woman who grew tired of having a birthday in Christmas week and changed the date to November.

A reader from Western Australia goes one better. I am not revealing her name, for reasons which will become obvious, but this is her story:

"Last April I had a letter from a girl-friend telling me of her latest romance. 'He asked the date of my birthday,' she said, 'and I told him May 15, which is your birthday. I hope you don't mind, but you know mine isn't until November and anything might happen by then, so I have borrowed yours.'"

IF I had ever at any time harbored a desire to build a house I think it would be effectively stifled by some news from America.

The item concerns the latest in building products — colored nails. They come in blue, red, yellow, green, grey, and white. And if none of those please you, the manufacturers will supply the shade you choose.

Leaving aside the large matters that bother home-builders — finance, site, and design — there are all those fearful decisions such as what colors for the paint-work and the bath. Choice in nails would be the last straw.

By



Dorothy Drann

WHAT sounds like a proper horror item will be seen at the 1963 Furniture Show to open in London this week.

It is described as "a combined kitchen cabinet and dining-table with grill shelf, cutlery tray, spacious drawers, egg-rack, sliding doors, and mesh air inlet to maintain temperature."

If anything is calculated to complete the swing-back to the big kitchen of long ago this should be it.

Already there has been some revulsion from those fiddly cupboards which split foreheads open at regular intervals.

What might be called the cockpit kitchen is falling from favor. When architects first started to design these they said the small space would save the feet, which it did, at the expense of the nerves.

Now along comes a manufacturer who thinks women will like his new piece of furniture.

The mother will sit at it, I suppose, like the spider at the centre of a web, turning a chop here, breaking an egg there, and crying, "No, Tommy, don't open the cutlery drawer YET. WAIT!"

No wonder the barbecue plays an increasing part in contemporary life. It is a way of escaping from the modern kitchen.

AMERICAN TV comedian Jerry Lewis throws away all his socks after one wearing.

Does he just fling them lightly on the floor?

Or in a tangled heap behind the door? Is there a Waste-Sock-Basket or a chute

That's labelled "Trash" or maybe something cute?

And does the butler turn them right side out

And sell them to the neighbors round-about?

They wouldn't rate too high as souvenirs

Considering the thousands through the years.

Perhaps he tosses them from cliff or boat

Where for a while beneath the surge they float,

Bright-striped and colored, tempting fish who say,

"Look, strangers from the tropics! Quick! Hooray!"

And coming closer, nosing round the rocks,

Cry, "Tricked again! They're only Jerry's socks."

Mary Coles' SOCIAL

THE custom-built Queen Anne period dining-room suite — a sideboard, dining-table, and six chairs, given by Mr. and Mrs. Dan Cleary as wedding present to their daughter Denise and Peter Ritter — was made from cedar timber felled by Mr. Cleary.

Fifteen years ago he made a successful search for some old cedar trees in the Burrigorang Range for a staircase and other cedar fittings for the new home the Clearys were then building at "Amaroo," Camden.

Cedar left over from the house was carefully stored away to be made into furniture for their children, Dorothy — now Mrs. Warwick Hayter — Denise, and Bill when they grew up and married.

Peter, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ritter, of "Tulagi," Gurley, and Denise are to wed at St. Vincent's Church, Ashfield, on January 23.

A gold wedding ring which belonged to her grandmother, the late Mrs. Joseph Pettit, of Bringelly, will be worn by Denise after the ceremony as a "keeper" for her engagement and wedding rings.

WHILE he is "cooling his heels" in Honolulu waiting to go on to Vancouver in the Oriana, Gayford Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis, will stay with former Sydneysiders Mr. and Mrs. Rohan Waddy. They're now living in Honolulu after three years in New York. Gayford, who was originally to have sailed in the Canberra, will now begin his twelve months' travelling abroad in the Iberia, which leaves Sydney on February 10.

A VERY summery, all-white theme has been chosen by Cynthia Piggitt, of Double Bay, for her marriage to Brian Duncan at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on February 22. She bought her wedding gown in London before returning recently from a grand tour abroad with her family — her grandmother, Mrs. Emily Hopwood, her mother, Mrs. Ross Piggitt, her sisters Nerida and Adele, and brother Keith. They were away for two years. Cynthia will be attended at the ceremony by Nerida and Adele and Jenny Lee, of Vaucluse, who is also just back from abroad. Brian, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duncan, of Woollahra, and Cynthia met last April in London, where he has spent the past four years.

I HEAR former Australian tennis player Bob Mark and his wife have their son and heir Robert John Mark. Their marriage Mrs. Mark was Mary Mark, one of South Africa's foremost tennis players. They're living at Balaclava in the Transvaal, about twenty miles from Johannesburg, and Bob is still collecting laurels at tennis tournaments.

HOUSEHOLD effects being shipped to their former home in Monterey, California, by Mrs. David Leyda (nee Joan Wheeler) and her American husband include the most glamorous turquoise electric stove, matching "Empire" refrigerator, washing-machine, and dryer. While home-hunting here they were staying with Joan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wheeler, who are down to Kia Ora stud, Scone, summering their seaside house at Coogee, Jervis Bay. In America steaks are fabulously good and tasty, but as costly as gold. Consequently, American husbands are always too valuable to trust to women, always insist on taking over the meat themselves when steaks are to be eaten.

RUBBER gloves will be carried by John Cutler, Mrs. Kenneth Cutler, Mrs. Robert Egan, and Mrs. Lytle Egan when they meet at Mrs. H. H. Mark's home at Warrawee for morning tea on February 4. They'll don them later a working-bee on the verandah, and hundreds of trails of ivy with gold. The golden ivy trails will be a highlight of the decor at the dinner dance and model-hat parade being arranged by the Kuringai Women's Auxiliary of the Appeal at Chevron Hilton on February 4. Guests of honor at the function will be Sir Percy and Lady Spender, who are residing in their Woollahra home for three months from The Hague, where Percy is a judge at the International Court of Justice. Mrs. Paul Toone is president of the auxiliary, which has reached its target of £1000 for the appeal and wants to top it with a larger donation for good measure.



IN MELBOURNE. From left, Miss Annette Webb, of "Lindisferon," Denilignin; Miss Diana Moore, of "Glen Roy," Wombot, and Miss Elizabeth McPherson, of "Park," Benalla, Victoria, who entertained Miss Webb at luncheon at Capers before she left for abroad to attend a finishing school in Switzerland.

ROUNDAABOUT



ABOVE. Australia's Test cricket captain, Mr. Richie Benaud, and his wife, and Mrs. Ted Dexter (left), wife of England's Test captain, were among well-known personalities at the first night of the film "Mutiny on the Bounty" at the St. James Theatre to aid the Postgraduate Medical Foundation, The University of Sydney.



AT RIGHT. Commander and Mrs. James Craven, of Bellevue Hill, were in the "first party" at the gala premiere of "Mutiny on the Bounty" at the St. James Theatre. English actor Trevor Howard, who plays as Captain Bligh in the film, flew to Sydney to attend the premiere.



DAUGHTERS of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, from left, Lady Mary, Lady Sarah, Lady Jane, and Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, at the coming-out dance for Lady Jane at Arundel Castle. Lady Anne, Lady Mary, and Lady Jane are planning to attend the Fourth Test match in Adelaide this week.



SMILES from Miss Angela Keating (at left) with Mr. Robert Woodhill and Miss Pam Pratten, who were among guests at the dinner dance given by Angela's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Keating, at their home at Pymble for her 21st birthday.



DURING their visit last week Lord and Lady Mabane were pictured at a dinner party in their honor given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly (couple on right) at their home in Parsley Road, Vaucluse. Lord Mabane is chairman of the British Travel Association.

Former freedom fighter now peels potatoes

● Franta Klatil, a frail-looking man in his late 50s, looked at his hands, worn by years of peeling potatoes, and said: "I suppose some people would think I'd had a romantic life."

—but he sees the world and gets paid for it

HE was visiting an old friend, Mr. Rudy Komon, at Woollahra, N.S.W., and there were just a few hours before he was due back peeling potatoes on the liner Monterey.

"Twenty-four years ago," he said, "Rudy and I were correspondents for a Czech newspaper. He was in Vienna and I was in Paris. Now my ship has brought me to Sydney again and it is good to drink to the old times."

The old times were packed with action for Franta Klatil, who, after fighting in the Free Czech Army under the name of Tomas Marny, returned to Prague in 1945 in Europe's uneasy peace.

He took over the newspaper "Czechword," and through it campaigned against the Communists.

A member of the Democratic Party, he was elected

to the first Free Czech Parliament for three years running.

He became known as the greatest freedom fighter in Czechoslovakia as he tried to block the Communists.

"Then on February 25, 1948, the Communists took over our country," he said. "It was a Wednesday. I will never forget that day."

Overnight the Democratic Party was banned, mass arrests of "enemies of the State" began.

Franta Klatil heard he was sentenced to 25 years in prison.

"So I escaped over the border," he said, grinding his cigarette into the ash-tray.

"I was three weeks in Germany and then in London. There I stayed three years writing for a newspaper for my fellow Czechs in exile. There are many of them."

Then he went to America and worked on the paper in New York. When it ceased

publication, Mr. Klatil, whose English still needs some translating, worked as a bartender and in a factory.

Three years ago he got a job on a ship.

By
PATRICIA BEST

"My English is not good enough to be a cabin steward, so I am the chief of every vegetable," he said, "potatoes, onions, parsley, everything."

"I see the world and I am paid for it. Very good."

For 12 months he worked on the hospital ship Hope, which was part of the U.S. Government's programme of medical aid for South-east Asia.

"We went to Indonesia and to South Vietnam and our doctors and nurses treated thousands of people wherever we went," he said. "Every night I used to write with a pencil stories of the people I met on

shore during the day and who came to the ship to see the doctors."

After the Hope completed her tour of South-east Asia, Mr. Klatil was transferred to the Matson Line and ever since has been travelling the Pacific between Australia and the West Coast of America.

This was his last trip.

"I will be in what you call retirement awhile," he said with a grin. "I will stay home with my wife in Berkeley, California, where she works in the university library, and write my book."

"This will be the story of the Hope and the people of Asia. It will be my gift for the American people, that's all."

"Also I have written a history of democracy in Czechoslovakia."

"Democracy, ah. It is my country and the other little countries of Europe with their old civilisations that should be brought to the notice of the world. All



the time the papers are full of African nations getting their freedom.

"Why cannot Czechoslovakia be given her freedom, too?"

He stopped abruptly and brushed back his white hair from his forehead.

"That's what we'll drink to," he said, standing almost to attention, "to Czechoslovakia and to freedom."

● Franta Klatil, once journalist, soldier, freedom fighter, and parliamentarian, smoked as he remembered and drank to "the old times" when he visited Sydney recently. Mr. Klatil has written a book, and plans to visit another at his Californian home.

Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .

**ACHING LEGS
SWOLLEN ANKLES
ENLARGED VEINS
HEAVINESS** are danger signs!

"Who, me? I haven't got varicose veins," you might object. "My legs just feel heavy and ache at times, that's all!" BUT—that alone can be a danger signal leading to ugly varicose veins.

If you have noticed any of the symptoms, then you may be among the more than one million (roughly one person in every dozen) Australians estimated to be suffering from venous insufficiency. So don't take a chance on serious trouble later on, take action now—with a course of Venoruton P4. Venoruton P4 is a new Swiss treatment developed

after intense clinical research. Taken as directed, you get considerable relief from pain and swelling in the first week. Sustained treatment provides a continuing improvement and is completely safe, even during pregnancy.

Varicose veins are sometimes painful, always unpleasant and certainly unsightly. They can affect your health, your appearance and consequently your happiness, so at the first sign of trouble, see your family chemist. He'll advise: Venoruton P4 Drops and Ointment!

Advanced cases, however severe and long-standing, gain prompt relief from pain and swelling with Venoruton P4. Sustained treatment is necessary for both pre-varicose and advanced conditions.

New SWISS Treatment
Venoruton P₄

Handy dropper bottle: 20 ml., 14/5. Also available: 50 & 100 ml. economy bottles. Be sure of the continuing relief of uninterrupted treatment.

Use new Venoruton P4 Ointment in conjunction with drops for prompt relief. Simply massage in to painful areas to reduce swelling and pain.



FROM THE MEDICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF ZYMA, SWITZERLAND. DISTRIBUTOR FOR AUSTRALIA, SERA PTY. LIMITED.

NOTE: VAREMOID and VENORUTON P4 are the registered trade marks of Zyma, Switzerland.



• **Beginning next week, our
new mystery novel by**

The astonishing Agatha Christie

AGATHA CHRISTIE, who has sold 100,000,000 copies of her books in 48 years, has given permission to her literary agents to hand out an official biography. It consists of exactly eight typewritten lines.

The biography states that she was born in Devonshire, that in World War I she worked in a hospital, first as a nurse, and then as a dispenser; that it was at that time she wrote her first book, "The Mysterious Affair At Styles."

Her principal interests are music and travelling. She is fond of cooking; she is the wife of Professor Malton, an archeologist, and accompanies him on his expeditions.

The last statement is that she likes a quiet home life.

Behind all the best-selling mysteries which have brought Agatha Christie an income she cannot even begin to count is the mystery of the woman herself. She is genuinely shy of personal publicity.

Through her agents, I have been told, "Miss Christie thinks too much has been written already. Miss Christie doesn't see why anyone wants to know about her."

"And most finally, Miss Christie won't talk about herself."

This determined reluctance is a luxury Miss Christie can well afford. If her agents are accurate, her books sell more than

anything other than the Bible (they take care to point out that the Bible has more than one author), and she is the fourth most frequently translated fiction writer in the world, coming behind only Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Jules Verne.

By **BETTY BEST,**
of our London staff

She began dramatising her books at the beginning of World War II and since then there has hardly been a month without one or more of her plays running in London's West End. At times there have been as many as three.

She now holds the record for the longest-running play in English theatre history with "The Mousetrap," which she first wrote as a radio play, "Three Blind Mice."

It had its tenth anniversary last November after 1,750,000 people had seen it, and within a few weeks her latest show, "Rule Of Three," opened with Australian actress Betty McDowell in the lead.

As the youngest child in a large family of much older brothers and sisters, she learned how to amuse herself very early in life. Her favorite hobby was to make up fairy stories as she wandered about her parents' garden in Devon.

She saved up the stories until she met children she could tell them to.

Such times were precious, because they were rare. She

never went to school. Apart from a few arithmetic lessons, young Agatha had to "pick up bits and pieces," as she puts it, from books around the house.

The only formal lessons she ever had were in piano and singing, in which she was promising enough to be sent to Paris for further training. But her natural shyness prevented her from considering a concert career.

Instead, she began to write poetry. At 18 she had her first book of poems published, "The Road Of Dreams," which she insists was "not very good, let's face it."

She may never have begun to write detective stories had her sister not dared her to by saying it was much too difficult an art for her.

Working as a dispenser in a wartime hospital, she had opportunities to study poisons, and so picked up her technical knowledge for "The Affair At Styles."

But it took her more than a year to write and three more years before she could find a publisher to accept it.

The only money she made from it was £25 for the serialisation. Not until her third book did she get a fee which made her feel she might make a living from writing.

"They gave me a whole £500," she said. "It was wonderful. I bought a thing I thought I would never have—a car."

"That is one of the big thrills of my life, that old bull-nosed Morris."

Now, with a flat in Chelsea and big manor houses in

Dartmouth and Wallingford in Berkshire, Miss Christie and her husband still content themselves with two mini-cars.

"My husband did have a very old Rolls once, which he bought for £200. He had great fun with it, but it cost a terrible lot to run. In the end he sold it, because it was difficult to turn corners with it in London."

Agatha Christie always denies that she is rich. After great pressure she once reluctantly admitted that she received £116,000 for the film rights for "Witness For The Prosecution."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer say they have a million-pound TV deal with her, but she laughs and says, "I haven't seen any of it yet."

She insists she would be in debt if she stopped writing.

"You never really put any money by. You could in the old days, but you can't now. I mean you always write to pay last year's income tax."

As both she and her husband seem to live a comparatively simple life, spending at least half of every year out of England on his digging expeditions, this seems hard to believe.

Yet Agatha Christie says she is tired of writing her detective stories, loathes her famous Hercule Poirot (although she is fonder of Miss Marple), and would love to stop.

In 1935 she began to write romantic novels under the new pen-name of Mary Westmacott so that she



RARE public appearance: Agatha Christie, left, with Dame Sybil Thorndike, cuts the cake at a party celebrating the 10th anniversary of the author's play "The Mousetrap."

could put a little more of her own life into her books.

For fifteen years no one except her publisher, her husband, and daughter knew that Mary and Agatha were one and the same.

Now that the secret is out, she says she may not write any more Westmacotts.

"If I hadn't been a successful detective writer I should like to have gone in for either sculpture or nursing," she said.

If she had, one thing is certain: She would not have been able to give her only grandchild the most surprising Christmas present any eight-year-old schoolboy ever received — surprising not only for him but for his grandmother.

When she wrote "Three Blind Mice" for radio,

Agatha Christie thought it might be rather fun to give young Mathew Prichard the rights for Christmas.

When it was adapted for the stage she thought of it as "Quite a nice little play that might run five months."

By the time "The Mousetrap" was celebrating its tenth anniversary, Mathew had been captain of the Eton cricket eleven and had gone up to Oxford.

No one will estimate how much young Mathew's bank account has been swelled by this little family murder.

Miss Christie's daughter, Rosalind, has inherited her mother's reticence, and so has Mathew.

The only comment Grandma has ever made is "He was always an extraordinarily lucky child."

WHAT IS THE BABY SAYING?

OUR new "Baby Talk" contest — like the popular series we had a few years ago — gives every member of the family the chance to try for weekly cash prizes totalling £50.

The best entry will receive £20. There's £10 for the runner-up, plus two awards of £5 each and five of £2.

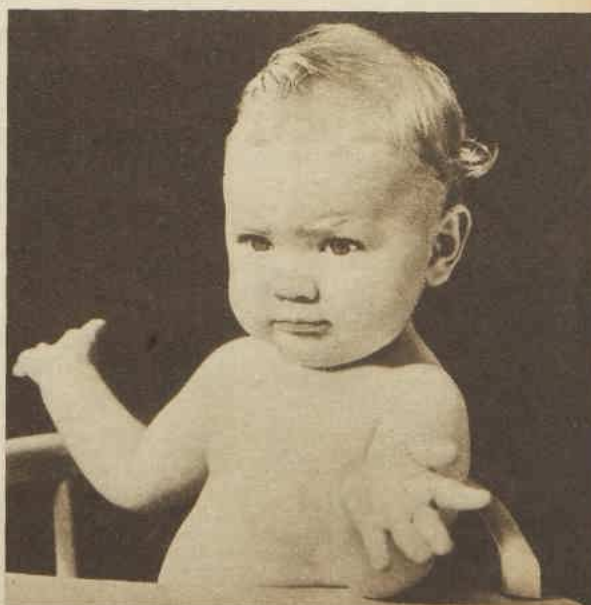
All you have to do is look at the baby pictured here and imagine what he might be saying if he could talk. Please keep it short and to the point: not more than 15 words.

You might see this baby as a company president ("Come now, Stevens. A rise at this time of the year?") or as a fisherman ("Well, it mightn't have been the biggest catch of the season, but . . .") or as the baby he is ("Look, Mum, Hands!").

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 1 will close on February 13 and the winners will be announced in our issue dated March 6.

Send in as many entries as you like to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. Each entry must be written on the coupon below.

The prizes will be awarded to the entries that are judged the brightest and most apt.



HOW TO ENTER

1. On the coupon provided, write a caption of not more than 15 words for this baby picture.
2. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a separate coupon.
3. Please write or print clearly and address entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 1 close on FEBRUARY 13. Winners will be announced in our issue dated March 6.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

COUPON

"BABY TALK" CONTEST No. 1

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

THE BABY IS SAYING:

new



Spray on Mr. Sheen—wipe over for a mirror shine

dust, wax and polish your furniture all at once!

Mr. Sheen takes the hard work out of dusting, waxing and polishing. Mr. Sheen gives your furniture a mirror shine as you dust. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen and wipe over for a long-lasting shine.*Mr. Sheen waxes and protects furniture, plastic counters and other surfaces that need polishing. Mr. Sheen removes smears and stains—you clean your furniture as you polish.*For an instant mirror sheen to the furniture you clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen. Instant wax it—Mr. Sheen it!



1. SPRAY ON!

Spray Mr. Sheen lightly over the table or the furniture you wish to polish.



2. WIPE OVER!

Take a soft, clean cloth and wipe over the sprayed surface with your usual dusting action.



RESULT: MIRROR SHINE!

Your smile reflects the result! A shining, long-lasting wax finish that protects and beautifies your furniture.

**Only
6/6**



RAYMOND BURR: CANCER REPORT DENIED

By HENRY CRIS, in Hollywood

● "Mr. Burr does not have cancer," the doctor said.

WHEN he turned and walked briskly down the long hospital corridor, the health of his famous patient, Raymond Burr, better known to millions of television viewers around the world as Perry Mason.

When the big, strong TV lawyer announced that he was entering Los Angeles' Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for surgery in December a nervous and watchful Hollywood asked "Why?"

Strong in their minds was the recent death of Charles Laughton from cancer and the then anticipated deaths of Jack Carson and Dick Powell from the same disease.

"It doesn't make sense for a man as indispensable to the series as Raymond Burr to leave suddenly in the middle of the filming season unless there is something very seriously wrong," one TV executive said.

Burr must be a very sick man.

Rumors that Burr had the dreaded cancer swept through the television industry. Neither Burr nor his agent, Lester Sakow, would comment as to why the need for surgery.

Reticence

What is the truth behind Burr's illness?

One close friend who has known the popular actor since the very first "Perry Mason" episode was filmed puts it this way:

"None of us who know Ray will have ever felt that he had cancer or any such serious ailment. But we are all aware and have been for some time that Ray is not a well man."

"He does not like to talk about what is wrong with him, except in moments of stress. He is reticent to discuss the state of his health with the world at large."

"The cancer rumors disturbed him greatly; he did not want to bring needless worry to anyone. But he was, shall we say, shy to discuss the operation with anyone but his doctors."

"Ray was operated on for stomach trouble," the friend explained. "It was nothing serious — no trouble more than any man his age might have."

"The operation took three hours, longer than the doctors had calculated, but there were no complications. In fact, Ray recuperated much faster than expected."

"He was out of hospital in six days, when the doctors had planned for him to stay at least two weeks. He said he felt great."

"The whole truth is that Ray needed time away from 'Perry Mason' just as much as he needed that operation."

Lack of time to himself is what has led to most of Burr's ill health in the past, plus the fact that constant dieting has taken its toll of him both physically and emotionally.

"Ray gets very moody and tense after these crash diets of his," explains his business associate Bill Swan.

"When he feels unhappy he takes long walks at his beach house and he thinks about his problems. They begin to multiply in his mind."

Another friend who was present agreed.

"Ray is just like anyone else," he said. "When he's alone, and he's tired, little things become overly important."

"If he has a headache, in his mind it becomes a brain tumor. Luckily these moods

don't last long, and Ray's the first to admit his imagination is too vivid."

Burr is now in the Bahamas convalescing. Before he left he said, "I've never looked forward to a trip more. No ringing telephones, no scripts, just lots of sun, rest, reading, and conversation that completely by-passes show business."

While he's away some of his famous friends are standing in for him as TV's unbeatable attorney. They include Bette Davis, Walter Pidgeon, Hugh O'Brian, and Michael Rennie.



Mel Ward

Burr is not a man who is short of friends. Their good wishes and those of his millions of invisible television friends should help him back to good health.

Channel 9

show honored

AN aboriginal legend from a Channel 9 "live" children's programme, told by anthropologist Mel Ward, has been included in a special American prestige programme produced by the American Academy of Television Arts and Sciences.

The programme, "Children's Television Around the World," lasts an hour and includes programmes from Australia, Denmark, England, France, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Sweden, Switzerland, and America.

The American Academy of Television Arts, which awards America's "Emmys" each year for outstanding achievement in television, decided more than a year ago to make this children's programme.

RAYMOND BURR, 46, famous as television's Perry Mason, whose health has been causing worry to him and millions of fans and friends.

More than 60 TV channels in 30 foreign countries were contacted about the live programmes they made for the children's sessions.

"This was done in an attempt to study and learn what specifically is being done for children by television producers all over the world," said Miss Betty Furness, President of the TV Academy.

"The submissions showed a startling basic universality of taste among children."

The programme is scheduled for telecasting from Channel 9 on Sunday, February 10, at 3 p.m.

Mel Ward's legend comes from a series called "Pyala," in which he told of the lives, customs, and legends of the aborigines.

"I think the inclusion of the aboriginal legend from my 'Pyala' show is a great honor," Mr. Ward said this week.

"The legend is the one about the 'voice from the

trees' the aborigines hear. It is a beautiful legend."

The "Pyala" series was shown on Channel 9 in 1960. Channel 9 is now planning a new series with Mr. Ward.

While I am looking forward to seeing Mr. Ward's legend again, the piece I'm really waiting for is the Japanese one.

It is a Japanese version of "The Three Little Pigs," set in a Mexican background using puppets (live actors dressed as puppets) who use artificial puppets dressed similarly.

It sounds as if the wolf doesn't stand a chance at all.

—NAN MUSGROVE

"STEPTOE AND SON," the new B.B.C. comedy series on ABC-TV (Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.), is maligned when it is described as "something as funny as 'The Rag Trade'." I think it is funnier.

The Steptoes have a junkyard, and the series tells the story of their varying fortunes.

Wilfrid Brambell is the father, old Albert; and Harry H. Corbett his son Harold, who is always trying to get away from the junkyard and better himself.

The Steptoe series came about by accident. Scriptwriters Alan Simpson and Ray Galton created Albert and Harold for one episode of "Comedy Playhouse." They were such a success that the B.B.C. commissioned the series.

It is the kind of comedy that has to be listened to carefully, full of sly humor with that touch of reality and pathos that good comedy always has.

I like Harold best; I think Dad is rather vile. Harold has rather melancholy good looks like Hancock.

He has trouble with Dad, the sort of trouble that many old children (Harold is 38) have with ageing parents.

I always wonder where the B.B.C. finds these splendid character actors. There seems to be no end to them. Harold and Albert are beauties.

Harry Corbett won the Actor of the Year award given in November, 1962, by the Guild of Television Producers and Directors for his role of Harold in "Steptoe and Son."

In England the Steptoes are deservedly top favorites and are into their second season.

—N.M.

REVIEWS and GOSSIP with Kirsten Ward

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above average
No star—poor

★★ MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

Much prettied-up and romanticized by Hollywood, this has dubious merit as a historical account, but is nevertheless entertaining for all its faults. Marlon Brando is rather a flop as Fletcher Christian, though he may have done his best with the poor script. The best acting comes from Trevor Howard as the ruthless Captain Bligh. Beautifully photographed and produced, the film makes full use of Tahiti's scenic beauty and the charming hip-swinging Tahitian girls.

Scenes of the Bounty's battle to round Cape Horn under fearful weather conditions are spectacular and exciting. But one can't help feeling that it is a rather shallow and unsubtle picture of the famous mutiny and that the most hasn't been made out of the story or the characters. You'll come out wondering what Christian and Bligh were really like. — St. James, Sydney.

In a word... INTERESTING

★ GERONIMO

It's impossible not to see the Indian Geronimo as just Chuck Connors, TV's "Rifleman," in brown greasepaint, and this doesn't help the film. A last proud and warlike band of Apaches revolt against paleface reservation life and take to the hills. Led by Geronimo they fight and starve waiting for "Mr. Washington" to come and offer peace under acceptable terms. There's not enough solid action for a Western of this sort, and the emotional angles (such as the friction between the good cavalry officer and the bad one, and Geronimo's wife's attempts to convince him there's a better way than fighting) are hackneyed. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word... ORDINARY

★ ★ ★

CLAIRE BLOOM and Richard Johnson, who have been working recently on Robert Wise's "The Haunting," join forces for a second film. They will star as man and wife in "80,000 Suspects," Val Guest's story of a city com-

pletely isolated by a killer epidemic which will be shot on location in the picturesque English city of Bath. This will be Johnson's fourth film since he was signed to an M.G.M. contract following his appearance opposite Frank Sinatra in "Never So Few" two years ago.

★ ★ ★ DAVID NIVEN, currently making "The Pink Panther" in Rome with Peter Sellers and Capucine, returns to Hollywood in April to co-star with Marlon Brando in a sophisticated comedy, "King of the Mountain." Niven and Brando appear as a couple of Riviera playboys and much of the film will be shot in the South of France.

Niven has also signed to appear in Samuel Bronston's "Paris 1900" — the story of the building of the Eiffel Tower — due to begin production in 1964.

★ ★ ★

LORD BIRKETT, son of the famous judge who died last February, is producing his first film, "The Caretaker," which had successful runs on both the London and Broadway stage. Stars like Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Leslie Caron have financed the film, and its three stars, Donald Pleasance, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates, are working for a share in the profits.

PLAYWRIGHT Harold

Pinter, who wrote "The Caretaker," has written the screenplay for the new Dirk Bogarde film, "The Servant," which goes into production at Shepperton. Sarah Miles and James Fox join Bogarde in this unusual drama, which has been adapted from Robin Maugham's controversial novel. Bogarde comes to "The Servant" fresh from the filming of another controversial subject in "The Mind Benders," for Michael Relph and Basil Dearden, which will be shown later this year.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 30, 1963

THE KING WHO LOVED SUBURBIA

A charming short story

By ROBERT W. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LUCILLE JENSEN was hustled through the marble corridors, up a flight of stairs and down a long hall through a door marked "Hush-hush" into the walnut-panelled conference room. The two marines saluted and left her. She sank into a chair at the table and faced the three pairs of accusing eyes.

She recognised the man from the State Department. The red-faced fellow with the three stars on his uniform must be from the Department of Defence. But she wasn't sure of the third man. Probably, she told herself, the official executioner.

"I plead guilty," she said. "What is the penalty for causing an abdication?"

The State Department squared his unpadded shoulders. He was glad, he told her, that she realised the seriousness of the situation. He must caution her that this was all off the record. She already knew him, so that couldn't be helped, but it would be better if she were not officially introduced to the general or the Treasury man. She must understand this was very—

"Hush-hush?" she suggested.

"Precisely. Let us get at once to the crux. What did you do to his supreme highness, King Rantoul the Fourth?"

"I warned you it should never be allowed," the Defence Department said. "Let him see Washington, I said. Take him if you must to New York. But keep him out of the Heights. No one listened."

"He even turned down our loan," the Treasury Department said. "Before, he was willing to take ten million—a paltry sum, but his country has a population somewhat smaller than Dubuque, and it was all we could do to persuade him to accept. But now he says we'll have to start all over again with his successor."

"He seemed like such a nice king," Lucille said. "He was a good sport about it when Harvey thought he was the repairman, and he didn't say a word when Fragile jumped on him and licked his face. I thought—" She stopped. They were still looking at her. She took a deep breath. "I'm ready to accept the consequences."

"Consequences!" the Defence Department cried. "You talk about consequences after you have torpedoed the nation's foreign policy in one of the world's most strategic areas. And then you sit there, looking for all the world like my wife when she tells me she's put another dent in the car. This is close to treason, madam."

"Now, now, general," the Treasury said. "He was younger than the others, and his crew-cut was an eighth of an inch shorter. "Shouting at Mrs. Jensen will get us no-

where. We need her co-operation. We want her to tell us exactly what happened when that"—he glanced at the State Department—"mistake in judgment occurred, and the king was permitted to make an impromptu visit."

"I refuse to accept all the blame," the State Department said stiffly. "Some of it is mine. But Rantoul the Fourth is not having his own way. The visit was his. Anyway, how was I to know? The king was chosen as a typical American suburbanite. This woman was picked as a typical suburbanite living in a ranch house with one and a half baths, three-point-two bedrooms, two-point-six children, and—"

"I do not have two-point-six children. I have Karen, who is eight, and Mike who is six. Unless you're counting Fragile, she's a boxer dog."

"I was speaking statistically," the State Department said. "But never mind. No harm is done. Perhaps when we learn exactly what happened, we can find a remedy. I doubt it. But with so much at stake, we must try."

The Treasury leaned forward. "What do you first learn that his highness was making a visit?"

"About five minutes before he got to the man—" she indicated the State Department, who glared hard at his pointed fingernails—"rang my doorbell and said the king wanted to spend an hour inspecting a typical suburban household. I thought first he was selling something—who expects a king in a place like the Heights? He explained that Rannie was eager to meet the natives and—"

"Rannie?" the State Department demanded, horrified. "Rannie!"

"I couldn't call him King Rantoul the Fourth all the time. Especially when he took off his shoes and—"

The Defence Department was looking at his watch. It was vital to get to the bottom of this mess without so many interruptions, he said. The king would be here soon. They must learn the details and try to decide what to do. If the king refused to clear his mind, the United States would be blamed for the abdication. He had to think what Radio Moscow would say if the news leaked out.

"Start at the beginning, madam," the Defence Department ordered. "Leave nothing out, no matter how painful."

The beginning, Lucille said, was when the State Department told her she'd been chosen for the surprise visit, after her family had been subjected to a secret thorough security check by the FBI. The investigation had found nothing except that Harvey, her husband, had said some pretty nasty things about the Government just after mailing his income tax payment three years ago next April. Washington had decided not to hold a grudge.

Lucille watched the king wade through the water.

Sometimes it is rewarding for those in high places to see how the other half lives

The king wished to make his inquisition to avoid the king, and no one should be there, not even Har- the State Department told him that the Government de- any interference with free- of the Press—particularly the publicity was likely to be there had been no but to go along with his highness, a man of whims. He merely wanted to point out to her, the State Department said, that she was entrusted with a mission might have far-flung reper- if she goofed.

Before she'd had time to do anything but stand in the door and open and close her mouth a few times, the State Department was back accompanied by a short, emaciated-looking man in an immaculate blue suit. And then the State Department went reluctantly away, because that was what King Rantoul wanted, and she and his majesty were talking about what life was like for the American woman.

"She," the Treasury said. "He asked you questions?"

"He certainly did. How I managed to keep busy and whether I thought modern appliances were preferable to servants, and whether it was true that the American woman was spoiled by all her dainties."

"How'd you answer?"

"Oh, I had to admit we have pretty soft. He seemed particularly fascinated by my electric toaster. He thought it was quite significant that all I had to do was press a lever and the toast was open and dinner was ready. I tried to explain it wasn't quite that simple—Karen didn't eat peas and haricot beans, she ate spinach or broad beans; and Mike will eat corn, but not peas or beans; and Harvey—"

THE Defence Department said: "The time is ticking away. Get on to what happened to make the king decide to abdicate."

"I haven't the faintest idea what made him decide that, although it seems to be my fault. But, anyway, he stood there opening cans to see how the gadgets worked."

While this was going on, Lucille answered the telephone rang. It proved out to be Millie Cole, who wanted to talk about last night's week's meeting of the Heights District Bridge and Conversation Club, but she told her she simply had no time, and Millie said, "Why not, for heaven's sakes? This is important."

"I can't tell you why not. Hush-hush. Very hush-hush."

She hung up, and while the king wasn't looking—he was still in the kitchen opening cans and muttering to himself, frowning—she took some of Mike's toys off the emerald-green rug and under the sofa where they'd be less conspicuous. When she got back to the kitchen, the king had abandoned the can-opener and was opening and closing the refrigerator.

"So many gadgets," he said. "It is true, then, that the American woman lives a soft, easy life, like you."

"You speak such good English. Hardly any accent at all."

His majesty looked pleased. He said, he said, studied in England some years ago, while he was still prince. The doorbell was ringing. Lucille tried to ignore it, but the ringing kept up. It turned

out to be Millie Cole, who had hurried over to demand what she meant by saying "hush-hush" and hanging up.

"I wanted to tell you about the meeting last night," Millie said, pushing past her into the living-room. "Mary Ellen Gibbs was arguing that if you use the weak no-trump convention you can—"

She stopped, catching sight of the king. "Why didn't you say you had company? Who's the impressive-looking man?"

"You won't believe this," Lucille said hesitantly, "but—"

His highness put up a warning hand. "I'm Mr. King, an old family friend."

"Hi. Only you're in the suburbs now. We aren't so formal. What's your first name?"

The king looked unhappy. "Rantoul."

"Hey, that's real distinguished. O.K., Rannie, glad to meet you. You understand bridge?"

"I played a little at Oxford."

"Then give me your opinion. We were arguing about this last

night. I had the king, queen, jack and two small clubs, the seven, eight, nine of hearts and . . ."

There was no way to stop Millie, Lucille knew, unless the king decided to behead her—and he looked as though he'd like to. There was nothing to do but tip-toe out of the room and wait, hoping his highness understood the Goren system. And as long as she had time on her hands, she plugged in the percolator, set the dish-washer going, and then went to the basement to put a load of clothes in the washer because

Karen and Mike simply had to have fresh dungarees.

As she walked back upstairs, she wondered where the children were, but then she heard them quarrelling in the backyard, so she knew they were all right. Millie was still talking. The king seemed relieved to see Lucille. She asked him if he'd have some coffee.

"How very American. I should be delighted." He smiled wryly. "All this conversation has made my throat dry."

To page 26

new

Mr. Sheen

SPRAY'N WIPE

SILICONE and WAX

POLISH

A PRESSURE-PAK PRODUCT

Spray on Mr. Sheen—wipe over for a mirror shine

dust, wax and polish your furniture all at once!

Mr. Sheen takes the hard work out of dusting, waxing and polishing. Mr. Sheen gives your furniture a mirror shine as you dust. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen and wipe over for a long-lasting shine. Mr. Sheen waxes and protects furniture, plastic counters and other surfaces that need polishing. Mr. Sheen removes smears and stains—you clean your furniture as you polish. For an instant mirror shine to the furniture you clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen. Instant wax it—Mr. Sheen it!



1. SPRAY ON!

Spray Mr. Sheen lightly over the table or the furniture you wish to polish.



2. WIPE OVER!

Take a soft, clean cloth and wipe over the sprayed surface with your usual dusting action.



RESULT: MIRROR SHINE!

Your smile reflects the result! A shining, long-lasting wax finish that protects and beautifies your furniture.

Only 6/6



Page 17

Look what's new in forever gleaming stainless steel

CSC

NOW STAINLESS STEEL CLOTHES PEGS . . .

* CANNOT STAIN CLOTHES * CANNOT RUST OR BREAK * GUARANTEE CLOTHES STAY ON THE LINE. These new Stainless Steel clothes pegs actually lock your clothes to the line — yet they are just as simple to use as ordinary wooden or plastic pegs. Best of all, because they are made of stainless steel, they never break or wear out — and they maintain their gleaming no-rust, no-stain usefulness forever. Modern designers and manufacturers are making more and more products in Australian Stainless Steel! All these products give you greater usefulness, and greater beauty because they never lose their gleaming finish. So always ask first whether the product you want is available in Australian Stainless Steel.

STAINLESS STEEL — THE METAL THAT NEVER DULLS

Stainless Steel
Clothes Pegs made by:
Litchfield's Engineering Works,
Ashgrove, Queensland.



comsteel
stainless

COMMONWEALTH STEEL COMPANY LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS: WARATAH, N.S.W.
COLD ROLLING PLANT: UNANDERRA, N.S.W.
Branch Workhouses in all capital cities

DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES

Ivanhoe
NORWEGIAN
CRAB PASTE



Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic.
(For N.S.W. only: Phone 54 8427 . . . For Sth. Aust. only: Phone UA 9156)

THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/10/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
& Fiji	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/3/6	£4/11/-
Foreign		

THE IDEAL GIFT!

THIS FINISHES CORN



Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS
For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Rough and ready

A FRIEND who used to visit me often recently asked me to lunch at her place, making a special date. When I arrived she appeared to have just got out of bed. She then began setting the table—no cloth, and the food was just dumped (the only word to use) in the centre. The food was in cans, and the sugar and butter just as it had come from the store. "Rough and ready, dear," said my friend handing me a knife and fork. "But we always eat this way. It saves work." I felt awful, did not invite her home again, neither could I bring myself to accept her pressing invitation to "Come again." My daughter asks me, "What did you expect, the red carpet or V.I.P. treatment? You're a real snob, Mum." Am I?

£1/1/- to "Jessie" (name supplied), Haberfield, N.S.W.

No peace in suburbia

WHAT has become of the peaceful suburban weekend? Since the invention of the motor-mower the noise at weekends is never-ending and highly frustrating. Why cannot people in the same district get together and fix certain hours of the weekend during which EVERYBODY cuts his grass at the same time. In this way there will be many quiet hours left for restful relaxation.

£1/1/- to "Quiet, Please" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

Christian-name confusion

MY husband has the same Christian name as his father, with the result that their mail was always getting mixed up. Many times my husband said how foolish it was to have two people of the same name in one house. When our own son was born (yes, you've guessed it) my husband promptly said, "Name him after me," and the same confusion over correspondence has happened all over again.

£1/1/- to "Priscilla" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

So it's back to the kitchen

HAVING achieved some small success at writing paragraphs and articles, I thought my husband would be only too pleased to further my literary career by financing me to a creative writing or short story course. However, his response to my suggestion was a definite "No," with the further injunction, "Less scribbling and more housework." Scribbling! Is there a solution to my dilemma?

£1/1/- to M (name supplied), Embleton, Perth.

The mixed-up Herbs

OWING to our family being keen on sport—and also having a sense of humor—one jar in our larder reads: "MIXED HERBS (ELLIOTT)."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Waddell, Midlothian, Scotland, U.K.

Holiday jobs

"TROUBLED" was quite right in not allowing his son to work. As a student I worked through summer holidays for six years and I am just beginning to realise what I missed by doing so. A student needs a certain amount of independence, but also needs both a well-earned rest and time to mix with boys of his own age-group.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Student" (name supplied), Mitchelton, Brisbane.

I THINK "Troubled" is being very foolish. Any boy who has the initiative to try to find work should be encouraged. Boys of that age don't need rest; they need change, and quite often they go back to school more refreshed after working through the holidays than lazing round the house fighting with brothers and sisters or anyone else. Besides this, work can give a boy a foretaste of his working life in the future in a way of punctuality, discipline, and dependability.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Kennedy, Gymea Bay, N.S.W.

THE answer to the problem is to be found "his way." Let the boy work for a few weeks, but make sure that he can have two or three weeks' rest before returning to school.

£1/1/- to "Not Troubled" (name supplied), Wodville West, S.A.

IF the boy worked all his holidays, he would be tired at the start of the school year and would not be able to concentrate on his work. This would seriously handicap him for the year's studies and especially as he would be in a higher class, this should be avoided at all costs.

£1/1/- to "Sensible" (name supplied), East Brighton, Vic.

IT is wrong to forbid your son to work for the whole holidays. After a few weeks he is bound to stop work and the novelty would have worn off. I think it is good for him to feel independent at that age—and no harm can be done unless his health is affected.

£1/1/- to "Disagreeable" (name supplied), Devonport, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been reading a novel—and a good one—about Air Force life in wartime Britain as seen by a Waaf. It is *The Colours Of The Night*, by Catherine Ross, who seems to have been a Waaf herself.

The girl in the book, I need hardly say, falls in love with a pilot. That is very nice, too, but here is the point I wish to make. In stories about flying—whether in war or peace—it is always the pilot who gets the girl.

Never the navigator or flight engineer or radio operator or gunner or steward—or even the co-pilot.

The ground staff have no luck, either. It is a strict rule of flying fiction that only a captain of aircraft can meet with romance.

Yet we know that in real life flight engineers, mechanics, and stewards all take girls out and finish up getting married. Why not in books?

THE GREAT UNLOVED

The reason is that in novels pilots belong to the small, exclusive group of lovable occupations. The others do not.

You will have noticed that in fiction (and on TV) doctors are lovable, but not dentists. And there are degrees of attractiveness among doctors. Girls love surgeons more than physicians, and brain specialists more than skin specialists.

Barristers can be lovable in story-books, but never solicitors. Architects are dreamboats, plumbers are not. Young ladies fall for private eyes, not for public servants.

In the same way, business "executives" have more oomph than accountants, portrait painters than house painters. Beautiful heiresses may get mixed up with advertising men, but not with insurance men.

All this is very unfair. In my opinion there should be an Association of Men in Fictionally Unloved Jobs. This body could put pressure

on novelists and scriptwriters to give them a better deal.

For a start, let us have a yarn about an air hostess who fell in love with a Customs officer at Mascot airport.

The pilot of her plane pleaded with her to come to a night-dinner with him. "I'm sorry, sir," she said. "I've promised to celebrate with Al from the Customs. He got a bonus today for catching some Chinese drug smugglers."

Then what about a paperback novel with a passionate solicitor for hero. "No woman could resist the love-making of Percy Bunce, masterful junior partner of Clotworthy, Clotworthy, and Bunce."

Or we could have a TV series about some handsome butchers called *Silverside Six*.

Come on, you story-writers! Wake up to the facts of life. Apart from other things, the idea of restricting romance to a few lovable occupations is unfair to girls. There just aren't enough pilots and private eyes to go round.

MY COOKING SECRETS

by Leila Howard of The Australian Women's Weekly Kitchen



QUICK SUPPER SNACK.

Sounds of laughter—and in walks my eldest with a group of hungry mates, all expecting supper. Luckily I have a few recipes for such emergencies. This one seems to be an all-round favourite. Beat an egg with a cup of milk, add a teaspoon of

vanilla and dip in it fingers or squares of bread. Then fry the bread in a little butter and toss it in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Do the same with drained canned peaches and serve a slice on top of each piece of fried bread. Top with a dab of whipped, sweetened cream.

PARTY LUXURY. Those continental-style tortes may be simply copied by making flat wafers of your favourite macaroon mixture. (Spread the mixture thinly in 8 in. circles on greased trays and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool on tray.) Whip cream, as much as you can spare, over a bowl containing ice cubes, so that it will retain its thickness, and flavour with sugar and a pinch of cinnamon. Pile wafers on top of each other

with fillings of canned sliced peaches and cream. Arrange remaining slices on top, in pretty pattern, with toasted almond halves. This dessert looks really impressive. Remember it next time the boss comes to dinner.

PEACHES AND GINGER.

Oriental people do not eat a lot of desserts—but I'm sure they would enjoy my latest concoction. Arrange flower shapes of peach slices in individual ovenproof ramekins.

Glaze with a little syrup from preserved ginger, place in a moderate oven to heat through. Remove from oven, top with ice-cream and chopped ginger and serve at once.

HEALTH HINT. Dietitians say we all need fruit daily. Canned fruits are wonderfully versatile and popular with the whole family. And 2 oz. of fruit contains only 73 calories, compared with 400 calories in 2 oz. of steamed pudding!



EGG-NOG PEAR CAKE

INGREDIENTS: 3 oz. butter or substitute; 4 oz. sugar; ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 2 small eggs; 6 oz. self-raising flour; pinch salt; scant ¼ cup milk. Filling: 1 can pear halves (drained); ½ cup chopped mixed fruits; 1 tablespoon shredded mixed peel; 2 tablespoons brandy; 2 egg-yolks; ½ cup sugar; 2 oz. butter or substitute; 3 dessertspoons flour; grated rind ½ lemon.

METHOD: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased, 8-inch recess tin and bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Turn carefully onto cake cooler. Filling: Mix fruit and brandy, allow to stand while balance of mixture cooks. Beat egg-yolks until light, pour slowly onto flour mixed with sugar, blend well. Add lemon rind and melted butter. Place over gently boiling water and stir occasionally while mixture cooks slowly and thickens, about ¾ to 1 hour. Beat until smooth, add brandied fruit, allow to cool. Arrange pear halves in recess of cake and spoon over egg-nog filling. Decorate with whipped sweetened cream and red and green cherries.

Easy! open a can of perfect pears



PEAR AMBERGAY

INGREDIENTS: ½ cup finely chopped blanched almonds, ½ cup crushed macaroon crumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 1 tablespoon crystallised ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 can peach halves (drained), ½ cup marsala wine or port wine, 2 tablespoons sugar.

METHOD: Combine chopped almonds, macaroon crumbs, peel, ginger, spice and milk; mix well. Fill peach cavities with this mixture. Arrange peach halves in a lightly greased ovenproof dish and pour over the wine, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve either hot or cold. Note: Crushed almond biscuits may replace macaroon crumbs in this recipe if desired.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD!

All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours—any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm... just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit



THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE GROWERS OF PEACHES, PEARS AND APRICOTS THROUGH THEIR SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE. IT IS ONE OF A SERIES DESIGNED TO HELP YOU PREPARE CANNED FRUITS IN NEW AND EXCITING WAYS



A little Marmite sparks a lot of family fun!

IT'S THAT LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING MARMITE HAS



MARMITE

nature's own vitality food

'City' diets may satisfy hunger, but **starve** you of Vitamin B₁. That is why Marmite is such a widely recommended supplement to the modern family diet. A pure vegetable extract, Marmite* contains yeast in a carefully prepared form and yeast is perhaps the richest known source of Vitamin B₁. Every Marmite sandwich... every cup of Marmite 'broth'... gives your family this abundant goodness. Wonderfully stimulating to the appetite. Highly concentrated, too — a little goes a surprisingly long way. Look for Marmite in the size to suit your family at your grocer's today.

*Marmite contains no meat and is not an extract of meat

Worth Reporting.

WHEN Katherine Behounek was 46 she was sent to prison in Yugoslavia for eight years for being an anti-Communist demonstrator. She spent the long years in a 200-year-old gaol doing needlework.

For three years she and five other women wove three huge carpets for President Tito's home. The carpets, five inches thick, each measured 85ft. by 30ft. They were to last not one lifetime but two.

Today Katherine, now 33, married, of East St. Kilda, Vic., runs a one-woman export business, using the skills she acquired in prison.

The slight little needleworker sends her embroidered cushions, tablecloths, doilies, tapestry, and crochet to the United States, Canada, and South Africa.

Recently an American woman paid her £300 for a silk crocheted bedspread and matching curtains. The set took Katherine six months to make.

Katherine is keen to interest young people in needlework and conducts weekly classes for small schoolgirls.

She points out that in pre-war Yugoslavia brides-to-be had to embroider at least a dozen tablecloths as part of their dowry.

"But here most brides-to-be can hardly sew a button on, let alone do embroidery," she said.

"The salesgirl at my local haberdashery shop said that I have bought more embroidery cottons in three months than other customers have bought in ten years."

Eel "snakey" on strangers

IF a noisy noise annoys an oyster, then newcomers annoy an eel.

We found that out when we went to "meet" and photograph a pet eel at Box Hill, N.S.W.

The eel has lived for two years in a dam on Mrs. Emilia Bergmann's poultry farm.

It's a family pet now, we were told, coming partly out of the water to be handled and have its head scratched.

Members of the German-born family "call" the eel, which has no name, by swirling the water with their hands at a particular spot.

But when we called, the eel would not co-operate.

Mrs. Bergmann's son-in-law, Mr. Gustav Clasing, tried hard, but the eel would not surface.

Mr. Clasing was embarrassed and apologetic. "Perhaps he is not hungry," he suggested.

"Ja," said Mrs. Bergmann. "Or perhaps he senses strangers."

We left—not wanting, naturally, to create any eel-feeling.



• Katherine Behounek and embroidery.

Lady on many trains

LADY MABANE, wife of the chairman of Britain's Travel and Holiday Association, is so enthusiastic about train travel that she could probably get an aboriginal to go walkabout by train.

Lady Mabane and her husband, Lord Mabane, are visiting Australia and New Zealand to promote more tourist trade to England.



• Lady Mabane

Lady Mabane was impressed with the Adelaide-Melbourne train because of its comfort, mod-cons., and punctuality.

"We left and arrived on the dot," she said.

"As we pulled in I saw your silver Aurora express—it's too beautiful."

Lady Mabane has been travelling since she was three, when she left Buenos Aires to go to school in England, France, and Switzerland.

She has two brothers and a sister in the Argentine, and another sister in London married to Count de Lesseps, grandson of the builder of the Suez Canal.

She speaks Spanish, French, and Italian, and uses them all often travelling in Europe.

But she is always happy to be home in Rye, Sussex, where she and her husband rent a Georgian house from the National Trust.

It is called Lamb House and belonged for many years to famous American writer Henry James.

SHERLOCK HOLMES would have little trouble deducing which stranger was a dentist. "Elementary, dear Watson," he would say. "It's the man with one long arm and one bald arm."

This preamble points to a new occupational hazard for dentists. It seems, according to a dentist friend of mine, that he and his colleagues have close shaves while tending the teeth of women patients with acquired hair.

The hardened coiffeur shaves the hairs off one forearm as the dentist works from the back of the patient's head.

Rock a sweet baby

NATIVE mothers have far fewer problems with their babies than European mothers, says Sister Elizabeth Burchill, who is back from a nursing tour in New Guinea.

"They don't have teething and bottle-feeding worries," she said, "and the children are happy and contented with their simple existence."

The babies are carried in arm slings or on their backs in bilums—bags of nettle fibre which the mother wears around their foreheads.

The slings have a soothing effect. The children sleep most of the time while mother walks.

Sister Burchill found New Guinea native babies more intelligent and responsive at an early age than European or aboriginal babies.

She believes this is because they are so undisturbed—no clothes, prams, play-pens, or feeding bottles.

Sister Burchill wrote a popular "Innaminelele" about Australia's north and the Flying Doctor Service.

Now she is hoping to interest publishers in another book about her travels in the primitive Sepik district of New Guinea.

"A fool and his money were soon parted," he might say. "Now it happens to everybody!"

Girl on a ledge

She had witnessed murder and now her life was at stake . . .
A dramatic short short story

By PAT FLOWER

RICHARD hadn't been able to meet her at the airport, so she'd come straight to her hotel and was dressing to meet him in the lobby. In just a few minutes now. She grabbed her bag, took one last all-over look at herself, from blond hair to elegant suit, to long, slim legs. Pamela Felton. Whispered just to hear how it sounded, because they'd be able to get married soon. As nice as Pamela Smith. Nicer.

She swept to the door, opened it, switched off the light and passed, not quite certain . . . not quite . . . dear heaven, the man looked so vicious, standing a bit bent over the other man on the corridor floor. She saw him pocket something, then begin furtively to turn.

Swiftly she backed inside her room again, touching neither door nor light in case he heard. Feeling her way, keeping her eyes on the door, backing farther into the room. She hoped he wouldn't notice the door ajar. But she'd want to get away quickly, not be trapped in a room. She almost screamed when she saw his silhouette, tall, angular, slightly stooped, appear for a second in her doorway, and then merge . . . inside.

Without breathing, still holding her bag, she stepped out on to the balcony. He must go soon; he'd want to. She peered over at the street below, ten floors down, then back into the dark room. She could make out his darker shape, motionless and wary. Then she saw his shadow move rapidly into darker shadow. He'd heard something, perhaps not in the corridor.

Panic seized her. If there were people out there in the corridor they would have found the body; he'd look for some other hiding-place . . . he might come out here on to the balcony. If he chose the wardrobe, or the bathroom—but she couldn't be sure . . . he might come out here. What would mean? Of course it would! A murderer wouldn't allow a witness to his crime to go on living.

She panicked moved her to do something she'd never have believed possible. She climbed over the balustrade of the balcony on to a ledge which ran across the facade. Still clutching the balustrade, she got her feet sideways on to the ledge. It was less than a foot wide, but she didn't know that. She didn't know anything except the need to get out of sight of the man in her room. Who might even now be coming out on to the balcony. In fumbling haste she found a narrow coping just wide enough for her fingers to grasp.

She was now flat against the stone facade, her face pressed against it, teeth grinding in the agony of suppressing wave upon wave of nausea. One arm was raised, but the coping was too high; it made it ache; something was obstructing her arm. She didn't know it was her bag still hanging there. She couldn't move any more. She could never move again. Both feet were turned sideways. Her ankles were beginning to ache. She couldn't move either way. Even if he'd gone, now she couldn't go back. She was pinned to the wall by terror.

He probably had gone by now, but he'd killed her just as surely as if he'd strangled her. Her arms and hands were becoming as rigid as the stone wall they clung to.

Her eyes were shut; she could taste the stone of the wall; her tongue was gritty with dumb screaming. Although she didn't know it, tears were running from her screwed-up eyes and mingling with the nightmare sweat. She heard nothing, knew nothing, hoped nothing except that perhaps oblivion might come before the compulsive fall to death. Nausea surged up again, and unconsciously she exerted every pressure to contain it. She couldn't hold on much longer. Why should she? There was no hope. It was dark—too dark for her to be noticed, with her body obscured in the shadows far above the bright neons. It would be easier just to let go.

Vaguely, distantly, she remembered Richard, but the memory was meaningless. It couldn't compete with the agony of her tortured feet and ankles, the swamping ache in her arms, the incredible strain on her fingers.

"Pam, it's Richard. Don't look up; just do as I say."
She heard a voice faintly in the distance, but it was just

With every muscle aching,
Pamela knew she couldn't
hold on very much longer.

one of many voices clamoring at her. Her head was bursting.

"Pam, don't look up. Just do as I say. It's Richard." This voice was near; it was quick but steady, confident, reassuring. "Pam, don't look up. A rope is coming down. There's a loop on the end with a slipknot. It will touch your hand. Pam, a rope is coming down to your right hand. When I say 'Now,' just move your hand outwards; we'll do the rest. It's coming now."

She couldn't bear feet or legs another moment; not a moment more. A great sob started up. She should have gone to yoga classes instead of just intending to, then she could have just remained calmly meditating, will triumphing over body. Just meditating. She shook with laughter that wouldn't stop, laughing wildly as a voice said "Now." Yes, now. Unbalanced at last, she fell away from the wall, her arms fell outwards. The right wrist caught in a loop that pulled tight and cut painfully into flesh and bone. She didn't feel it.

She was being hauled upwards, but she wasn't aware of it, wasn't aware of her feet and hands helping to steady the rope. As grim as death itself, she grabbed greedily at the sill, at people, at anything that would get her away from the jaws waiting below. She was on the floor, on all fours. Someone was helping her up. After that, everything was pleasantly blank.

Voices again, movement; blurred dark shapes. She was lying down. She must have fallen after all. She must be dead. She couldn't fall that distance on to adamant pavement and survive. She opened her eyes slightly. There was Richard. She'd know the shape of that dear head anywhere. And his voice. The voices again, full of concern. A glint of metal buttons. No features. Just shapes.

She heard Richard. "Yes, officer, she's my girl" . . . oh, the bliss of it, in his safe hands . . . "I was waiting down in the lobby for her; someone ran in from outside, shouting there was a woman on a ledge; we all ran out; it was hard to see, but I knew it was Pam; I couldn't understand it, but I knew it was Pam."

They were so concerned murmuring and muttering among themselves; they thought she was still unconscious. Through the slits of her eyes she looked at the shapes; these men caught up for a moment in saving her life. She stiffened. One of them, not Richard, she recognised. Standing against the light, as he had in the doorway, tall, angular, slightly stooped, she couldn't mistake him.

"Richard." Swiftly he moved over to her and bent down, loving, reassuring. She whispered.

"Don't question me. It's true. Grab him and argue afterwards. Quickly. There has been a murder, hasn't there?"

"Yes. That's why the police were here."

She gave him a gentle push. He turned toward the others and gripped the tall shape from behind.

The man was led away, too amazed to protest, his desperate ploy in joining the crowd discovered, his quick wits turned against him.

He would have time later to think it out. Plenty of time.

(Copyright)

'LIGHTNING'
coloured
ZIPPERS

It's

'LIGHTNING'

for

reliability



'LIGHTNING'

for

colour-matched

teeth

and tape



'LIGHTNING'

for

fashion



'LIGHTNING'

for smooth,

secure

operation.



Always insist on Lightning
zippers manufactured in
Australia by ICIANZ Limited

three way relief for
ECZEMA
sufferers!

Don't suffer the pain and embarrassment of eczema and unsightly skin complaints. DOAN'S OINTMENT can help you—it goes to work on skin troubles in three wonderful ways. DOAN'S OINTMENT relieves the pain and itch. It protects tender and inflamed skin. It combats infection. No more ugly blotches and pimples, no more itching or irritation. Never scratch itching skin. Apply DOAN'S OINTMENT for safe, soothing relief. From chemists and stores.

THE IDEAL GIFT!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rate	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£2/7/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

Mortein never fails in the war against flies!

**New Sizes!
Lower Prices!
Better Value!**

Mortein
PRESSURE ★ PAK
AEROSOL INSECTICIDE

Quickly kills Flies, Mosquitoes and other Insect Pests

THIS CONTAINER IS AUTOMATIC
A sprayer is not required
MORE ECONOMICAL

Goes very much further than ordinary fly spray when used as directed.

NON-FLAMMABLE • FAST • EFFICIENT
WILL NOT STAIN

5/11 SMALL SIZE

11/6 LARGE SIZE

13/11 JUMBO SIZE

7/11 REGULAR SIZE

Insist on Mortein . . . when you're on a good thing, stick to it!

THE VOYAGERS

Concluding our
romantic
two-part serial

By MARGARET
CULKIN BANNING



Hugh Lawrence was showing Sara some pictures, and she didn't notice Tom as he walked past them.

GHY and unhappy SARA MARTIN had booked aboard the Capricorn on a cruise from San Francisco to Sydney. She was trying to overcome her heartbreak because her husband, whom she still loved, had died soon after they were divorced. She is embarrassed to find herself placed at CAPTAIN LOFT'S table along with HUGH LAWRENCE, a member of the American State Department, and EVE DRAKE, a glamorous but ageing film star.

At Tahiti, where she had hoped to get away from the crowd for the day by taking a trip to the less popular island of Moorea, she finds herself in the company of TOM GALLAGHER, another passenger who was also seeking solitude.

They have a pleasant day together, and for the first time Tom forgets his brood about the loss of his job when his small company had been merged into a bigger concern run by WELLS CRANDALL, who is also travelling aboard the Capricorn. Crandall had not known Gallagher personally, but is later made aware of his identity by CHARLES RAIN, another passenger, who is aboard with his wife, MISSIE.

As the Capricorn heads for New Zealand, Sara and Tom are both less depressed in their own troubles, but Eve Drake is worrying about her new part in the film to be made in Australia and Hugh Lawrence is worrying about his ability to do the new job ahead of him. NOW READ ON:

felt that from the first night. She occasionally says something revealing, as she did when I asked her when she would be back home. She said, "I may not go back. I have no plans. I'm completely at sea."

Of course, that struck both of us as funny, but I believe it's true of her in more than the literal sense. She's drifting. She might like Australia. That would be madness to suggest such a thing. But in a case like mine, hasn't a man the right to gamble? The risk wouldn't be great for her. Nor last long.

Captain Loft was in his quarters, almost resplendent in a white uniform now that the ship was in southern waters. He was ready to go to the cocktail party which the Evans' were giving, but there was time to spare and he was studying the weather report which had come in by radio a few minutes ago.

"That storm should be just about ready for us when we get to New Zealand the way it's moving," he said to the Chief Officer, who had brought him the report.

"It's pretty nearly always rough in the Tasman Sea. May not be so much worse than usual."

"We'll have to watch it. We can't get stuck in Auckland and have to wait there a couple of days. The Line can't lose that kind of money."

"I don't see any need to worry yet," said the officer.

The Captain grinned at him and said, "Right."

He was not worried yet. But in the long run he was the person responsible for everything while this ship was at sea. Captain Loft never forgot that. He was the one who would be held to account for a few hours' delay in any port. Losing time meant losing money for the Delman Line, as well as not keeping the schedule on which the passengers were relying, some for business reasons.

He was responsible for any damage which the Capricorn might incur, for any calamity caused by carelessness of his officers or crew.

He was even responsible for the pace of the social life on board. He must be prompt in attendance at the Evans' party, and prompt in breaking it up when the gong sounded for dinner. He was not anticipating this cocktail party with much pleasure. He had been to hundreds of them, and the formula was always the same. But it was one of his duties. This was a pleasure cruise, and there were always some passengers who enjoyed playing host to the Captain.

The Evans' were entertaining in their own suite, which was almost identical with the one occupied by Eve Drake, except for the wolfhound. Desperate for a feeling of drama tonight, Eve was wearing a dress that no other woman could duplicate. It had been designed for her in Paris. The skirt was long and slit to the knees to show her beautiful legs, and it was brilliantly green, as were her eyes with their matching make-up.

She was the last guest to arrive, and when she had made her entrance and taken the central sofa for her display, she was aware of tension in the company. She had the sense of interrupting a difficult situation and being especially welcome because she had done so.

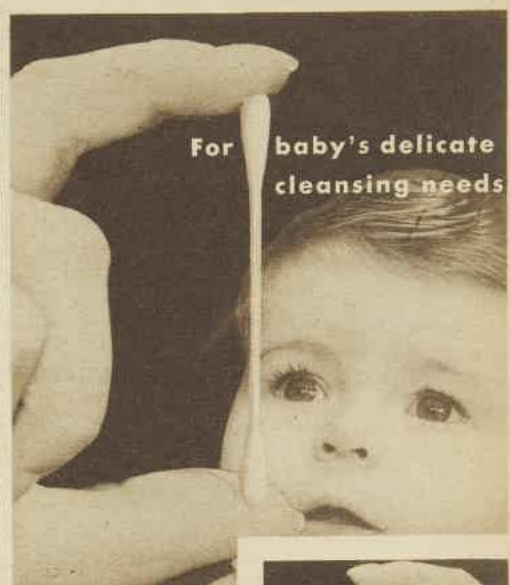
Sara Martin was dressed in black chiffon, but low, and cool. She was standing with a cocktail glass in her hand, but she was not drinking. Her head was held high, almost challengingly, and her glance seemed frozen. She was not listening to what the Captain was saying to her. Eve thought happily, something is happening. She softened her rules and asked for a martini.

Mrs. Evans greeted Eve effusively. But after a few minutes of readjusting the company she turned toward Sara as if she wanted to break into that curious, abstracted silence. She spoke almost flippantly, evidently going on with a conversation that had been under way before Eve came in.

"Of course," she said, "I only knew the Quinns really well. But I met a

To page 52

Johnson's cotton buds



Now with **NEW SAFE-STEMS*** that bend when they should!

For Baby Care — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems for baby's eyes, for nose, for ears — hygienic, ready to use — made specially for baby's most delicate cleansing needs.

For Cosmetic Use — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems to apply make-up easily.

For First Aid — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe-Stems for cleansing small hurts, applying medication to affected areas.

Cotton Buds with NEW SAFE-STEMS

Safe Stems bend gently "give" under pressure... guard against hurts. Safe even for the most delicate cleansing needs.



*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Johnson & Johnson

CB1079/1

Stabbing Pain STOPPED

Suffer from callouses? You need Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushions. Marvelous! Tailored cushion of latex foam snugger under ball of foot — relieves pressure, absorbs shock, prevents burning, tenderness. Loop over toe — no adhesive. 5/9 pr. at Chemists and Stores.



THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
& Fiji	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/4/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

BOOKS MUSIC ART FILMS PLAYS

THE MAGAZINE FOR
INTERESTING
PEOPLE!

Bulletin

AND AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL TIMES

1/- EVERYWHERE

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.



Best for Baby... Best for You!

Johnson's is the softest purest powder in the world. Specially made to absorb moisture — superfine Johnson's Baby Powder guards against irritations and keeps the skin smooth and fresh . . . that is why Johnson's Baby Powder is "Best for Baby . . . Best for you!"

Johnson's The Absorbent Powder



For Baby's tender skin

Gently mild, Johnson's Baby Soap is enriched with Lanolin . . . specially made for Baby's tender skin.



THE insistent ringing of the telephone dragged Natalie Suvorov back from the depths of sleep. Grunting a little, she rolled her vast bulk off the bed and padded into the hall. Her head was, if anything, worse, and she picked up the receiver.

"Oui?" she said. Her voice was deep and guttural.

"Madame Natalie?" It was a woman, and then most of her callers were women. "Do you speak English? My French is very good."

"I speak English," Natalie said. She had added that she spoke half a dozen languages, all more or less well.

"I'd like to make an appointment to see you. When would it be convenient?"

"This afternoon, if you wish."

"In an hour?" There was urgency in the question.

"In an hour," Natalie agreed. "You have my address?"

"Yes, in the Kasbah, isn't it. I found a number in the telephone book."

"It is upstairs," Natalie said. "The second floor. My name is on the door."

"At six, then," the voice promised. "Au revoir, madame!"

"Au revoir!"

Natalie went back to the bedroom and started to straighten the cover of the rumpled bed. The August sunshine no longer blazed on the slatted green shutters, and she flung them open and leaned her elbows on the sill.

Over the huddle of Moorish houses sloping downward to the old wall, she could glimpse the bay. A strong wind was blowing, ruffling the cobalt-blue curtains. On the flat roofs of the houses, hidden from hers by the narrow cul-de-sac, Moorish women moved, gathering in the laundry.

Sometimes they paused to gossip with one another across the low parapets, and the wind whipped their colored headscarves and tugged at the baggy satin trousers tucked up above their bare legs, or at their full, flimsy skirts. Their voices shrill and harsh, came to her in fitful gusts.

She took a deep breath and turned away. The scene was painfully familiar. Ever, when she had first come to Algiers, the picture had delighted her; the women's faces, shading from ivory to ebony; the clothes, flapping like gay banners; the houses, whitewashed and gleaming, or at their full, flimsy skirts. Their voices shrill and harsh, came to her in fitful gusts. But now she felt only a vast boredom, and the scene seemed to be somewhere else.

Yet where could she go? It wasn't easy

"Do you wish to know about money or romance," Natalie asked the young girl.

to travel when one was Stateless, and Algiers had become her prison.

She looked round the room. It was clean and tidy. A small, beautifully wrought ikon of silver and enamel stood in a little niche in one corner. An American—a tourist—had offered her a great deal of money for it, years ago, but she had refused to sell. It was one of the few things left from the wreckage of the past; that, and the two photographs in a folding frame on the dressing-table.

She paused before them, and her father seemed to stare back at her accusingly, his fierce moustache pointing upwards, his shoulders stiff under the old-fashioned

To page 48

The clouded glass

Yesterday, today were clear, but dare she see into the future?—a story

By DOROTHY COOPER

Illustrated by Phillip Rader
Page 25

Lucille headed for the kitchen. Rantoul the Fourth, his dignity beginning to fray, followed her to get away from Millie, who tagged right along, still talking. The percolator, which was supposed to shut itself off at the proper time, had chosen to boil over instead, sending the coffee over the table, down the cabinets and into a warm and steaming pool on the floor. Lucille stooped to wipe it up. The telephone rang sharply.

"Get it, will you?" she asked, meaning Millie.

But the king picked it up. He put his hand over the receiver, looking bewildered. "Does someone named Tiger live here?"

"Oh, that's for Karen. Her friends call her that."

Lucille started to about out the window to her daughter, but remembered the king was there and walked to the door instead. The screen wouldn't open—she'd told Harvey a dozen times to fix it, but his carpentry was confined to his basement workshop—and she kicked the door as gently as she could. But she miscalculated. It swung open with a bang, and the upper hinge, which had been hanging by one screw, fell off.

Millie opened a drawer, grabbed a screw-driver and, before Lucille could prevent it, handed it to the king. "Here, old family friend," Millie said, "make yourself useful."

The king stared at the screw-driver a long time. Then he shrugged, took off his jacket, folded it neatly on a chair, rolled up his sleeves, and approached the door doubtfully.

Karen hung up the phone and came galloping past to inquire if she could have the kids over. "We're going to get newspapers and roll them up, you know, like swords and, you know, hit each other in the face and have a—you know—war."

Lucille nodded, watching the king trying to cope with the door, and Karen hurried off. The king was having trouble. He was saying something under his breath. It was in his native tongue, but Lucille understood the sentiment. He sounded a lot like Harvey. The king gave an especially vicious gouge with the screw-driver, slipped, said something explosive. Then he stepped back, holding his hand. "Just a flesh wound," he said bravely.

Lucille put antiseptic on the royal thumb—the blood wasn't blue at all, she noted—and Millie grabbed the screw-driver and finished hanging the door. The telephone rang. Lucille hurried to it, told the man she had no intention of buying another piano, and hung up as a scream of mortal anguish came from the backyard.

Mike was on the ground, his eyes closed, howling. Lucille ran out, closely followed by the king, and demanded what was the matter. The screams stopped abruptly. He hadn't been able to find a newspaper to make a sword out of it, Mike said.

"Is that all? Why were you screaming?"

"If I just yell," Mike said, regarding her shrewdly, "you don't come very fast."

Back in the house the king sank into a chair. Fragile, who had been lunging at the gauze door for some time, finally got it open, came bounding in, and leaped on to the king's knees.

"I'm sorry," Lucille said. "She thinks she's an eight-pound lapdog. Just give her a shove."

The king, frowning, started to push with both hands, but Fragile turned and looked at him, and he moved his hands away quickly. It was quite all right, he said. He liked

animals. The telephone rang again.

"I'll get it," Millie said. "You two could hush."

Rantoul the Fourth stared at Lucille. Was it true, he asked, that this day was typical? Lucille said no, sometimes it was much worse. Mike burst into the room. The basement, he informed them, was full of water, and the washer was smoking and making funny noises.

Lucille started down the stairs two at a time. Fragile followed, barking. The king stood up. Millie came and called down the stairs.

"That was Harvey. He was on the second tee when he remembered he'd forgotten to tell you he was washing the car rags last night and one of them got stuck in the drain hose. He says you'd better not use the washer until he has a look at it."

"I hope," Lucille said bitterly, "you thanked him."

SHE waded over and turned off the machine. The floor drain was full of sawdust and shavings from Harvey's workshop, and the king, who had followed her down, volunteered gallantly to unplug it. Before she remembered to protest, he had his shoes and socks off and those immaculate blue trousers rolled up to his knees. Holding the shoes in one hand, he walked gingerly across the cement and groped under the murky water for the drain.

Fragile came splashing along, eager to join the game. In dodging the dog, the king slipped. He sat down abruptly. Fragile, to show there were no hard feelings, hurried over and licked his face.

Millie whooped with laughter. Lucille helped Rantoul up, found the drain, unplugged it, then led the way back upstairs. Millie told the king he'd better get out of those wet pants.

"I do have sinus trouble," Rantoul the Fourth admitted. "Then don't be a schnook," Millie advised him, shoving him into the bedroom. "Put on a pair of Harvey's. He won't care. And now I've got to run. Time for the afternoon game. Glad to have met you, Rannie. Remember what I told you about those weak club openings."

With Millie gone, Lucille sat on the sofa and waited, trying not to think. The king came in sheepishly. He was wearing Harvey's tan slacks. They were a foot too long and baggy around the waist.

"It's all Harvey's fault," Lucille told him. "If he hadn't forgotten to tell me about the washer—"

The king held up his hand. He would listen to no such criticism of Harvey, who must be a remarkable man.

"But you haven't even met him."

"He lives in this house, does he not? Day in, day out? And still has his sanity? Then I do not need to meet him to know he is a remarkable man. Come, we will return to the basement."

"We will? But your highness—"

Rantoul drew himself up. Even in Harvey's trousers he looked like a man accustomed to obedience. "My ancestors carved out a kingdom. Can I allow myself to be defeated so easily? Come, we shall fix your washer."

Lucille knew what happened when Harvey got that look in his eye and announced he was going to fix something. Sometimes the repairman

never did get it running again. But how could she argue with a king? Maybe, she thought as she followed him down the stairs, the State Department would include a new washer in next year's foreign-aid allotment.

In the panelled room in Washington the three men had been listening in gloomy silence. The general's chin was sunk in his hands. The State Department sat slumped in his chair. The Treasury, who had been drawing row upon row of zeroes on his scratch-pad, roused himself and looked at her. He held up his forefinger. "I begin to see. Harvey came home to find a strange man in his basement, wearing his tan slacks. Harvey made a scene. The king, humiliated, felt it his duty to abdicate."

"Certainly not," Lucille said. "Harvey did come home. That much is true. He left after nine holes because he was wondering about the washer, and he came bursting in just as the king had the motor apart. But Harvey didn't think anything about him being there. He's used to seeing repairmen in our house. He just figured Rannie was a new man from Little Leo's Fix-It Shop."

"But the slacks?"

"Harvey never noticed they were his. He got so interested helping the king tear the washer apart he wouldn't even stop to eat. I finally made them both some hamburgers, and Harvey and the king sat on the edge of the workbench, eating and drinking beer. The king kept saying how he used to enjoy fixing sports cars when he went to Oxford."

"Didn't this make Harvey suspicious?"

"No. Afterward, when I told him who the repairman was, Harvey said that, judging from the prices they charge, he'd figured they must all be graduates of Oxford or Harvard or somewhere."

The State Department raised his head. He could, he said, testify to what happened next. He had arrived at the house several hours late—he had lost the address and, as every dwelling in the Heights looked exactly alike, he'd had a perfectly awful time tracking down the right one. But finally he had found it. Mrs. Jensen had answered the door and told him the king was busy in the basement.

"I certainly wasn't prepared for what I saw when I walked down those stairs."

"The king was still working on the washer?" the general asked.

"No. It was back together, although I understand it is now necessary to turn the dial to 'Stop' when you want it to start, and vice versa. When I got there, Harvey Jensen and his majesty were at the workbench. His highness had his shirt off and those baggy tan trousers rolled up to his knees. The power saw was making so much noise that I had to shriek at them for several minutes before they noticed I was there."

"And that was when the king said he planned to abdicate?" asked the general. "I suppose the humiliation of being seen in such disarray by a representative of a friendly power—"

"He didn't say a word about it then. He just grinned at me and asked what I thought of the piece of furniture they were making. I gave him as hearty a smile as I could manage—I haven't been in the State Department

for twenty years for nothing—and told him I thought it would make a most handsome chair. The king was highly insulted. He said they were making a bookcase."

"He was certainly friendly enough when he left," Lucille said. "That's why I was so surprised when I got your telegram to report here at once. He kissed my hand—boy, did old Harvey's eyes pop at that!—and told me if I was ever in his country, he'd make a place for me in his government."

"He said that?" the Defence Department demanded.

"He did," the State Department said. "I heard him. I asked him what he meant, but he just smiled and said goodbye to the Jensens and left. I apologised to him all the way back to Washington, but he just sat there in the plane, looking out the win-

meet once more. I am glad. How is Harvey? How did our bookcase turn out?"

"Just fine, your highness. It only sags just a little."

The king took his place at the head of the table and looked at the three men. "Such long faces, gentlemen. I understand you prefer I do not abdicate."

"You simply can't abdicate," the general said. His face was getting red. "Your country needs you."

"And yours?" the king inquired mildly. He turned to the others. "Do you feel this way, too?"

"It is the considered opinion of all of us, your highness," the State Department said, "that at this crucial time in international affairs, with the world hanging precariously in the balance, it would not be the part of wisdom to—"

"Please," the king interrupted. "No speeches. I am weary of speeches. Always I must listen and look impressed."

"We're willing to do anything you say," the Treasury told him. "A loan? A grant in aid? An outright gift?"

HAZEL by Ted Key



Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.

dow and smiling, paying no attention to me at all. Then, as we were riding in from the airport, he told me he'd made up his mind to abdicate."

One of the marines—marched in, whispered to the Defence Department, snapped to attention, saluted, and marched out again.

"He's here," the general said. "What are we going to say?"

"What can we say?" the State Department asked hopelessly. "After protocol has been smashed to bits we can only issue a white paper denying everything."

"We could offer him twenty million," the Treasury said. "Only I don't think he'll take it."

"Perhaps if we gave him a written apology," the Defence Department suggested, "signed by all the members of the Cabinet—"

The door opened. King Rantoul IV stepped inside. He was wearing his medals. His bearing was so regal that Lucille decided against waving or saying "Hi." The general was at rigid attention. The State Department hurried to the head of the table, but Rantoul IV walked on around to Lucille. "So we

"An outright gift. Yes, that is what I want." The Treasury leaned forward eagerly, but the king put up his hand. "Not of money. Asylum. That's what I require. Asylum in one of your suburban areas. Perhaps"—he looked at Lucille, his expression almost wistful—"perhaps even in the Heights."

JUMPING to his feet the State Department demanded, "You want to live in the Heights? You must be—if you'll excuse the undiplomatic expression, your highness—off your royal rocker. No one who can possibly avoid it wants to live in the Heights."

"Now you wait just a minute," Lucille said. "We've got our advantages. You just wait ten years until some of the saplings are trees and—"

She stopped. She looked at the king. "Say, are you really serious, Rannie?"

"You see, gentlemen? She calls me Rannie. I am accepted. I am allowed to use a power saw and a screw-driver. I do not have to eat breast of capon and drink champagne and listen to

speeches. Why should I back home and be known as a suburb like the Heights," the State Department said.

"Nonsense. It was an exciting afternoon of an important moment. One can always run about. It was the day of the national game—except that in the Heights am told, it is that way year round."

"Oh, it is," Lucille said. "Believe me, it is. And sometimes we get pretty sick of it. Sometimes Harvey can be like to chuck it all and move to the house and move to a place where there are no telephones and the neighbours have never heard of him and you can just sit in the sun all day."

"You have described my country, exactly. I might like it there."

"For a week, maybe. He'd be looking for a game." She leaned over and put her hand on the king's arm. "You know, Rannie, you remind me of Harvey. He gets in these moods sometimes, when he doesn't want to keep on doing what he supposed to do and figures he just had some other idea. He lived in some different places. Things would be better there. I'm going to tell you what I always tell him."

"I don't know that I've got you to." The king drew his arm away. "I don't believe I want to listen."

"Neither does Harvey. Later he's glad he didn't always tell him even though he got to put up with some things. Harvey's got to put up with Ironpants. Other than his boss, and with those letters the charge-account people send and with his being able to break every golf. And you've got to put up with speeches and champagne. Isn't that so?"

The king shook his head. "It is amazing. I am half world away, and yet you sound so much like me. What would you have me do?"

"Just go on back home. And maybe, if you get in a good mood—you can bring her an electric opener or something—the queen might let you use a power saw in the basement."

Rantoul IV sat looking at her and thinking. He watched his face. It was as if at first, like Harvey's, he told of the day he would have had an eighty-nine he hadn't overhot the grill on the last hole. But the lines between the king's eyes deepened. His muscles tightened. When he stood up, he seemed several inches taller than he had before. He looked at the State Department and nodded once. It was a kindly nod.

The State Department gave a sigh of relief. The Defence Department reached over and patted Lucille's hand.

"I suppose I had no choice really. It would have been such fun, but—"

He shook his head and smiled, a little sadly, at Lucille. "As you see, a man must do what he must do."

"You could come back and see us again. Harvey and I would love to have you."

"And you—if you and Harvey should ever care to visit, a woman like me who can keep her head in such chaos, would make a prime minister."

Riding back to the airport in the limousine, Lucille thought of what he'd said. The king hadn't really meant it, of course. Still—

But then she shook her head, dismissing the matter. A lot of people could be prime minister. A man could be prime minister. But it was the job, who would be the house?

(Copyright)

INDIA TODAY

● An eight-page section by KAY MELAUN, our Chief Sub-Editor, and staff photographer ADELIE HURLEY, who spent two weeks in India as guests of the Government of India.

MODERN INDIA is a wonderful complex country of contrasts. One of its fascinations is the way the past and the present blend, as in these pictures. At right, three Air-India career girls in "workday" saris, Soonu Tata, 24, Anjali Kadam, 24, and Deirdre Dunne, 21, at the Gateway of India on Bombay Harbor. The Gateway was built to welcome King George V and Queen Mary to the 1911 Durbar, and through it the British rulers left 15 years ago. Below, devout Hindus bathe in the holy River Ganges, at Banaras. Some little boys were diving off a temple and doing the crawl.

Continued overleaf





The image of Indian Tea

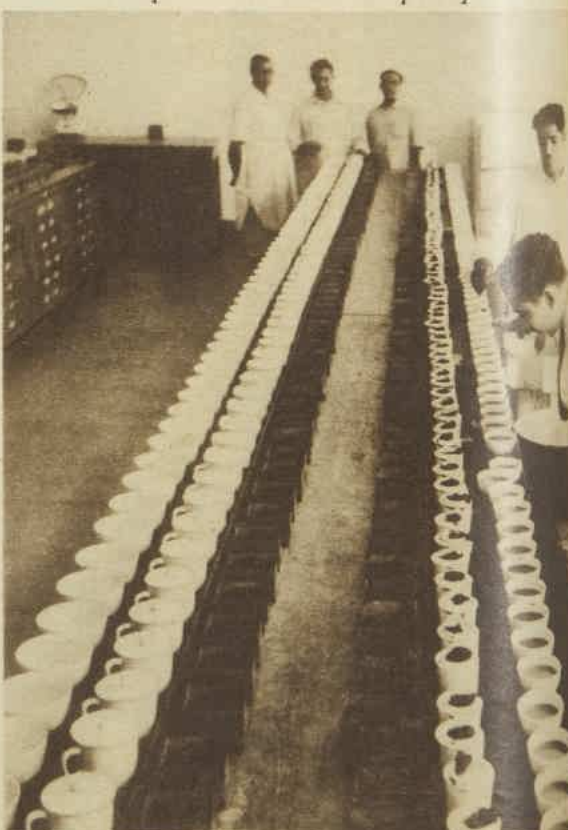


The land where it grows



The people who nurture it

And...the experts who ensure its quality



**TEA
BOARD
INDIA**



INDIA TODAY

Delhi
Amber • Agra
Jaipur • Banaras
Aurangabad
Bombay
Bangalore
Mysore • Madras

QUEEN MARY had adored India. When we arrived at Delhi to begin our fortnight's trip, I couldn't see myself loving the same. Yet I ended having something in common with the Queen after all.

Our itinerary was worked out by the Delhi office of the Indian Government's Department of Tourism to show us as much as possible of the country in the time. It listed Banaras, Agra, Jaipur, Amber, Madras, Bangalore, Mysore, Aurangabad, Bombay, and in the map above.

Delhi is India's Canberra, and is a collection of seven or more cities built by various rulers from time to time. New Delhi is all beige buildings and green trees and streets. Old Delhi is rose-pink.

But this is only background. The foreground here, as everywhere in crowded India, is people.

Everywhere were living, breathing, and usually smiling people, the women slim mostly, and supple, with dark pensive eyes and fine features, a drift of sari over one shoulder.

People live and sleep in the streets; the cattle roam. You run into a wedding procession, with the groom on a flower-decked, caparisoned horse. In a restaurant a tiger tells love stories with accompanying chorus and laughter, and you find out later it's a tall story. Squirrels play in the trees outside your hotel window.

Also Delhi, Banaras seemed very country. It's still that way now, not Banaras, and its name has

been changed to Varanasi, although few Indians know what you're talking about.

It was full, as predicted, of "widows, steps, beggars, temples, and cattle."

The Hindu widows are waiting to die beside the River Ganges, where they, too, hope one day to be cremated on the Burning Ghat (Cremation Step).

To the tourist the main — and awesome — interest centres on the river.

We left the hotel at 7 a.m., drove to the top of the embankment and went down the steep stone steps past people and priests, cattle, goats, monkeys, and pigeons, got into a boat, and were rowed offshore in the swift current.

CinemaScope couldn't reproduce the scene.

At the water's edge below the shrines and temples are people — vigorously brushing their teeth with finger or piece of stick, giving a good loud nose blow into the water, gargling, swimming, dunking under.

It's a combination wash, prayer, and morning swim before work or school. These waters are said to have marvellous mineral properties.

Near our boat floated a swollen dead goat. Farther away a man was towing a floating human corpse by a rope — pre-cremation ritual.

On the Cremation Step human feet showed in the centre of a pile of logs. Smoke, fragrant from the anointing oil, rose from the pyre.

Coming back up the steps, the smell was overpowering.

Disgusting? Well, many devout Hindus fulfil their cherished ambition by having a dip in the Ganges some place else.

Yet Adelie was moved almost to tears by the demonstration of living faith. And my most vivid memory of



Serenade for elephant riders.

This fiddler walked beside our elephant playing a folk tune as we rode up to the Amber Palace — quite a climb. Adelie was so enchanted she bought the home-made fiddle. It's called a *rayam hatta*.

the river is the holy man with long matted hair, thin and naked except for loin-cloth, sitting cross-legged in the confusion, eyes closed, face turned to the sun, lost in prayer.

In the hotel dining-room the old waiter plunged us back into Kipling by calling me *Memsahib*.

But Kipling seemed closer on the car ride from Delhi-Agra-Jaipur-Delhi with overnight stops at Agra and Jaipur.

Each drive was about three hours. Along the road were always goats, cattle, donkeys, a straggle of laborers, temples, wells. Round Jaipur peacocks abounded and monkeys scampered up the trees that arch over the road. The country is flat and green and brown, with scrubby bushes, timid crops, strings of mud-hut villages, and oxen — always oxen.

The road signs said: "Horn O.K., please," "Inconven-



View from the Amber Palace. The elephant, painted all colors and draped seven miles from Jaipur, in muslin, is bringing up a party of tourists. Getting aboard is easy. You go up some steps to a platform near the building in the centre of the picture; he bumbles alongside and you simply sit down. Once there you feel quite rajah-like. This palace was once the home of the warrior Rajput rulers. The hills around are battlemented and studded with watchtowers. Although the country is green, it seems, from this high distance, to have a veil of golden dust.

ience regretted," "Beware carefully," "Tata" on a truck wasn't a farewell, but a truck of the enterprises run by Mr. J. R. D. Tata, who heads Air-India.

Our driver wasn't a fool or eccentric, as we first thought, for honking the horn loud and long every 50 yards. You never know which way pedestrians or beasts will jump.

A man was lying very still beside the road.

"Dead?" we asked the driver. "Yes," he nodded, without altering speed.

As you get close to Jaipur, you feel you've driven on to the set of "Bhowani Junction." A rifle shot from the gun emplacements wouldn't surprise in the least.

Jaipur, the renowned "rose-pink" city, is built largely of terracotta stone that takes on this pink glow in the late afternoon. But our hotel was creamy white.

It was formerly the home of the Maharajah of Jaipur, who is also State Governor. My single quarters were as big as a flat. The swimming-pool is a completely separate house, with swings, a chute, pulpit-like diving tower, and its own garden of jasmine and lily ponds.

Seven miles away, at the Amber Palace, high up on a cliff, two earnest grey-haired American ladies trooped after us into the little room

where centuries back warrior princes worshipped their god.

The walls are marble, lacy as wrought iron, open to the distance.

"Now, Flora," one said seriously, "imagine you're a lady of the hahREEM."

Our local guide Mr. Ajmera didn't even blink. Madras, some 5½ flying hours away, is an "intellectual" city, green and white, with many temples.

Everywhere are reminders of the Portuguese and British. Robert Clive married Margaret Maskelyne in St. Mary's, the first English church built in India. The San Thome Cathedral commemorates the apostle Thomas, who is said to have died nearby.

Mysore, 1½ flying hours from Madras and a three-hour car drive from Bangalore Airport, is even greener, with broad streets and beautiful gardens where they grow green roses.

In the Maharajah's palace are priceless ivory and sandalwood inlaid doors.

A palace servant pointed them out to us reverently, then moved us to another room with huge iron pillars.

He rapped them. "From Glasgow," he said, in the same reverent tone.

At Bangalore, our guide gave us a message for Richie Benaud.

"He is a very astute man," he said. "Tell him he is almost worshipped by cricketing Indians for his great tact and shrewd behaviour."

"When we were listening to the broadcasts of the Australian-West Indies play, we used to rub our eyes and roll on the floor. We were so excited we were embracing each other. We cried. We could not speak."

By the time we got to Bombay we were wrung out, and missed Aurangabad and its caves, said to be the most perfect in the world. But Bombay, which at first I thought hideous beyond compare, turned out to be wonderful.

To Indians all over the country it is the Big Smoke. Architecturally, it has the overblown grandeur of Victorian England awash with Indian decoration.

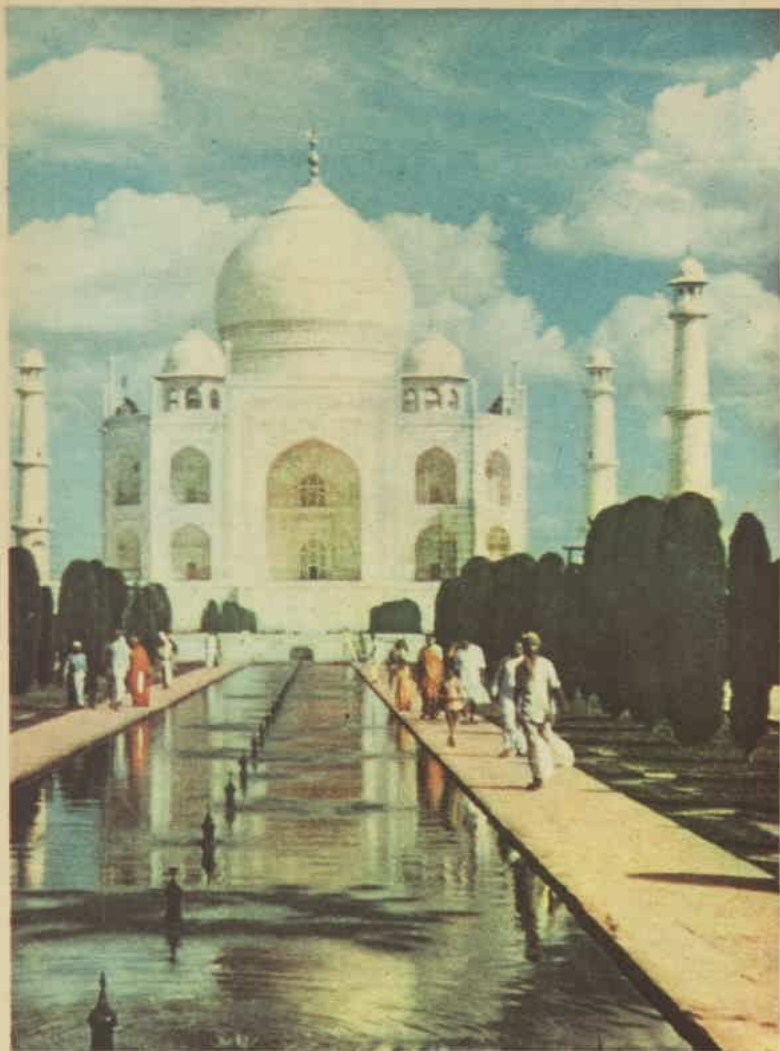
At night you thread your way past the sleepers on the street, some on rough platform beds, some right on the pavement. Poor souls, they lie so close together a child couldn't walk between them.

I hope that in their next lives they are all born millionaires.

**Continued
overleaf**

Below: Chandni Chowk The picture was taken from the Sikh temple complex (Moonlight St.), Delhi, memorating the place where a Sikh leader was martyred 288 years ago. Squatting in the middle of the road beyond the fountain, the car-cleaner was at work and the barber was shaving armpits as well as beards.





"Let me take you to
India's poem in marble"

*(Says Singh, one of India's trained guides who can
welcome you on your arrival in India and tour with you.)*

The Taj Mahal stands before you, a wondrous
structure of loveliness — softly grey in the half-
light of the dawn . . . dazzling in the midday
sun . . . rose-pink in the red glow of the sunset
 . . . mysterious in the moonlight.

It took 22 years and a vast fortune (estimated
today at 30 million pounds) for Shahjahan,
Emperor of all India, to build the Taj Mahal —
a monument to his love for the beautiful Queen
Mumtaz Mahal.

India's civilization is one of the world's oldest,
but modern India offers you luxurious hotels,
air-conditioned travel, fine restaurants, splendid
shopping centres.



India

the Princely Holiday

Please send me FREE brochures and guide books.

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon to Government of India Tourist Office,
46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. MF 8491.



Mr. S. Ramach-
dran, his wife, Ma-
mala, and his
mother in the sit-
ting-room of the
comfortable Madras
home. At left, Ma-
mala poses in dance
costume on the
first-floor terrace
off the sitting-room.
She is a singer and
classical dancer. He
is an airlines execu-
tive. Although the
couple live with his
parents under the
joint-family system,
they are typical of
modern India, in
which, increasingly,
marriage is a girl's
end a girl's career.



Section of the laundry at Madras.



Bombay; you fear for your clothes.



Bangalore looks like

FAMILY LIFE

● By and large, Indian men are still suspicious of the Indian career woman, horrified that their own wives would do anything except obey them, run the house, bear and bring up the children, and respect the parents-in-law.

AN exception is Mr. S. Ramachandran, a sales officer for India, who is delighted that his wife, follows her own career as a radio singer and classical dancer.

"It is most unusual," said the mother, a tiny, slim woman, no taller than 4ft. 10in. with a charming lisp, bright eyes, and pretty ways. There was wistfulness in the way she spoke, for her children have always been secondary to her husband's.

"We have been brought up to put up with things," she explained. The young Ramachandrans have been married for four years. "It was midway between dating and an arranged marriage," he said. He is tall, capable, rather serious. She is small, chunky, and strong, as befits anyone called in the exacting classical dancing that has its home in this part of India.

"They have no children. Not yet," she said. They live with his parents, among their own rooms in the comfortable two-storey house, with a spacious sitting-room and European furniture.

He wears European clothes; she wears the sari. They share servants and the main budget with his parents, but their own budget is quite separate.

AWAY over in Bangalore, but still in south India, is a family to whom this attitude would be anathema.

The family is the Krishnas, parents of our local guide, Madhava Krishna.

They have a smallish house, with a temple enshrining a goddess off the entrance. In the front garden were their two cows.



Neville Wadia, Bombay industrialist, who aims to export to Australia low-price, high-quality Indian cotton.

At home the men wear Indian dress. Meals are on the floor, with leaves as plates. Western-style seats were on the verandah.

Mr. Krishna, sen., is a smallish, nuggety retired postmaster looking too young for retirement, although his grey stubble beard, complete belief in his own ideas, and gloom about the state of the country made him seem his 60.

His wife, a handsome, diffident, voiceless woman with soft grey hair, is 57. They were married when she was "8 or 10," although they didn't begin their marriage until she was about 15.

Their daughter, Premya (it means "affection"), 25, was married three months before to a radio technician.

"We searched eight years for her and at last found a good man," said her father, nodding in satisfaction.

Two daughters-in-law were at home with their young children. Both were again pregnant.

Before the sons go off to work they prostrate themselves for their parents' blessing.

"In the morning we have a bath, then worship the goddess, then have breakfast, and go to work," said young Mr. Krishna. "Every time



INDIA TODAY



we go out we get our parents' blessing."

IT would be difficult to find anyone more unlike the Krishnas than Mr. Neville Wadia, chairman of the company running one of the top cotton mills in India.

Grandson of the founder and son of Sir Ness Wadia, he is a Malvern-and-Cambridge engineer, one of the sophisticated industrialists who help to give Bombay its international flavor.

Despite his gay smile and worldly, quicksilver manner,

Women of the Krishna family with cows in the front garden of their home. At left is the recently married daughter wearing her £20 gold-thread wedding sari; centre, her mother, who was a child bride 50 years ago; and, right, a daughter-in-law with son, aged 2.

he looks like the General Franco of the 1930s.

His mills have creches, schools, clubs, and canteens. His hobbies are golf, fishing, collecting paintings (he had some fine prints in his cool, carpeted office), and if he hadn't been an engineer he'd have been an architect.

Mr. Wadia spends about

four months of the year travelling. He was off that evening to Paris. His wife and 22-year-old daughter (a Wellesley M.A.) were in the United States. His son, 18, has just joined the business.

"My son seems to think anything Dad can do he can do better," said Mr. Wadia with a pleased smile.

LAUNDRY

CLOTHES are beautifully clean in India — a triumph of soapwater in the person of the laundress—the dhoti-woman.

One of the marvels of Bombay is that out of the shuddersome grey pits comes the whitest wash. But in other cities the laundry looks better.

In Madras it is two miles out of town on the Adyar River, and a four times the section shown at left.

Here whole families live and work at their trade, buying a lease and belonging to the dhoti union.

Cost to the housewife is about £1 per 100 garments (all boiled, starch extra; socks, handkerchiefs, etc.). The clothes are dipped in soda-bleach, washed, then wound in 5ft.-high turban on a spit-like oven, and steamed. Fuel is casual—leaves, which give a long, slow heat. The clothes are then beaten, washed well in the running river, dipped in soda (made from Indian rice "cheap good"), and dried.

Finally they are ironed (iron) in the hut where the dhoti family live.

AND A FILM STAR

WHEN we told anyone that we'd met Vyjayanthi Mala, eyes widened and the envious cry went up: "Oh, how lucky! What is she like?"

Vyjayanthi Mala is India's Elizabeth Taylor. She is beautiful, has an enormous fan following, and her name guarantees the success of even a poor film.

But there the resemblance ends. For she is 27, has never been married, never thinks about whether she is beautiful or not, is as direct and charming as a good child. Moreover, she doesn't know (or care, was my impression) how much she earns.

On the set in the Bombay studio were some lights and a cluster of men in attitudes of patient boredom round the grandfather of all cameras.

There were only two women; one with gold-rimmed spectacles and a jewel in one nostril—the star's aunt and chaperon. The other, the star.

Vyjayanthi Mala is a statuesque 5ft. 6in., tall for an Indian girl, with huge brown eyes and rounded, well-fleshed figure.

Vital statistics? A pause, a little shake of the head, and a shrug. "We don't bother about that," she said. "Anyway," and she laughed, "we don't have to. The sari hides everything."

She has no stand-in to take the slog out of film-making. And making many films at a time (she was currently making four) involves travelling to other cities.

The one big drawback is that she can't do her own shopping. As soon as she is recognised, crowds mob her.

"But I request them to stop and say, 'Please, please,' and they do," she said.

Vyjayanthi Mala's name means "Multi-jewelled garland of Vishnu." She comes

from southern India, and had to overcome her grandmother's opposition to start in films back in 1950. Some relatives still believe she has disgraced them.

When her film career ends she hopes to run a school of classic dancing. Even now, she devises dances and gives performances.

"I've been so busy I've never thought about marriage seriously," she said. "But even if my would-be husband let me keep on in films, I wouldn't. They don't mix."

"But marry and run a dancing school—yes. Dancing's my first love."

Vyjayanthi Mala with her aunt-chaperon (right) and (below) with the make-up man. The black-and-white film she was making is "Elder Sister" — a poor salesgirl who refuses the boss' son and marries her own true love.





Unlock the secret to real skin beauty with **Neutrogena**

Now enjoy skin cleanliness without affecting
Nature's protective skin oils.

Neutrogena is the only completely solidified toilet
cream made foaming, and is unlike any other cosmetic
product produced in the world. You use it like a
soap, but it has the effect of a soothing cleansing cream.

Neutrogena's unique, gentle cleansing action neutralizes
both acid and alkaline substances . . . leaves no
soapy residue . . . ensures your skin is healthily clean.

Follow this simple 3-point plan!



1 A moment to produce 2 Massage into your 3 Rinse off — feel the
Neutrogena's luxu- skin. difference!
rious foaming cream.

Stop at your Family Chemist or the cosmetic counter of any
leading Department Store today for your first precious cake of

Neutrogena

only 4/6

Don't say soap— say Neutrogena

Sole Agents for Australia

F. H. FAULDING & CO. LIMITED



**Women laborers on
Elephanta Island, Bombay.**

The natural way for Indians to carry anything
the head. (One hotel porter carried easily a
mous weighty typewriter of the sort used in
any work.) It gives dignity and grace of movement, and the poorer the
greater the grace, generally. These women are wearing their saris tucked up
dressed like this, we heard, used to raid British camps, astride ponies, leading the



**Indian tourists outside
the Taj Mahal at Agra.**

We saw the Taj Mahal, creamy in the mid-afternoon
shine, with the fountains playing in the entrance lakes
glimmering white in the moonlight. Adelle's response
beauty was immediate; but I felt only that here I was looking at the Taj Mahal,
was rather like a wedding cake. It is useless trying to convey its wonder. People
from everywhere to see it, as these Indian navy officers, Commander Relki and
Commander Viridi, with Mrs. Viridi, shoes off so as not to harm the marble paving
dominates the town. Local people throng there at full moon to sit and gaze at it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 30, 1941

The full-size FIVE-WAY PATTERN

● The suit shown here and on our cover is easy to make. So are the four other cover garments (sleeveless blouse, midriff blouse, tunic, and shift) — and they are all simple variations of the same pattern.

The full-size pattern and complete how-to-make instructions are in this lift-away section.

Detach the whole folded section carefully—just as it is, without cutting—from the magazine.

The three pattern pieces are on one side of the paper, with sewing instructions for all pattern variations on the reverse side.

Also included are instructions for altering the blouse neckline to a halter, a V, or a camisole.

The basic sleeveless pattern is designed to add some late-summer pep to a tired wardrobe (economically, too: the five variations shown on our cover cost a total of under £10). But the suit or the shift—with sleeves, and made in a firmly woven woollen fabric—will go fashionably into autumn.

And the pattern is versatile, because it's a design that can be dressed up or down for almost any occasion.

NEXT WEEK we'll show six easy ideas for a "new" suit look every day of the week.

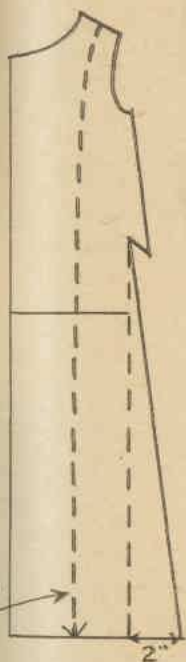
By DAWN JAMES

● The pattern is designed for a 34in. bust. To make the pattern one size larger or smaller, add or subtract $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to or from side seams and shoulder seams and underarm sleeve seams.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: (For sleeveless suit) 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. material, (for suit with sleeves) 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 36in. material, plus (for each) 1yd. 1in. elastic, bias binding.

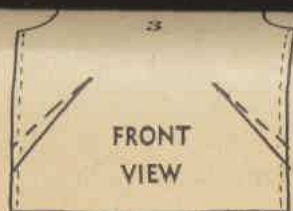
DO NOT SLIT THIS FOLD

TUNIC
ADJUSTMENT

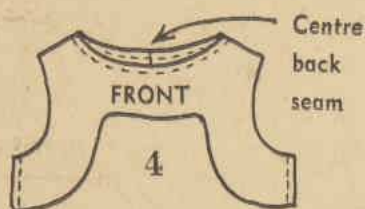


Sleeve = extra half yard
36in. fabric
DIAGRAM 2

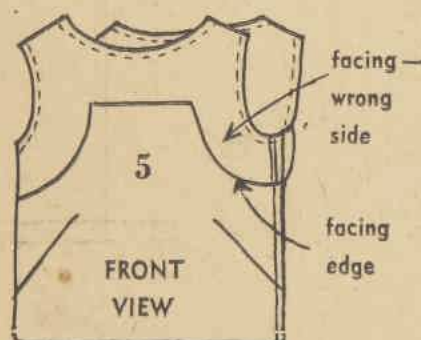




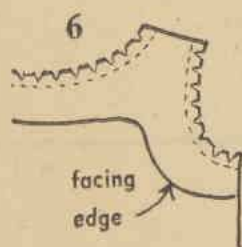
3. With right sides of front and back together, and matching notches, pin side seams together and then shoulder seams. Try blouse on to check fit, and adjust if necessary. Unpin shoulder seams and machine side seams ONLY. Neaten seams, and press open.



4. Machine back and front facings together at side seams, and machine two back facings together at centre back. Neaten seams, and press open. Machine a line of stay-stitching round the neckline on both back and front pieces. Machine a hem round the lower edge of facing, and press flat.



5. With right sides of facing and blouse together, pin and then machine round neckline and armholes, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in from the raw edge.

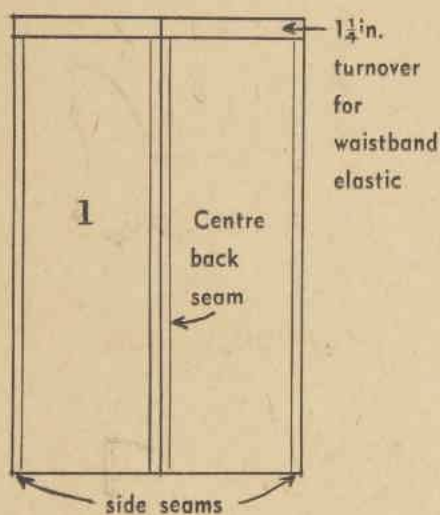


6. Clip all round neckline and armhole seam allowances (so that when garment is turned right-side out, all curved edges will lie flat). Then turn facing on to wrong side of bodice, and press neckline and armhole edges.

Continued on reverse of pattern for front

HOW TO MAKE

● The pattern includes the following seam allowances: $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at side and shoulder seams, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at armhole and neck edges, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem on the blouse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem on the sleeves (both lengths). Skirt: $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at all seams, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem allowance, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. for all-in-one waistband.



1. With right sides of material facing one another, pin together back skirt pieces at centre back. Pin back and front skirt pieces together at side seams. Try on skirt to check fit. If necessary, tighten at side seams.

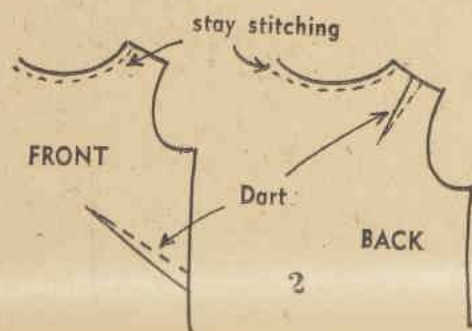
Machine the three seams, neaten edges, and press the seams open. (It is essential to iron garment at all stages of construction.)

Mark a line $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep all round one raw edge: this is the waist. On marked line, turn under on to wrong side. Turn raw edge under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and machine. This makes a $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. casing for the waist elastic.

Measure elastic to fit snugly round waist. At casing, on wrong side of skirt, slit one side seam about 1 in. Insert elastic into the casing, and then join the edges of the elastic securely.

Pull elastic out of sight, and oversew slit in side seam securely. Arrange elastic gathers evenly round skirt.

Put on skirt and mark length of required hemline. Bind raw edge with bias binding and then slip-stitch the hem by hand.



2. Pin, and then machine the darts on blouse-front and blouse-back. Machine a line of stitching round the neckline of both pieces (this prevents stretching, and is called "stay-stitching"). Press blouse-front darts downwards; blouse-back darts in toward centre.

PATTERN LAYOUT—for 36in. material

● Unfold the pattern section pages (detached, complete, from the magazine) and following the heavy broken lines, cut out the pattern pieces: blouse-front, blouse-back, and (if required) the sleeve. The skirt pattern, not included here, is easily drafted to fit individual requirements.

DRAFTING THE SKIRT: Take hip measurement at the widest part of the hips. Then follow instructions (given here, as an example, for a hip measurement of 38in.) and draft the skirt pattern on a large piece of paper.

Add 2in. to the hip measurement for skirt "ease"—that's 40in. for our example-pattern.

Divide this total measurement in two so one section (for the skirt front) is 1in. wider than the back—example: our 40in. divided equals 19½in. for the back, 20½in. for the front.

Add 1½in. to the front for the two ½in. side seams—example front is now 22½in. wide.

Divide the back measurement in half, and add 1½in. seam allowance to each half—example side-backs measure 11½in. wide.

Cut the skirt patterns to the normal skirt length PLUS 5in. for hem and the all-in-one waistband.

BLOUSE FACINGS: Trace the top half of the blouse-front pattern on to paper—from 3in. down from the neckline on centre front, round neck, across shoulder seam, round armhole, and 3in. down from armhole on side-seam line.

Connect the 3in. marks for the hem edge (as a guide, see shape of facing shown on layout diagram).

Draft the back facing the same way, but FOLD OUT THE BACK DART before tracing the outline.

CUTTING OUT: Spread the material out flat—a carpeted floor is an ideal cutting-out area—and arrange the paper pattern on the material as shown by the solid black lines on layout Diagram 1.

Cut out the skirt front, two skirt-back halves, and one of the half-blouse-back facings (ADDING ½in. seam allowance at centre back).

Reverse back-facing pattern, and cut the other half (as shown by dotted line on diagram).

Cut out half of the blouse-front, blouse-front facing, and blouse-back, EXCEPT at the centre-front and back lines. Then, as shown, fold over each pattern at the centre lines and cut the other half.

Mark darts on blouse-front and blouse-back, and all notches shown on the pattern pieces.

FOR BLOUSE WITH SLEEVES: Place pattern on the extra ½yd. of fabric, on the straight grain as shown in Diagram 2. Cutting lines are given for both three-quarter-length and elbow-length sleeves. (For three-quarter length, cut through the elbow-length hemline curves given on side seams.)

FACINGS: Cut facing patterns for neck section only—so the curved facing hemline extends from the 3in. mark on the centre line to another mark 3in. along the shoulder seam.

MIDRIFT BLOUSE

Pattern adjustment: Trim blouse-front and blouse-back patterns to a line 2in. ABOVE the waist. If required, alter neckline on pattern as shown in the pattern-adjustment panel. (We used the camisole neckline.) Make facings—as described above—to match neckline.

Materials required: 1½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 1in.-wide elastic.

Make midriff blouse as described for suit blouse. At hem mark a line 2½in. deep all round back and front. Fold hem under on marked line. Then fold under the extra ½in. and machine the hem in place close to that edge—making a 1in. casing for the elastic.

On wrong side of hem, slit one side seam about 1in. Measure out and cut off enough elastic to fit snugly round the midriff.

Insert the elastic into the hem through the slit, and then join the ends of the elastic securely.

Pull elastic out of sight, and sew the slit in the side seam firmly by hand. Arrange the elastic gathers evenly round midriff.

TUNIC

Pattern adjustment: Trace the complete outlines of blouse-front and blouse-back on to large pieces of paper. Alter shape of neckline if required (we used the halter variation).

From shoulder seam, extend length of blouse and mark a line 2in. above the knee (this allows for a 2in. hem).

Extend centre front and centre back seams to new hemline. Extend side seams straight to new hemline, then mark out 2in. from side hemline (see diagram).

On tunic front pattern, draw line from V of dart to 2in. mark. On back, line should extend from armhole to hemline mark.

Materials required: 2½yds. 36in. material, bias binding, about 2 dozen buttons (if wanted) for decoration.

With centre-back and centre-front lines on bias fabric, cut out front and back tunic pieces, and back facings.

Make up as described for suit blouse. After hem length is right, bind raw hem edge with bias binding—slip-stitch the 2in. hem by hand.

We added a straight band 2½in. wide (which has turnings on each side), centred it on the front of blouse, machined it in place ½in. in from edges, and sewed multi-colored buttons for decoration.

BEACH SHIFT

Pattern adjustment: Trace the complete outlines of front and blouse-back on to large pieces of paper. Alter neckline if required (we used the original line).

As described for tunic, extend centre and side seams to a new hemline . . . the shift is longer than the tunic. Extend the seams to a line 2in. BELOW the knee (for a 2in. hem).

If adding fringe a hem is unnecessary, so the line should be 1in. ABOVE knee. (The right line is inserted between the two top bands of the fringe.)

● If hips are only 1-2in. wider than bust, leave pattern straight. If hips are very wide, add the width at side seams to bust measurement, add the width at side seams for tunic. (NOTE: Check that pattern is marked before cutting material.)

Materials required: 2½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. fringe. (We used towelling in two colors light and dark color.)

If making the shift, minus fringe, in a solid color—make up as described in directions for tunic.

For a towelling shift in a solid color, either use line and armholes with matching bias binding pattern-facings from matching cotton fabric (about 1-3rd yd.). Towelling is too bulky for shift.

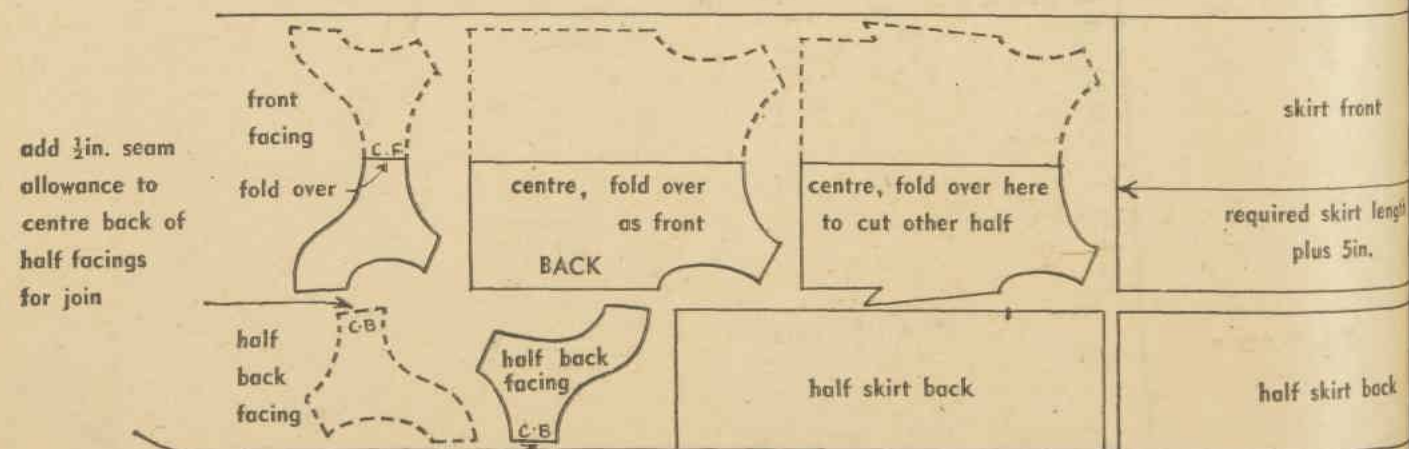
For a towelling shift in two colors (like photographed) centre-back and front seams are REMEMBER to add ½in. seam allowance to centre back of each pattern piece.

Join centre seams and then follow directions for blouse. Add fringe at the hem.

DIAGRAM 1

2½yds. of 36in. material

PATTERN LAYOUT FOR SUIT (SLEEVELESS)



DO NOT SLIT THIS FOLD

Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



**RICHARD EGAN,
TERRY MOORE**
—stars of
"EMPIRE"

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 30, 1963

It's "Everybody out!" again



"EVERYBODY OUT" is the theme song of Paddy (Miriam Karlin), the shop steward who is handy with the whistle in "The Rag Trade."



LONG-SUFFERING Mr. Fenner is played by Peter Jones, one of England's most versatile actors and accomplished writer of plays and radio scripts.



"OUR LIL" of "The Rag Trade" is Australian Esma Cannon. In real life Lil, who weighs 6st. 5lb. and stands 57½ in. high, is married, has a big son.

• "The Rag Trade," the B.B.C.'s uproarious comedy show that in its first run became the TV show watched by the greatest number of viewers in hard-to-please Sydney, is now being repeated by ABC-TV.

THE RAG TRADE" is the story of the trials of a factory manager who runs a small clothing manufacturing business staffed by women. His only male support is his foreman.

Repeats are not popular often with viewers, but "The Rag Trade" was one of the TV shows that had a slow-growing appeal.

Because of this, many viewers will see the first episodes again with much greater enjoyment than on their early showing.

The repeat showings will continue until the third series arrives here soon.

In England the new series is more popular than ever; indeed, the show itself is so popular that a stage version of it is also running currently in London's West End.

It will be good to hear that shrill whistle and the raucous cry of "Everybody out!" again.

"The Rag Trade" is said to be the first comedy series in the world sustained almost entirely by women.

What a threat to masculine dominance it is when Miriam Karlin, Esma Cannon, Sheila Hancock, Ann Beach, Barbara Windsor, Toni Palmer, Judy Carne, and Rita Smythe gang up against boss Peter Jones and foreman cutter Reg Varney.

Miriam Karlin plays the strike-happy shop steward Paddy, and leads the troubles that must drive the manager, Mr. Fenner (Peter Jones), frantic.

"We do give them a dreadful time," said Miss Karlin recently. "I remember one episode when it was 'Everybody out' — everybody in six times. We were all hysterical at the end of it."

Australian-born stage and screen star Esma Cannon plays the role of "Our Lily" — the seamstress who does a marvellous buttonhole, but hasn't been the same since zippers came in.

Poor resilient Lily! So tiny she's "lost" at least a dozen times in one show, and found up lamp-posts (where she's been mending fuses) or in clothes-bags (where she has been hiding to get out of work).

The only resemblance between Lily and Esma Cannon off stage is that Miss Cannon is short — 4ft. 9½ in.

She's most commonly found not up lamp-posts as one would imagine but calmly working on tapestry in her lovely home on the outskirts of London or busily pulling



RAGS TO RICHES for Lily of "The Rag Trade," Australian actress Esma Cannon, who forsook her apron for formal dress with tiara in her latest film, "We Joined the Navy." In this picture, Lily swanks along with the star of the film, Kenneth More.

out weeds in the garden with the help of her husband, German-born Ernst Littman, and their teenage son.

One of England's leading character actresses and comedienne, Miss Cannon was playing in the West End success "Watch It, Sailor" when she first began in "The Rag Trade" series.

"I've been acting since I was a little girl of four in Australia," said Sydney-born Miss Cannon without the slightest trace of an Australian accent. She's been living in England since before the war, when she came over with her mother on what was supposed to be a working holiday.

"As more and more work was offered to me, I found it harder and harder to return," she said. "But I long for the day when I can take my husband and son to see my home."

Miss Cannon's stage training began at Minnie Everett's school of dancing in Sydney. She later played the part of a child in many J. C. Williamson and Tait productions.

"I was so tiny I was playing children's roles even when I was an adult," she said.

"One day in Sydney, Percy Hutchinson told me he'd give me a part in a play whenever I went to England — so I decided I would like that part. The play was called 'Mis-

adventure' — and it was! I was lucky enough to go straight into another play which went well, and then there to another and so on. It was her success in the West End comedy "All Rights Reserved" that led to a career for Miss Cannon, making her in comedy situations opposite stars like Ian Carmichael, Margaret Rutherford, Leslie Philip, and recently Kenneth More and Norman Wisdom.

"I'm usually given a comedy role," she said. "I don't think I'm exactly a 'femme fatale' type!"

She went on speaking of comedy: "It's always difficult to act seriously when you've been typed as a comedienne. People just expect you to take you seriously and laugh at whatever you make."

"People come up to me in the street, saying, 'Hello Lily,' and roar laughing."

"They can't believe I'm the same person off the stage as on, and laugh the more they look at me."

Though she's a sewing-machine operator in "The Rag Trade," Miss Cannon has all her own clothes — hand.

"I own a sewing-machine," she said, "but I prefer to do all my own clothes with needle and thread."



Craggy-faced Richard Boone (Paladin of "Have Gun—Will Travel") has no regrets that the series is ending. The popular Western has already earned him a million dollars and will go on providing him with an income for the next 20 years.

Paladin's gun travels no more

● "I'm turning in my holster, pistols, horse, and 'Have Gun—Will Travel' business cards at last," grinned moustachioed TV cowboy Richard Boone. "I'm definitely retiring from the travelling-gunman business."

AS Paladin, sophisticated, talkative hero of "Have Gun—Will Travel," Richard Boone has ridden and fought his way over thousands of television's Western miles during the past six years.

Now he is packing up, having gunned down scores of fictional foes on TV, and made more than a million real dollars doing it.

There have been 226 episodes of "Have Gun" filmed since the series began five years ago. Boone has appeared in all but two episodes—a record of some sort.

He has two more episodes to do under current production and they'll wind up the series' fourth year—and the final one.

The avenger

"The television network has the right to make five more segments," Boone said, tweaking his moustache, "and that's fine. All they want to I'll be happy to go along with it."

Boone starred in the "Medic" series before getting the role of a travelling avenger and protector of the innocent in "Have

Gun"—a show he calls "the biggest thing of my career so far."

There is a difference between Boone's adventures and those of other Western stars—a difference in characterisation, locale, and plot situations.

The series has humor, tragedy, adventure, and situations which require logic and intelligence rather than a gun.

Sophisticated

"I think it differed in that the central character was more mature and sophisticated than most Western heroes," Boone said. "It gave the writers a chance to come up with something they liked."

"The show was never made on the basis of what 'the people liked.'"

"It was made on the basis of our own taste and what we thought was good. It seems to me the clichés come into a show when somebody sets out to do a show 'the people will love.'"

Boone is working on plans for another television show, and is discussing shows with producers of movies and Broadway plays.

But if nothing comes along right away Boone has nothing to worry about.

He has a contract with the Columbia network which calls for him to be paid 1,300,000 dollars (£A515,000) for his services and ownership rights of "Have Gun," the money to be paid over a 30-year period.

"Every January 10 it goes 'bang' like you hit the jackpot," he said. "It goes for 20 years."

Boone is undoubtedly one of the highest-paid, and honest, gunmen in TV history.



TOMMY HANLON

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said (and this is for all parents of teenage sons): Will you ever forget the day your son went out on his first date? And used the family car? How proud you were of him, his hair slicked down, dressed in his best suit. The warnings: Now, obey all the traffic signals; for goodness' sake, don't speed; have you got a clean handkerchief? Maybe a little tear in the eye of Mother. And you thinking, our son is growing up; we'll lose him soon. And probably sneaking him (so Mother doesn't see) a couple of pounds. And not being able to sleep till you hear the car coming into the garage. Will you ever forget? But isn't it funny about parents?

Momma's moral: The mother worries about her son, and the father—about his car.

DID YOU KNOW?

TONY HANCOCK, after leaving the B.B.C. and making a film, made his debut in commercial television this month, opening a new ATV series simply called "Hancock." The shows, which will be offered for overseas sale, are half-hour programmes with Tony as the central figure and different guest stars each week.

A LONDON management (Walter Jekel) is to co-produce with Austrian State Television 10 star-studded programmes of 90 minutes each which will be sold round the world after their Austrian transmission. Sophia Loren and Yves Montand are expected to be the first stars to be signed, and the series will include serious music as well as variety, and British, American, and Continental stars. They go into production in Vienna in March.

BBC-TV will be host to 15 European nations when the Eurovision Song Contest is held in March. It will be the first time that the final has been held in a television studio. Seven British songwriters have been commissioned by the B.B.C. to write songs, and on a preliminary programme a jury of viewers will decide which song will represent Britain at the final.

ON the regional TV station serving the border of England and Scotland, TV chef Tony Stoppani baked a special Christmas cake for the viewers in one programme and iced it ready for showing in the next week's programme. But all that viewers saw were the shattered ruins after someone had dropped a piece of heavy studio equipment on the masterpiece two minutes before the show went on the air. A new cake was promised for the following week, and the studio staff tucked into the wreckage.

JANE WYMAN is to do her first professional dancing and singing for ten years for the Andy Williams show. The last time Jane appeared in these capacities was in "Here Comes The Groom" with Bing Crosby. After she and Bing warbled "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" the song went on to win an Oscar for that year.

THE cartoon-creating team of Hanna-Barbera is certainly not stumped for ideas. Their latest: "The Park Avenue Indians," all about a New York motel. Four more are also on the way in the footsteps of "The Flintstones," "The Jetsons," "Huckleberry Hound," and their many other creations.

AUSTRALIAN Rod Taylor noticed in a Hollywood restaurant with his latest feminine interest—pretty Mary Hilem. Mary is said to be Rod's biggest romance.

LUCILLE BALL seems to be "living on clover" following her recent buy-up of Desi Arnaz's stock in the Desilu Company. Net profits at her studios nearly tripled in the last financial year.

IT hasn't taken long for the trend to longer TV series to catch on. Following on the 90-minute episodes of "The Virginian" series, ABC-TV has reportedly bought a series of similar length called "Arrest and Trial." Starring Chuck ("The Rifleman") Connors and Ben Gazzara, it follows the pattern of a criminal hunt for the first 45 minutes and a trial for the last 45.

FOR the first time in years Bob Hope's TV special didn't make the top in American ratings, but one consolation: His was the only American show in Britain's top 10.

"THIRD MAN" star Michael Rennie is among the actors signed up to appear on "Perry Mason" while Raymond Burr is in hospital for minor surgery.

HE'S MR. BIG OF TELEVISION

- "Cheyenne" and its popular star, Clint Walker, have become TV perennials.

YEAR in, year out, "The Cheyenne Show" is demanded by hordes of viewers in a swoon over its huge star, who, on the producer's instructions, bares his frame to the waist in almost every episode.

Clint is a health-food addict, a strict vegetarian. His favorite foods are raisins, dates, figs, prunes, and sunflower seeds, which he chews away on most of the day.

Clint's size has been no handicap to him.

He went to Hollywood direct from being a bouncer in a Las Vegas nightclub.

"Being a bouncer is a lot different than most people think," he said the other day. "A good bouncer is a man who tries his level best to avoid hurting anybody."

"My size was against me there. Every drunk took a look at me and challenged me to fight, but I never hit anybody as long as I was in the business."

"Women were always the toughest to deal with. They bite, kick, scratch, and cuss. A woman'll tear her clothes off just to embarrass you."

RIGHT: CHEYENNE BODIE (Clint Walker), stern and fearless, in the garb that fans know so well, and (below) Clint in informal formal dress in an unusual episode with (left) Mickey Simpson and (right) Jack Elam, that hopeless reprobate of "The Cheyenne Show," "Toothy" Thompson.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 30, 1963

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

Singing star succeeds in first film

From Brian Gibson, in London

● Mark Wynter, the young British singer who made such a hit in Melbourne 18 months ago, has just completed his first film role—and has been offered a second.

SCHEDULED to return to Australia early in February for TV appearances, Mark says it was the enthusiasm of Australian audiences which gave him the confidence which has made his success possible.

Hollywood producer Milton Subotsky, who signed Mark for the lead in his teenage musical, "Just For Fun," wants him to play a young scientist in a science fiction film to be shot next Easter in British studios.

"I've always wanted to do films and this looks like the break I've been waiting for," Mark told me during the final shooting of "Just For Fun."

"In this film I sing a couple of new songs and act. It is the right kind of experience for the more serious roles I hope to have in the future."

With his big hit, "Venus In Blue Jeans," still riding high in the charts, Mark has been working hard these past months. At weekends there are recording dates, and after finishing at the film studio each night he is rushed off to a concert date on his current British tour.

"I've learnt to take this strenuous life in my stride," he said, "and I'm really looking forward to visiting Australia again. I made my first visit completely on my own, and it was my first time abroad, too. But it did me the world of good, and I've been grateful ever since."

Australian teenagers will notice a big change in Mark. Like Cliff Richard, he remains modest and unaffected by success, but he now has the poise and assurance of a veteran performer with many talents.

"I want to broaden my appeal beyond the teenagers," he said. "I'll be 20 in January. I plan to remain in show business for a long time yet, and to be a real star you must be versatile."

Despite the offers now pouring into his agent's office, and the fact that he is one of the wealthiest young entertainers in Britain, Mark lives a quiet life. He smokes moderately, doesn't drink, and has postponed the buying of a car until he can secure a new house for his parents.

At present he lives with them in Sydenham, a London suburb, with four brothers and a sister.

On his way to Australia, Mark will have a holiday on the sunny beaches of Tahiti. When he leaves Australia he'll be going to New York to appear in the coast-to-coast Merv Griffith show.



LETTERS

Why maths is a must for girls

SOME people say that girls are no good at mathematics and that maths are no use to them, anyway. But they are quite wrong, for a good grounding in maths is a must for every wife and wife-to-be.

Apart from her own figure, which is tremendously important, she must know how to add to her own charms, she must subtract what she can from her husband's pay packet, she must learn to divide her attention so that she can listen to her husband and watch TV at the same time, and she must be able to multiply, of course.

Geometry is important, too. She must know a square when she meets one, she must be prepared to run about in circles for the rest of her life, and she must be able to recognise the eternal triangle and beware of it.

So you see that a girl would be lost without maths.—Melina Yeong, Perak, Malaya.

Local records

I AGREE with David Harwood when he says (T.W., 28/11/62) that Australian records do not receive the credit due to them. But why raise the price of imported records by taxing them, as he suggests?

Wouldn't it be better to reduce the price of Australian records? I am sure this could be done and would mean a big increase in their sales.—Kenneth Hunt, Elizabeth, S.A.

Family affairs

PARENTS should allow teenagers to participate more in family affairs. If teenagers were consulted when bills had to be paid or important decisions made, they would have a sense of responsibility.

Many teenagers feel that they are not considered mature enough to be consulted on matters of importance. However, if they are given the opportunity to make decisions, they will learn by their mistakes.

In addition to this, they feel they are wanted, and, more important than this to every teenager, needed in the family.—S. Perez, North Ryde, N.S.W.

Sick of pops

THIS nation should be more interested in its champion sportsmen, who have helped, more than any other people, to make Australia known throughout the world.

I'm neither a frustrated Olympian nor a rejected Test cricketer—just a schoolgirl who is sick to death of the lack of interest being shown by teenagers in anyone other than pop singers and disc jockeys.—Jenny Gleeson, Dubbo, N.S.W.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Creative writing

WHEN will creative writing be given the status it has in America by being prescribed as an alternative subject to English Literature in Australia's senior schools?

There are doers as well as admirers among students. That young Australians are yearning for guidance is evidenced by the prosperity of private writing schools, and no doubt publishing firms would offer scholarships to prospective writers, just as manufacturers are offering them to cadets in their respective fields.

Creative writing is a hole-and-corner affair in Australia, with the writer generally branded with the stigma of eccentricity till he has made his mark.—"Scripto," Geelong, Vic.

Party idea

IF Mum won't let you have a party at home, it could well be that the main reason is the expense.

Why not ask your friends to bring a plate of food instead of a gift? This proves cheaper for everyone, and keeps Mum happy.—"Teener," Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Hair-dyeing

RECENTLY the current beau of a girl-friend of mine dyed his brown hair blond. Although the result is quite respectable, a discussion has arisen among his friends.

Some say that it is quite all right for a boy to dye his hair so long as he still looks presentable; others say that only girls should dye their hair.

What do readers think? — E. Murphy, Diamond Creek, Vic.

Footpath custom

THE custom that a boy should walk on the outside of the footpath did not originate, as J.B. suggests (T.W., 26/12/62), to protect the girl from mud splashed from the roadway.

The custom began in the 17th century, when houses were built with the living quarters jutting out over the shops below. People threw their rubbish out of the upper windows over the gutter, and the gentleman would

walk on the outside to protect the lady from falling rubbish.

Since this no longer happens, why should we boys still walk on the outside? — P.W., Port Pirie, S.A.

Definition

A SWEETHEART is the one your heart is at home with, the one whose eyes say "I love you" and the touch of whose hand says "I understand." The one you are eager to be with and share everything wonderful with, the one who gives you that feeling of togetherness and makes the simplest things special. The one who is never more than a thought away, always a part of your dreams,

BEATNIK



Next week

• Summer clothes that will be comfortable and fashionable right through into autumn are the ideal for just now. Next week we show you some plain and glittery fashions ideal for this purpose, using wonderful knit fabrics now available.

and never out of your head. The one who needs no words for there are no words to the joy a sweetheart brings.

Anyone got a better definition?—(Miss) D. Gibson, Traralgon, Vic.

Pocket-money - earn and you'll learn

POCKET-MONEY should always be earned, and if the job you do for it isn't done well or consistently your pocket-money should be reduced. This should be a rule for rich and poor alike.

A friend of mine who comes from a well-to-do family gets only 2/- a week, but she earns it, and it is surprising how much she saves.

It is a bad policy to get money each week for which you do not work, because you learn nothing of the value of money or of the way in which it should be spent. I work hard for my pocket-money, and appreciate it more than if it were just given to me.—Marian Dunlop, Brisbane.

BESIDES being good training for later life, earning pocket-money helps a lazy or inconsiderate person realise that his parents are not servants.

By making it a habit to help around the house, even for money, the habit can develop into something natural.

If Mum has to search for you and force you to work, you often become stubborn and do the chores with ill-grace. It is better to deserve your money through a sincere effort which leads to cheerful

• Pocket-money should be earned. That is the unanimous opinion of teenagers who commented on S. Murray's statement (T.W., 26/12/62) that parents should cut pocket-money if set tasks were not performed.

co-operation in work outside the home, too.

Teenagers often find it difficult to settle into a job because they have taken life too much for granted.—Carol Williams, Launceston, Tas.

I AM 15 and each week receive 15/- pocket-money, which I earn by doing odd jobs around the house. I enjoy doing the jobs, and, through having to budget my own money, I soon found out that money doesn't grow on trees.

Out of the 15/- I have to pay for entertainments, all my bus fares, and various other necessities.—Jennifer Johnston, Wollongong, N.S.W.

EARNING pocket-money teaches us the value of money and how to be thrifty. Something we buy by hard work and saving is more appreciated than something our parents just give us.

I am 15, and if I don't help around the house I don't receive any pocket-money at all.

This is good training for our later lives when most of us will have to stick to a budget.—V. Pritchard, Guildford, N.S.W.

WHEN teenagers leave school they have to go to work to provide for themselves, and you can't expect to go to work and just sit down and relax and get paid for doing nothing — unless you want the sack.

So children should be trained to work for their pocket-money by doing small jobs from the age of about five.—"Diane," Dubbo, N.S.W.

TEENAGERS should earn their money, and if they do not keep their part of the "contract" to do certain jobs they should be penalised accordingly.

Also, when teenagers want extra money for a very special reason, they should be encouraged to earn "bonus" money for extra tasks completed. This will help their sense of values.—"We, Too," Woodville, S.A.

TEENAGERS should be made to earn their pocket-money by doing household duties and helping their parents about the house. If they are simply given large amounts of money they live in a world of unreality, but if they have to work for their money they will gain a sense of responsibility, and this builds character.—"Earner," Brisbane.

CHILDREN should be given pocket-money and taught to earn it honestly and to use it wisely. At the same time they should not expect to be paid for everything they do to help their parents.

Children of parents on low wages with big families should help without expecting pocket-money, and when they are old enough should earn their pocket-money by developing interests outside the family.—Richard Dunstan, Goondiwindi, Qld.

WHEN pocket-money is really earned by the work you do not spend it freely as if it was just a bonus out for doing nothing.

Teenagers soon learn to value the responsibility of handling money, and this helps in our struggle to grow up.—Robyn Acres, Sydney.

Factory girl who owns a racehorse

From BRIAN GIBSON, in London

● A 17-year-old factory girl whose hobby since childhood has been horse-riding recently became the youngest registered racehorse owner in Britain.

How do this the girl—Lynn Taylor, of Birmingham—has had to give up some of the normal teenage pleasures, but she does not regret that for a moment.

Her horse, Lynn's Own, ran for the first time recently at Birmingham under National rules. Although unplaced, the first run has encouraged her and her trainer, John Power.

She bought the mare for £60 years ago after a horse which her parents had given her suddenly.

The mare was advertised in a horse-riding magazine and Lynn sold her dolls, books, and toys and took a part-time job to raise the money.

It was only when she took her to John Power's stables to be shown that the first clues came that she had bought a racehorse.

18/10/- a week

Power liked the mare's sleek coat and told Lynn to check her pedigree.

"We discovered that her grandfather had been a Derby winner," said Lynn at her parents' home in Great Barr, Birmingham, "and another ancestor had been owned by King Edward VII.

"So, with this knowledge and John Power's confidence in the mare's racing potential, we decided to take a chance on her.

"The first thing we had to do was reorganise family finances. The cost of training was £10/10/- a week, so as soon as I left school I got a job in a factory.

"My wage was only £5/10/- a week, but Mum and Dad agreed to pay the balance.

"Paying all my earnings to a trainer meant I had to do without all the usual teenage luxuries like party dresses, cosmetics, and records, but it was worth it.

"The mare responded so well to training that last year we entered her as a racehorse under the name Lynn's Own.

"The fact that she didn't win her first race is not unusual. She's a wonderful horse, and we're sure she will do well one day."

The whole family took a day off to cheer Lynn's Own in her first race. Wearing Lynn's colors—green diamonds on gold background—jockey Bob Wooley rode her.

Lynn backed her own horse at 2/- each way, which was all she could afford. Her father, who is a keen punter, put on £4.

When the race was over, trainer Power said: "The horse is strong and powerful, but she needs a few more outings. She won't be a winner every time, but she's got plenty of staying power."

Said Lynn: "Even if she never wins I won't mind. I'll always keep her as a pet."



LYNN TAYLOR, the youngest registered racehorse owner in Britain, with Lynn's Own.

HE CATCHES SNAKES WITH BARE HANDS

● A schoolboy with one of the most unusual hobbies is Robert Emmett, of Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.—he catches snakes with his bare hands and keeps them to study their behaviour.



ROBERT EMMETT, with some of the snakes he has caught for his collection. When he's not playing with them they live in a cage or glass cases.

HE also breeds small animals, like mice and frogs, so that he can keep his snakes well fed.

At present he has about 30 snakes in his collection.

Robert, who lives with his parents at their home in Strone Avenue, Fairy Meadow, is about to begin fifth year at Wollongong High School.

"I have always been interested in all types of animals," he said, "but I'm specially interested in reptiles.

"Every weekend during the spring and summer a friend and I search for snakes and lizards.

Hunting ground

"Mt. Keira, near Wollongong, is our favorite hunting ground because many different sorts of snakes are found there.

"We just take a first-aid kit and a bag to put the snakes in.

"Most of the snakes we find under old pieces of tin, rotting wood, bark, or rocks—anything lying flat on the ground—but some, like diamond and brown tree snakes, live in trees.

"We use our bare hands because we've found we catch

more snakes that way. If you use gloves or other apparatus a lot of snakes get away.

"Sometimes our hunts are disappointing, but we usually find two or three snakes and lizards. This may not sound many, but the number soon mounts over the summer."

Food problem

Robert keeps his snakes in a large cage, and a number of glass cases housed in an unused shop owned by his parents.

The biggest snake he ever had, an 11ft. carpet snake, died last winter.

The most venomous was a tiger snake. Robert decided it was too dangerous to keep alive, so he killed it and keeps it preserved in a jar.

Other types of snakes in his collection include black, diamond, marsh, green tree, whip, and bandy bandy.

The biggest problem of keeping snakes, said Robert, was to provide them with the proper food.

"Snakes feed on many things," he said. "Small snakes eat lizards, insects, and tadpoles. As they get larger their diet

changes to frogs (in most cases), and when they are fully grown they eat mice, rats, and birds.

"The smaller poisonous snakes wait for their prey to move before striking and killing. They work their mouths over the animal until reaching the head. Then they dislocate or separate their jaws so that it passes easily down their necks and is digested by the strong stomach juices.

"The larger snakes attack their prey and coil around it, constricting it until all signs of life disappear. Then they eat it in the same way."

Travel slowly

Robert said that snakes are not slimy to touch, as many people believed; they are quite dry and firm.

"Nor can they travel quickly," he added. "The speed of most snakes over flat ground would be no more than three miles an hour."

After sitting for his Leaving Certificate at the end of this year, Robert plans to get a job working with animals—preferably reptiles.

Sackcloth (wi



SUMMER SHIFT (left), ideal for informal parties and dances, has a fringe around the hem and a low V-backed neckline. Most of the clothes feature the "fringed look," as *hessian* takes kindly to this.



TOPCOAT (right) is a "go-anywhere" garment that does just that. It can be worn to work (in picture Kerry is interviewing singing star Bryan Davies), to the movies, and as an evening coat for formal balls.



SEASHORE SET (left) — matching coat and scarf — to wear over swimsuits to the beach. In winter-time this can be worn over black slacks and jumper for a "jazzy" outfit for casual parties.



SUIT (right) is just right for the movies, dinner, or shopping around town. Great as separates, too — the fringed top over slacks and the coned skirt with a silk blouse.

out ashes) -or how to make a full wardrobe for only £3

By Kerry Yates

● I wanted a new summer wardrobe — something colorful, washable, inexpensive—and something different, too. So I chose hessian.

THE price of 72in.-wide hessian ranges from 2/11 to 3/11 a yard, according to coarseness. I bought the cheapest, a fairly thick open-weave, and had it dyed professionally (for 1/- a yard), although it's easy to dye it at home, using a color-fast dye.

I chose the colors, designed the styles, and Mum and I (mostly Mum!) did the sewing.

The hessian was just the ordinary brown material used to make sacks. Dyed, pressed, and made up, it looks like heavy linen.

To cut the cost we used cheap remnants for linings (all the clothes are fully lined), covered buttons with the same material, and adapted old paper patterns for the new designs.

Now I have an exciting new wardrobe—a complete set of “go-anywhere” clothes.

And the total cost of hessian, dyeing, and lining was just £3.

SLACKS and matching top for sailing, barbecues, and all casual outings. Hessian feels rather rough, but fully lined it is light and comfortable to wear.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Making friends

"I AM an intelligent, attractive 15-year-old. I completed my Intermediate and have a good job which I will begin soon. My problem is that I cannot hold a conversation of small-talk with other teenagers, boys or girls. I don't make many friends because of this, and I want to be happy in my new job, making friends with the other employees. Most teens are shy, and for a while knowing this helped me. My mother says I'm a snob, and that is the last thing I'd like to be. Please help me."

"Unsocial," N.S.W.

When you describe yourself as "intelligent and attractive" you give a clue to your trouble. Are you by any chance a little conceited?

Remember that the other teenage employees with whom you come in contact will probably be feeling just as nervous and unsure of themselves as you are. Instead of wondering "what shall I talk about?" try to draw the others out on what they are interested in. Everyone loves to talk about his hobbies and ambitions to a good listener who asks intelligent questions and greets friendly overtures with a smile.

Try to fill your leisure time with plenty of activity—reading, watching TV, seeing films and plays, or studying a hobby at evening classes. All these activities will give you something interesting to talk about.

In any case, you will be the new girl in your new job, and you will—to a certain extent—have to let the friendly overtures come from those who have been in the job for some time. But if you are good at your work, willing to do any job that is asked of you—even those which you feel are too menial for your ability—you'll find that the other employees will want to make friends with you.

Textile design

"I HAVE become interested in textile designing and don't know how to go about inquiring for details of the course. Can you give me an address I can write to?"

"Jill," N.S.W.

Write to the Guidance Officer, Technical College, 25 Broadway, Sydney, who will give you full details of all courses at Technical Colleges in New South Wales.

Holiday romance

"RECENTLY I met a boy while I was on holidays. He took me out several times and promised to write to me. It is now three months later and still I have not received a letter from him. Has he forgotten me?"

"Holiday Romance," Vic.

Yes.

But don't let it break your heart. Accept the fact that holiday romances are fun, but not for keeps. When the holiday is over the romance often fades as fast as your suntan.

Boys just laughed

"EVEN though my looks have improved since I have been doing figure exercises, watching my diet, and taking care of my complexion, boys seem to keep away from me. As I have a good suntan I recently wore a very brief bikini to the baths to try to attract a bit of attention. The boys only laughed at me, and since then I've not only been the laugh of all the boys, but my girl-friends have been very cool toward me. I realise it was very foolish of me to attract attention this way, but what can I do to win back my friends?"

"Bikini," Vic.

The only way to win back your friends is to act as though nothing had happened. Ignore the remarks of the boys and be as friendly and natural as you can when meeting your girl-friends. Pretend not to notice the coolness and they will soon come round again. Conscious attempts to attract attention often backfire, as the bikini episode did in your case.

Carry on with the good work of looking after your figure and complexion, but widen your interests, too. Perhaps the boys and girls you meet at the baths are not quite right for you. Join other clubs and organisations as well and you'll find that, in addition to looks and a figure, you'll also have an interesting personality.

And remember, though it's wise to make the most of your looks, don't talk about your beauty exercises. Boys like a good-looking girl, but they don't want to know how the effect is achieved.

Don't ask her out

"I AM a boy of 16 supposed to be going steady with a girl of 15. She is very nice and I like her but I don't want to go steady. I enjoy myself more going out with my mates. I don't know how to tell this girl that I don't want to go steady as she is soft-hearted and my parents like her very much. Could you please tell me what to do? I think I am too young to be going steady, don't you?"

G.S., N.S.W.

I certainly do, and I'm sure you have far more fun with your mates than you do with the girls. But one thing puzzles me—who supposes you are going steady with this girl? Do you take her out every week? Walk home from school every day? Or what?

You don't have to say to her (and this would hurt the hardest-hearted girl), "I don't want to go steady with you." You just don't ask her out. It's as simple as that.

Nobody can make you go steady. This is something you'll do when you're older—and you'll do it very happily and by mutual consent.

Try to be shy

"AT the last dance I went to there was a certain good-looking boy whom I liked as soon as I saw him. He did not ask me to dance, but kept looking at me and shifting his gaze if I looked at him. When I had a chance I drifted over to his side of the room to make it more convenient for him to ask me, but he continued looking at me and still didn't ask me to dance. Now I'm going to a party next month which he will be attending and my problem is: how can I meet him and attract him to me as I don't know his name yet?"

C.M., S.A.

Goodness, but I think you're doing fine—you've practically got the lass over his head.

One word of warning—don't knock him over with your charm when you meet him. Try to be a little shy.

Boys do like to feel they are calling the tune, you know.

HOW TO BE FEMININE

GIRLS this season have rediscovered femininity. This summer trend has one idea—to make a girl look really PRETTY.

HERE are 22 feminine ruses to use if you want to make the most of your girlish charm:

• If you're the fluffy pastel type:

An ethereal chiffon stole floating romantically in the wind.

A curvy suit over a frilly blouse. Try a brown suit and pink blouse—newer than new.

Floaty, flowered day dresses in blossom colors.

A romantic white evening dress with next-to-nothing spaghetti straps. Scalloped hemlines and necklines—especially in tennis tog.

One-piece elasticised swimsuit, to flatter your curves.

A circlet of flowers in your hair instead of a hat.

A flower-sprinkled umbrella.

A fresh rose, high at your shoulder.

• If you're the smooth, suntanned, leggy type:

Sleeveless dresses in solid, dazzle-bright colors.

A long, long sweater, pulled down to your thighs.

Bold-colored bermuda shorts.

Shocking-pink sandals, newer than gold for the beach.

Straw handbags, in brilliant Italian colors.

A crimson bikini—a traffic-stopper.

• Whatever your type:

Deep V backs on party dresses.

Bogus beads in gilt and silver at your throat and wrist.

Spaghetti straps on shoes and shoulders.

A swing of pleats in your skirts.

Chalk-white gloves, fresh every day.

Knee-high hemlines, to show off golden legs.

Immaculate white in the blazing sun.

—Diana Williams

A word from Debbie



Do you have any pets?—Pet animals, I mean.

If you do, look after them.

So often you bring home a kitten, swear to look after it, and it's Mum who feeds and cares for it.

Devote some time to your pet this weekend.

How long is it since you took the dog for a walk?

This Saturday afternoon buy some dog soap and give him a big lathery bath and take him for a walk to dry off.

Make sure you use a recommended dog soap because dogs have very tender skins, and don't get soap in his eyes. And while you're washing him check he doesn't have any ticks.

You should go over every inch of your dog and cat each night for ticks.

If you have goldfish give their bowl a thorough clean. How about you feeding them in future, it will be one less chore for Mum.

If your pets were forgotten on Christmas morning give them a present now.

Buy some strips of leather and plait a new collar for your dog. Buy some non-lead paint and paint the bird's cage and buy him a new toy to play with. A mirror or a ladder will keep him amused.

On your next visit to the beach keep an eye open for a cuttlefish to put in his cage so he can sharpen his beak.

Make puss a beautiful cushion all his own. Choose a hard-wearing fabric and stuff it with old rags and nylons. If you want your cat to be one up on his neighborhood mates, embroider his name on his cushion. If he's not too old you could give him a cat's collar with a tinkling bell on it.

No matter what kind of pet you have, pedigree or bitter, make this weekend his weekend and do something extra special for him.

Should she go?

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I like a boy who is 18. He has been going out with another girl for some time now, on and off. He hasn't said that he doesn't like her, but the other night he took me for a walk and told me that he likes me and wants to take me to the pictures. Should I go or would I be causing trouble? The other girl seems to have fun with other boys anyway."

"Anna," Vic.

By all means go. You've been asked out by a boy you like and who must like you—you'll have a super time.

Don't worry about the other girl. This boy might like both of you, and why should she object to that?

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

'Big Bad John' was top pop for 1962

• Jimmy Dean's "Big Bad John" was the top pop record in America last year. It sold more than 2,000,000 copies and was played more often in juke-boxes than any other disc.

OTHER artists to top the American sales and juke-box lists were:

CONNIE FRANCIS: Best-selling girl singer and most-played juke-box artist.

ALVIS PRESLEY: Best-selling male singer and biggest LP ("Blue Hawaii").

CHUBBY CHECKER: Most-played rhythm and blues record ("The Twist").

LEROY VAN DYKE: Most-played Country and Western record ("Walk On By").

Two singles each sold more than 1,500,000 copies: "I Can't Stop Loving You" (Ray Charles) and "Roses Are Red" (Bobby Vinton).

Singles which sold more than 1,000,000 copies included "Can't Stop Falling In Love" (Presley), "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" (The Tokens), "The Twist" (Chubby Checker), "The Duke of Earl" (Gene Chandler).

These ratings and figures were released by Music Operators of America and the

National Association of Record Merchandisers.

Artists voted most promising by the U.S. music magazine "Billboard" were Bobby Vinton and Shelley Fabares, with Peter, Paul, and Mary the most promising vocal group and King Curtis' most promising instrumental group. Pianist Peter Nero was voted most promising solo instrumentalist.

Jimmy Dean was born in Texas. He is in his early thirties but looks younger.

He followed his two-million seller with "Dear Ivan," "P.T. 109," and currently has "Gonna Raise a Ruckus" (Coronet 45) going for him in the charts.

His LP, out this month on the C.B.S. label, is entitled "Portrait of Jimmy Dean" and has a little bit of everything. For romance, "You're Nobody Till Someone Loves You"; for comedy, "Please Pass the Biscuits"; and just for something different, a free-wheeling "Basin Street Blues."

Local talent: Congratulations to 16-year-old Kelly Green, whose first disc is among the first batch of local recordings to be issued by the new C.B.S. label.

"Little Girl Lost" is a slow romantic ballad, and Kelly sings it very sweetly, but the side with real teen appeal is the locally written "I'll Never Be the Same." The lyrics are cute and Kelly sounds even cuter.

ANOTHER of the new C.B.S. singles is an instrumental featuring Andy Sundstrom and his balalaika, "Northern Territory."

First EP from the new label is "Diggerdoo," with actor Leonard Teale half singing, half talking his way through an outback selection that includes "Bushwacker Blues," "The Shearer's Dream," and "Out West of the Darling."

ONE of the most impressive local recordings I've heard in a long while is "In Like a Lion" (Columbia 45), sung and written by 24-year-old Johnny Cole.

For my money it's as good as anything that comes out of Nashville, and Johnny must have a great future.

The flip, "Buildin' a Wall Round My Heart," is another good one, also written by the singer. This is his second disc.

Johnny is the gift, lin. technical assistant at the Salisbury (S.A.) Weapons Research

Establishment and first-grade soccer player introduced on this page last September.

THERE'LL be a lot of interest in The Delltones' first recording with their new lead singer, Colin Laughnan. They treat "Come a Little Closer" (Leedon 45) with a round, mellow sound that's very easy on the ear. Flipside is a quiet medium-paced ballad, "Joanne."

LOCAL composers would seem to be coming into their own at last. "It's Over Now" (W and G 45), which is Dorothy Baker's follow-up to "I'm the Girl from Wolverton Mountain," was written by Lorna Barry (of the Barry Sisters, who used to back the Allen Brothers) and her husband, Noel Balfour. The flipside, "Darling," is by singer Kevin Shegog.

Pops: A singer who always seems to be in fashion is Marty Robbins, who has made some of the greatest Western hits. It's romance, though, that gets most of his attention on "Devil Women" (C.B.S. LP), "Ashes Of An Old Love Affair," "I'm Beginning To Forget," "Kinda Halfway Feeling" are some of the titles, and they're all as well sung as you'd expect.

UNDER the title of "Dance The Bossa Nova" (R.C.A. LP), Latin America's top clarinetist, Zaccarias, leads his Brazilian band in a sophisticated package of local favorites and American standards. With "Lover," "Sabre Dance," and "Bye Bye Blues" decked out in bossa nova beat, the disc's as good value for listening as for dancing.

Light classical: One of the most thrilling sounds I can imagine is the shining trumpet of Rafael Mendez heard with a symphony orchestra.

"The Majestic Sound Of Rafael Mendez" (Festival LP) has only four tracks a side, but they include the Bell Song from "Lakme," a Mendelssohn concerto, and a special arrangement of "Dance Of The Hours."

Flamenco: With "The Incredible Carlos Montoya" (R.C.A. LP), a treat is in store for lovers of the flamenco guitar.

With the exception of a flamenco-style blues (the "St. Louis"), all the music on the disc is in the Spanish gipsy tradition.



JIMMY DEAN, whose "Big Bad John" sold more than 2,000,000 copies in America last year—the biggest-selling single disc.

TO EVEN UP AN OLD SQUAW . . .

• I see an American Indian lass has complained that women of her race do not show up well in TV and movie Westerns.

IN a nutshell, she's saying that in the screen's Old West too many men are men—and women are soured of it.

I must say I agree with her. (And she hasn't influenced me to this decision. We've never met, in fact. Why, if I came across her I'd have to say, "Hiya, whatever-your-name is!")

Yes, if ever women were pushed into the background, squaws (do they call baby girls squawks?) are.

Quite apparently, only the braves do deserve the theatre fares.

And it's no good saying, oh, well, Iroquois will be boys. Women make heap good Indians.

And it's interesting to note that even the white girls I know seem to have a lot of Indian blood in them.

I say that without reservations. And, to prove my point, here are some examples of how even a shapely leg can be a Pawnee.

For instance, I've heard a decidedly Western lass singing what was obviously an Indian love call, "I Navajo I Could Love Anybody . . ."

Then there were those girls who wore dark stockings. You can't fool an old scout (the Guides wouldn't accept me) like me. They were Blackfeet.

Some nightclubs are even full of squaws.

There the girl who'll take your photograph yells, "Say 'Cochise'," and the lass who scalps you for looking after your coat and hat is called, I believe, a hatchet girl.

And if you make fun of a girl's wig—wham!

I realise I may have offended some girls with my remarks.

But let's face it, girls. Even if you take drastic action you further prove my point. Yes, you just try and Sioux!

Of course, there is one way you can Piute me in my place.

You say, "How?" Tch, tch. There you go again.

—Robin Adair

Biggest sellers



ELVIS PRESLEY



CONNIE FRANCIS

ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman

No. 4

Tasmanian church is Colonial gem

ON the banks of the South Esk River in northern Tasmania a little town called Morven was laid out early in the last century.

Many aborigines lived there until they were removed to Flinders Island in 1832. A convict named Kelly worked in the district and his son, Ned, born in this town, was later to become the most infamous bushranger on the mainland of Australia.

In 1836 the town's name was changed to Evansdale in honor of Tasmania's first Surveyor-General, G. W. Evans, and later the name was shortened to Evansdale.

There are many fine Colonial houses in the district, which is a very rich one, and in 1839 the Presbyterian community erected St. Andrew's Church.

The rector was the Reverend Robert Russell, and it is his statue, draped rather curiously in Grecian clothes, that stands before the church. The memorial on the base records that Russell served in Evansdale until 1873.

St. Andrew's, or Scots Church as it is familiarly known, was built in the Classic Revival style of architecture, a

direct descendant of the Georgian architecture of earliest Australia.

At this time Australian architecture was beginning to split into two types—the Classic Revival and the Gothic Revival.

We have already seen, in our previous series, "Architecture Through the Ages," that this split was occurring in the architecture of England and other countries.

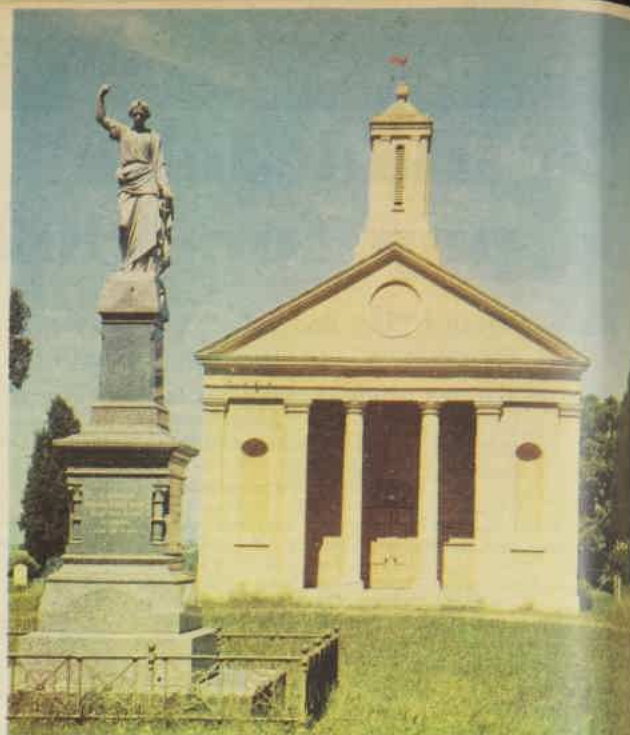
Evansdale's Scots Church is a very neat design, and is well preserved, like many old buildings in Tasmania, whose climate is very kind to building materials.

The porch, with its classical columns flanked by niches, is a very usual arrangement in this class of building, some contemporary examples of which may be seen in Hobart.

However, the Evansdale church has the distinction of its dignified bell-turret, which gives such character to the building.

It will be noticed that the decoration of the church and the turret consists of round columns and flat columns, coupled with bands of mouldings.

Generally horizontal, the mouldings are taken up in a triangular form to



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, Evansdale, Tasmania, and the statue of its first rector, the Rev. Robert Russell. Photograph by Mr. E. Kerfoot, of Launceston.

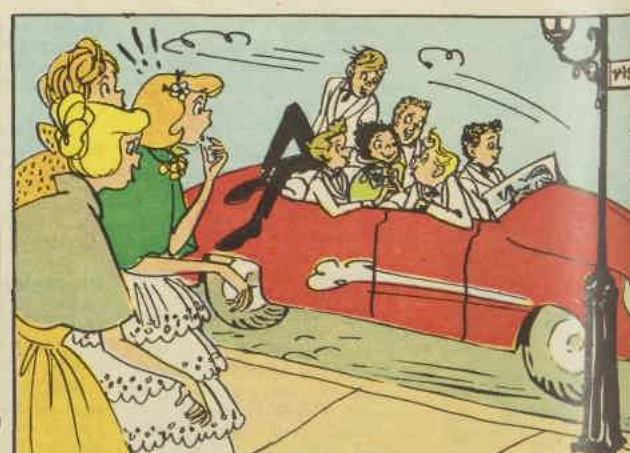
give definition to the end of the roof. The flat columns, called pilasters, are repeated down the whole length of the church sides, and are really part of the wall.

The round columns in the porch were each carved from a single piece

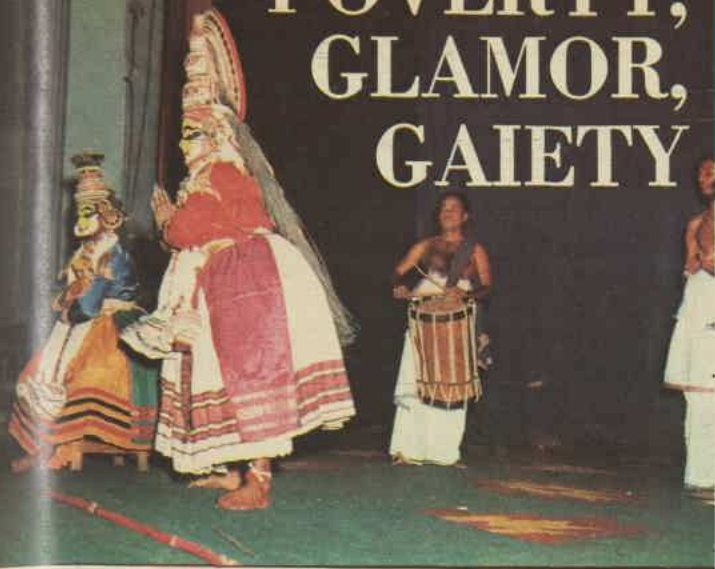
of stone and reveal the fine craftsmanship of the early builders.

Scots Church has been described as the gem of our early architecture, a title that is well deserved.

NEXT WEEK: St. John's Church, Camden.



POVERTY, GLAMOR, GAIETY



Madras. Kathakali dancers in performance.

THE Kathakali dancers were performing in Madras, a noticeably conservative city, moist and green, with a long beach and a river—also some of the biggest film studios in India. The dancers have such muscle control they can cry with one eye and laugh with the other. The seated dancer, above, wiggled his eyebrows non-stop without even wrinkling his forehead. Make-up includes also an armband to inflame the eyes. In Madras' heat and blobby rain the flower markets gave out a scent of jasmine and Edward (altar) roses to make you swoon. Garlands like less sell for 2/- to 8/-.

Many girls wear their hair in a plait with a pony tucked in at the nape. Striding barefoot on the crowded beach in the pink evening glow, we discovered that Indian men often walk hand in hand, but it's unthinkable for a man and his wife to do so. Many wives won't even visit the beach. Only two little boys splashed in the surf.

WERE the donkeys (right) painted violet, the oxen in Agra daubed yellow for religious reasons? "No," was the reply. "Only for gaiety."

NEAR Delhi, on the road to Agra, two little boys came by carrying iron-ring hoops and sticks and dived for a cigarette I'd dropped. Their handsome father arrived frowning as I lit their cigarettes. It was all right. He was afraid I wouldn't offer him one.

IN Bombay most Europeans swim at Breach Candy or Juhu Beach. Some six miles across the harbor by launch is Elephanta Island, another picnic spot, but renowned for its Siva rock carvings. They are hypnotically beautiful. While I listened to the guide (tall, charming, with a big tourist fix-mail) Adeline posed these picknicking trainees, teachers against the Dancing Siva. Later they were doing ring dancers near the women laborers (above, opposite page).

Bombay. Picnickers at Elephanta Caves.



Madras. Film billboards after rain.



Near Jaipur. Donkeys painted "for gaiety."



Bombay. Breach Candy. Delhi. Hoops, smokes.



INDIA TODAY

Continued overleaf



Mysore. Film theatre in the main street.

MYSORE'S Maharajah is also the State Governor. He has one son and four daughters, about £400,000 a year, 60 horses and 10 cars. He doesn't pick up his Governor's salary. The servant who showed us the public rooms of the 60-year-old palace has worked there for nearly 30 years, but doesn't know how many rooms it has; there are 150 cleaners. The picture theatre (above) accounts for the downfall of Indian youth, according to our car-driver. This statement brought no comment, but all the joy of youth into the eyes of our guide, Mr. Sathya, aged 22 and looking every day of 15. The film, "Mahatma Kabir," is the 2½-hour story of a saint. Girls go with their families to the movies, never with boys.



Mysore. The Maharajah's palace.



Bangalore. Bicycle park near markets.



Agra-Jaipur border. Water fetched India-fashion.

Delhi. Demon king full of festival 'crackers.'

THE girl carrying water from the well probably lives in one of the nearby mud huts. She looked and walked like a princess.

AT the fair grounds in Delhi the paste-board Demon King, filled with crackers, was to be exploded that night. He was so clever

he has ten heads. But he loved someone else's wife, so all his wisdom ends in a donkey's head on top. His destruction symbolises the triumph of good.



THE SHIPPING CORPORATION OF INDIA LIMITED



SERVICES

Monthly sailings from Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle, occasional from Brisbane to Colombo, Madras and Calcutta.

Approximately every second sailing to Singapore.

GENERAL AGENTS

BRISBANE Wills, Gilchrist & Sanderson Pty. Ltd.
SYDNEY Gilchrist Watt & Sanderson Pty. Ltd.
MELBOURNE George Wills & Co. Ltd.
ADELAIDE George Wills & Co. Ltd.
PERTH George Wills & Co. Ltd.

SINGAPORE BOOKING AGENTS

BRISBANE McIlwraith McEachern Pty. Ltd.
SYDNEY McIlwraith McEachern Pty. Ltd.
MELBOURNE George Wills & Co. Ltd.
ADELAIDE McIlwraith McEachern Pty. Ltd.
PERTH George Wills & Co. Ltd.

SOME OF OUR FLEET

M.V. "State of Punjab," M.V. "State of Uttar Pradesh," M.V. "State of Gujarat," M.V. "State of Orissa," M.V. "State of Kutch," M.V. "State of Travancore-Cochin," M.V. "Vishva Shanti," M.V. "Vishva Prem."

Concluding



INDIA TODAY

● Everyone asks, "What are the people like?" And while it is hard to generalise about a nation of so many religions and races, with some 200 languages and dialects, the immediate answer is: Delightful.

THE Indians are mercurial, flamboyant, intuitive, adoring drama of any kind. They love to talk — but not just chit-chat; you're never bored with that sort of nattering.

Their perceptiveness and sensibility gives womanishness to the talk of the men, who have a look of splendid manhood about them. The women are lovely — graceful in saris, youthful in Punjabi dress of tunic and white cotton trousers. They are fine-boned and smooth-skinned, and use sandalwood scent. Nearly all have a soft voice and a pretty laugh.

Not everyone shares this view. The Gentle American is one. He was in India to set up a company. All was ready. But when it came to registering the company the astrologers fixed a date two weeks ahead. So he had nothing to do but wait until the auspicious day rolled round.

He used to sit alone in the hotel lobby and laugh from time to time.

THE CLIMATE differs, but generally it's hot and hotter, although air-conditioning takes the sting out of it. In some places I was glad of a coat at night.

IS IT EXPENSIVE? Yes, but no more so than first-class tourism anywhere else. And besides money you need time. Time to walk leisurely in the heat, to read the excellent Tourist Department guide books and see the artistic treasures; really see them, instead of bolting through — "like Americans," the Indians say.

ARE THE BEGGARS DISTRESSING? Yes. If you give to one, dozens appear from nowhere with outstretched hands. The next time you refuse to give, and feel, in this country of unbelievable poverty, that you can't look yourself in the eye. So you swing between idiotic extravagance and meanness.

WHAT IS THE FOOD LIKE? Most people say yum-yum and tuck in. Being unadventurous, I stuck to the European food I knew.

Europeans are warned against drinking the water and eating uncooked food.

Prohibition is in force in some places. But the tourist gets a liquor permit.

CASTE is not the horrible restricting thing it once was. The practice of Untouchability is punishable by law; every Government office must have a percentage of former Untouchables on the staff.

AUSTRALIANS are liked, generally. For one thing, we're a comparative rarity; for another, our nation helps their nation. And to clinch it, Indians find us friendly and easy-going, a cross between English and American.

HISTORIC BUILDINGS. Don't think as I did that temples would be boring. They are fascinating — always excepting that ghastly Monkey Temple at Banaras. And caves is a deadly title for a masterpiece of stone carving, at which you could spend hours.

SHOPPING is heaven.

What you want to buy one-third Australian price. The silks and cottons are a pleasure just to touch and look at. Prices are fixed by the Government — corner shops, but if you like to bargain there are sometimes thousands of shops in one block. Indian tailor can copy any style and deliver in a day.

Besides materials, there's brass, copper, ivory, marble, silver, lacquer work, painted leather — the list goes on.

THE CUSTOMS are fierce. We were in the expert hands of An-India, who flew us to and from Australia, but it took all his charm and sobriety to get us into India without a clerk dying by our hands.

Outside Agra is a board with a picture of Nehru and a quote: "To the tourist as a visitor and a friend." From our experience, most Indians do.



Taj Mahal, Agra

Stopover on your way to U.K.

see INDIA a TOURIST PARADISE

India is many things . . . all exciting and quite splendid . . . all calculated to charm and intrigue the sophisticated and ingenué alike.

From the awe-inspiring grandeur of Everest through Kashmir's gentle green valleys and shimmering lakes to the cosmopolitan sophistication of New Delhi, India is a tourist paradise.

Bombay . . . Ajanta and Ellora . . . Taj Mahal . . . Fatehpur Sikri . . . Jaipur . . . are but a few of the interesting names that offer a thousand fascinating thrills to he or she who desires to become a Maharajah or Maharanee for a few enchanted days in India on the way to U.K. And you can stop over at no increase in air fares. Ask your Travel Agent . . . he'll tell you so much more.



Parliament House, New Delhi



Ashoka Hotel, New Delhi



Curio Shopping, Jaipur



Nataraj Hotel Bar, Bombay



House Boat, Lake Dal, Kashmir



And of course you'll fly by

AIR-INDIA

The Airline that treats you like a Maharajah.

SYDNEY • PERTH • MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE • AUCKLAND
WELLINGTON • CHRISTCHURCH • SUVA AND LAUTOKA, FIJI

A touch of India in your home

Rich, warm tones from the land of colour—India. BOMBAY DYEING brings them to your home. Elegant sheets and pillowcases... velvet-soft towels and bathmats... table linen for all occasions... dress and curtain materials in attractive shades, fabulous Oriental designs... Mercerised, 'Sanforized' and 'Tebilized'... They all come to you from BOMBAY DYEING, India's largest single exporter of cotton fabrics.

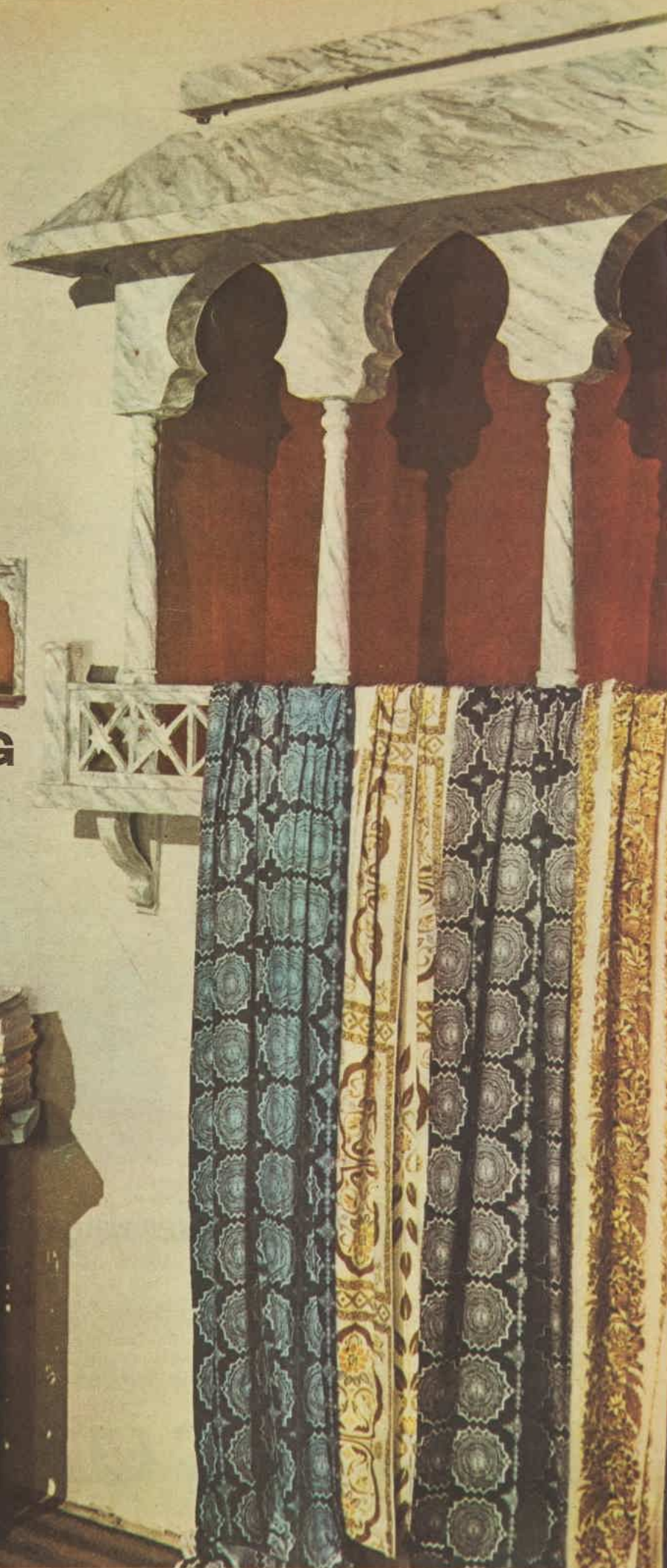
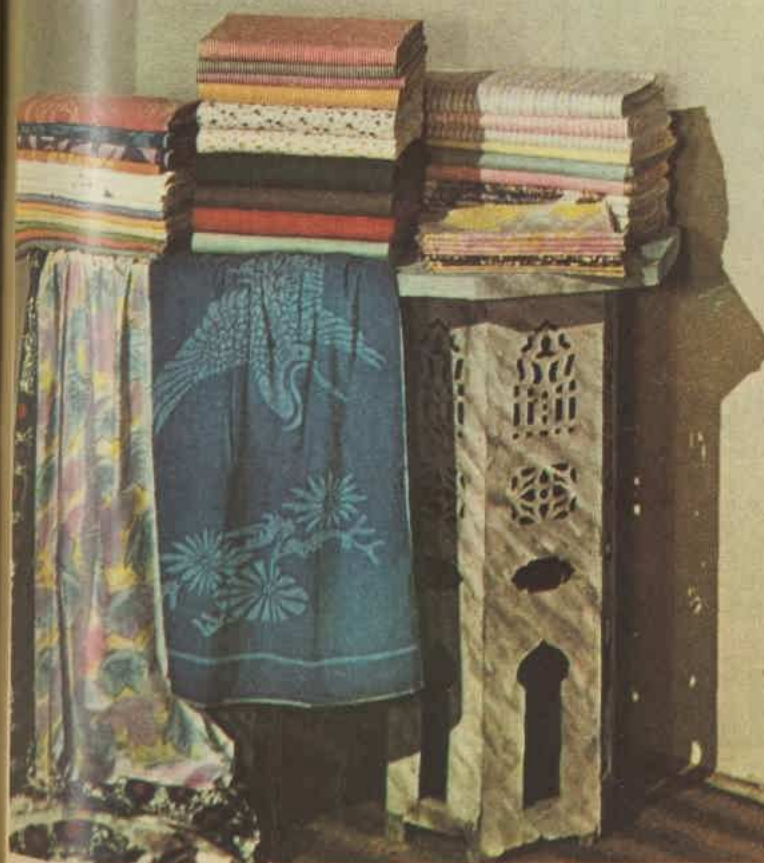
BOMBAY DYEING

THE BOMBAY DYEING & MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
Neville House, Graham Road, Ballard Estate, Bombay 1

Representatives for Australia and New Zealand

G. & R. Wills & Co. Ltd.

20, Gawler Place, Adelaide, South Australia





Cleaner because Surf makes water wetter

Tablecloths *can* get stained badly can't they? Specially with kiddies growing up. But today you can get tablecloths, sheets, whites and all your coloureds cleaner than they've ever been . . . with Surf. Why? Because Surf actually makes water wetter. You see, water spreads the moment Surf touches it. This allows Surf to

penetrate and get deeper into the fabric where the dirt is. That's why Surf gets your whole wash *cleaner* . . . cleaner than it's ever been! You get out all the dirt, even oily dirt, without rubbing. What's more, Surf holds it clear of your clothes until rinsing . . . makes rinsing easier. Try it. Enjoy a pleasant change to Surf.



SURF
has been tested and
approved by all leading
washing machine
makers.

SURF GETS IT CLEANER

cleaner than it's ever been

PERSONALITY QUIZ

By DAVID GRAHAM

● Have you ever wondered just what sort of personality you strike others as having? Here's a chance to find out . . .

1. In general, do other people tend to:
 - (a) be attracted by you?
 - (b) be put off by you?
 - (c) take no notice of you?
2. Do you have:
 - (a) lots of acquaintances but few real friends?
 - (b) a few close friends and not very many acquaintances?
 - (c) plenty of each?
3. Which description do you find it hardest to escape from:
 - (a) self-important?
 - (b) self-conscious?
 - (c) just selfish?
4. Do you like being alone:
 - (a) sometimes?
 - (b) quite often?
 - (c) no, hate it?
5. As a rule, do you care what other people think of you:
 - (a) not very much?
 - (b) yes?
 - (c) couldn't care less?
6. Would you say you were:
 - (a) thick-skinned?
 - (b) thin-skinned?
 - (c) just-above-average-skinned?
7. How's your family sense:
 - (a) not too strong?
 - (b) terrifically strong?
 - (c) never think about it?
8. Which comes most naturally to you:
 - (a) falling in love?
 - (b) falling out of love?
 - (c) just dreaming of love?
9. Who plays the biggest part in your thoughts:
 - (a) someone close — husband, wife, sweetheart, child?
 - (b) someone of whom you're afraid?
 - (c) yourself?
10. Have people ever told you that they feel better for having been with you:
 - (a) often?
 - (b) occasionally?
 - (c) never?
11. Are you demonstrative:
 - (a) yes—always?
 - (b) yes — in the right circumstances?
 - (c) not really?
12. Which vice troubles you most:
 - (a) greed?
 - (b) vanity?
 - (c) thoughtlessness?

HOW TO SCORE

1. (a)	9	(b)	5	(c)	2
2. (a)	7	(b)	8	(c)	9
3. (a)	3	(b)	1	(c)	5
4. (a)	8	(b)	6	(c)	7
5. (a)	8	(b)	3	(c)	6
6. (a)	6	(b)	4	(c)	8
7. (a)	7	(b)	9	(c)	0
8. (a)	9	(b)	4	(c)	2
9. (a)	9	(b)	1	(c)	3
10. (a)	10	(b)	7	(c)	0
11. (a)	9	(b)	8	(c)	4
12. (a)	4	(b)	6	(c)	7

This is a tough quiz, but if you've answered the questions honestly and your score is —

ABOVE 90: You've quite exceptional personality, which other people must find constantly attractive and enjoyable.

80-90: This, too, is a personality rating well worth having. You're a fairly dominant, positive sort of person, who's nevertheless very conscious of the feelings and needs of others.

65-80: Just a notch or two above the average personality level, but don't try to pretend you're in the top bracket.

40-65: Your personality is about average, neither outstanding nor negligible.

BELOW 40: You've just got to accept the low rating, live with it, and never forget that you, too, can help others and make their lives happier. So why not try?



HALVE YOUR YOUNGSTERS' SHOE COSTS



GET DOUBLE THE SHOE LIFE WITH NEOLITE

LASTABILITY that's why you'll save with Neolite. Yes! This miracle material has **DOUBLE** the life of any ordinary sole. Neolite soles are so tough, they stand up to the roughest wear a school child can give them, and they are damp-proof for extra protection. But wait! There's even more to the famous Neolite story. Never before has a sole combined so much toughness with so much flexibility. Children like Neolite because it is so wonderfully light. Thousands of parents have discovered that Neolite means true foot comfort for active youngsters, and big savings on family footwear bills. Why settle for less! When buying YOUR children's shoes, or when having shoes repaired, insist on Neolite!

look for the name on the sole

GOOD YEAR



L175



● English jug and two figures.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives interesting information about antiques owned by readers.

Can you give me any information about my jug and two figures, please? They were brought from England 50 years ago. The jug shows two boys by a barrel, playing cards, and the lip shows a very clearly defined face of a man. There are no markings—Mrs. A. Wymant, Essendon, Vic.

The jug is an interesting example of English New Hall and was made about 1830.

Note the use of dark blue, orange, and bright green enamels together with the pink lustre border. These exemplify the prevailing mode of decoration used by the English potter during the second quarter of the 19th century. Your two charming "cottage ware" figures are English Staffordshire and were made during early Victorian days. Your jug and figures are shown at left.



● Majolica ornament.

My jug-shaped ornament is in the form of a dolphin. The dolphin forms the handle and in its mouth is the face of a man, open-mouthed, looking into the dolphin's mouth. — E. P. Cheal, Camp Hill, Qld.

Your interesting jug is an example of unusual design and is last century. It is Italian majolica. I have been told my lovely red vase is Venetian. There are no markings. It has been in my family for 100 years. — Mrs. Kendall, Narooma, N.S.W.

This beautiful goblet-shaped vase (below) is Bohemian glass.



● Fine glass vase.

dates about 1845-55. The panel, which is painted with a portrait of a woman in enamel color, together with gilded embellishments and precisely cut edges are features which exemplify the fine quality of your collector's piece.

The markings on my plate are Rouen Chinon, Wedgwood, Etruria England, imported Angleterre.—Mrs. N. Mopham, Weymouth Bay, N.S.W.

Your plate (below) is English Wedgwood. The design is based on a French design which is basically Chinese in style—the term "Rouen Chinon" is imported Angleterre" (England). The plate is about 40 or 50 years old. It is not of great value.



● Wedgwood plate.



Enjoy full-flavor tea from first sip to second cup. No other tea regardless of price can match the consistent quality, flavor and freshness of Bushells Tea.

HERE'S WHY



Bushells use only young, tiny leaves picked from the top of the tea-bush.



Up to 7 lbs. of these rich, juicy leaves are used to make each pound of Bushells blend.



BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

● This is the first of a new series dealing with home improvement. Each week there will be ideas you can copy and projects any handyman can undertake. Readers are invited to send us for publication details of their home jobs, with photographs and sketches.



A COFFEE TABLE that flaps down and shelves built in an unused doorway.

Table and shelves in a doorway

● Filling in an unwanted doorway with display shelves and a flap-down coffee table is an easy job for the handyman and gives useful extra storage space in a living-room.

MEASUREMENTS
For materials given below are all for an average-sized doorway, 6ft. 8in. by 2ft. 8in. and 11in. deep.

The height of the shelves is varied to hold objects of different size. The table-top is 18in. deep, the next shelf spaced at 18in., and the others are equally spaced a little over 14in. apart. The extra shelf shown underneath the table in the sketch is optional.

The shelves can be painted to blend with the wall color, but a more individual treatment would make the unit a decorative addition to the room.

A deep shade for the back of the unit with a lighter hue for the shelves gives depth and makes an attractive background for your bric-a-brac.

Use one of the washable wallpapers in a timber-grained design. Or paper the back of the shelves with a heavily patterned colonial-style wallpaper.

The plywood used for the

table-top, hinged to the lowest shelf, can be made to look like solid timber if the edges are covered with strip veneer. The veneer is available in small rolls at leading hardware stores and is easily glued on without the use of clamps.

Useful table

The table-top is a space-saving item, folding flush with the door architrave when not in use. It is supported on a detachable length of dowelling or a metal leg which is stored behind the table-top.

The top can be finished by sanding and polishing. There are also many attractive designs in adhesive plastic, which is easy to apply and gives a quickly wiped surface.

Materials required: One 18in. x 2ft. 8in. 6-ply board for table-top; three 6ft. 8in. x 2in. x 1 1/2in. oregon for up-rights; six 2ft. 8in. x 2in. x 1 1/2in. oregon for noggings; two 7ft. x 4ft. x 3-16in. hard-board; three 2ft. 8in. x 9in. x 1in. dressed oregon; one 2ft. 8in. x 8in. x 1in. dressed

oregon; 6ft. length 1 1/2in. x 1in. oregon; one 18 1/2in. x 1 1/2in. dowel; two 2 1/2in. hinges; nails, glue, and woodfiller.

HOW TO MAKE

First remove the door and hinges, leaving the wooden framework.

Nail and glue oregon up-rights at the sides and the centre of the doorway, allowing just enough space for hardboard to be fixed to the rear.

Fix horizontal noggings at the top and bottom and spaced out between where shelves will go.

After hardboard is nailed over frame, cut 9in. cleats from the 1 1/2in. x 1in. oregon, bevel off the lower front corner, and screw to sides of doorway.

Glue will be sufficient to secure shelves on top of cleats. Lower shelf is only 8in. wide to allow for table to fall flush with frame. The other shelves are 9in. wide.

Screw the length of 1in. by 1in. oregon to the base of doorway recessed 1in. to act as a stop for the table-top.

Bore a 13-16in. hole through a small block of



TABLE underside.

wood and fix it to underside of table-top 2in. in from edge to fit the leg.

Fix small blocks to back underside of table to take the hinges, about 6in. from outer edges.

Treatment for the other side of the doorway will de-



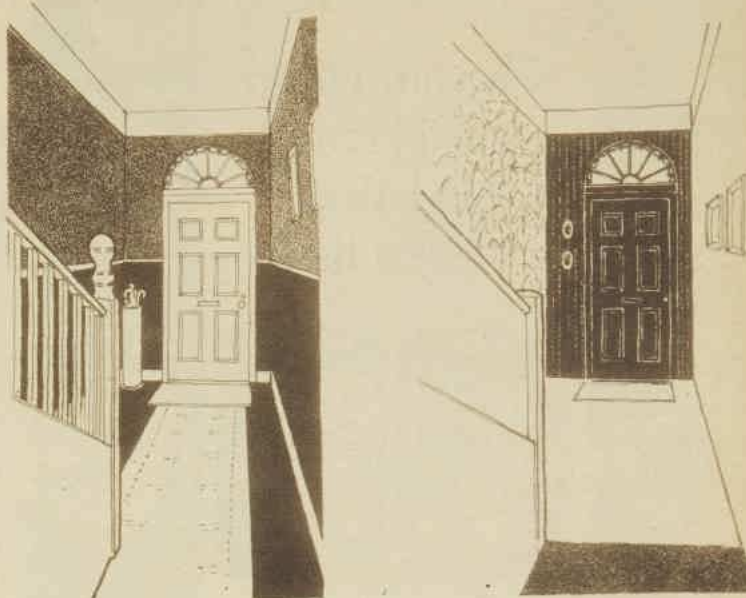
CLEAT for shelf.

pend on its position. Unless the entire wall of the room is to be papered, it is difficult to plaster over the doorway at exactly the same level.

The join between old and new plaster will always be obvious, although papering the walls helps to conceal it.

It is often a good idea to leave the architrave around the door and cover the hard-board infill panel with a textured wallpaper. Then it can be used as a display area for hanging a group of pictures or travel souvenirs, theatre programmes, etc.

It is usually best to make a feature of the other side of the doorway, too, by using shelves cantilevered on key-hole stripping or a panel of wallpaper with a long mirror and a low shelf.



WISE DISTRIBUTION of color and the rearrangement of flooring shown on right give this hall better proportions than shown at left.

Narrow hall can look wider

ONCE you learn to use color correctly you can change the apparent shape of a room and sometimes avoid more expensive structural alterations, as is shown in the two sketches of the hall above.

There are two main groups of colors for home decoration — those that recede and those that advance.

The receding colors, which make a room seem more spacious, are the blue-green group. They range from deep midnight-blue to pale lime-green.

The dominant colors are the red group, including anything from golden yellow to a deep magenta or crimson.

The more intense the color the more it advances.

Pale colors make the walls, ceiling, and floor recede,

consequently making a room look more spacious.

The sketch at left above shows a hallway that looks narrow and constricted. The second sketch shows the same hallway, with the side walls painted a light color that appears to push them out, and the end wall a deeper shade that pulls it toward the eye.

New flooring

See also how the new floor covering helps to give an impression of width to the hall.

In the first sketch the narrow strip of matting down the centre broke up the floor, making it look even less spacious. With the lines cutting across its width the eye is drawn across instead of along.

The door in the second picture is painted the same color as the rest of the wall to achieve the maximum continuity. A chopped-up effect makes any narrow wall look even narrower.

Another decorating trick that pushes walls outward visually is to darken the ceiling.

You can use a dark paint, such as charcoal, dark mushroom, or olive-green, and pick out decorative moulded sections in white or gold. Or why not use a heavily patterned wallpaper?

Another way to break up the length of a hall is to hang a length of dramatic curtaining halfway along, swathed and held back to one side with a beautiful curtain-holder of shiny brass. Or loop it back to the wall with a chunky length of gold chain.

A narrow width of ornamental screening from floor to ceiling on one side will have the same result.

Even if a hall is too narrow for a curtain or screen you can use an elegant mirror with a tiny cantilevered shelf or a picture grouping to give some relief to the expanse of wall.

Our Home Plans Service

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Service, which is directed by architects, offers readers a wide range of home plans, which can be modified to suit individual needs.

● Full plans and specifications from **Hobart:** FitzGerald's (27221). £10/10/-.

● All normal architect's services available. **Adelaide:** 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

● Alterations to suit site if wanted. **Brisbane:** McWhirters (50121).

Phone or call at your local Centre at— **Toowoomba:** Pigotts (7733).

Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B951, ext. 220. **Perth:** Western Building Centre (21-4788).

Melbourne: Myers (32044). Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)

☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)



who but Heinz
put 14 fruits
on baby's
dessert list?

Of all the foods that come on the tip of baby's spoon, none tempts and delights him more than juicy, gently-cooked fruits. That's why Heinz and only Heinz prepare no less than 14 fruits, so baby can enjoy their health-giving goodness every single day. And here's another Heinz special. All Heinz Junior Fruits contain *actual pieces of fruit* to encourage baby in the new thrill of chewing — yet so small they can be digested with complete ease if swallowed.

These 14 fruits are just part of more than 90 Heinz Baby Foods in all. Only Heinz gives you such variety to provide a complete diet of balanced nutrition. And while baby thrives on Heinz, you'll love their modern ease. For Heinz Baby Foods are always on hand at your nearest grocers — ready to heat and serve, straight from the can.

he'll never tire of a vital food in his diet with

HEINZ BABY FOODS

every meal—every day

MIDDAY MEALS



SEA-SHELL

Four oval bread rolls split and buttered, 1 small tin chunk-style tuna, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup red pepper slices, 1 onion finely chopped, 1 pint milk, 2½ oz. flour, 2½ oz. butter, juice of 1 lemon, salt and pepper, a little sage, lemon slices, parsley.

Drain tuna, add liquor to the milk. Saute onion and pepper in butter 5 minutes, add flour and seasonings off the heat. Return to heat, cook 1 minute. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly until thickened. Fold through tuna, heat through. Add lemon juice. Spoon tuna sauce between buttered rolls, serve with lemon slices and parsley to garnish.

FILLING VARIATION

Sea Breeze Cod: One pound can of cod fillets, 1 can asparagus soup, juice of 1 lemon, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 shallots (chopped), salt, pepper, lemon.

Cover cod with water and bring to a boil, drain, and re-cover with fresh water. Cook until fish is tender. Drain and peel off skin and bones, chop roughly, fold into asparagus soup. Add lemon juice, chopped egg, shallots, season with salt and pepper. Simmer over heat. When piping-hot spoon into buttered rolls, add a lemon wedge to each serving.

Note. If desired, use cream of chicken oyster in place of the asparagus soup.



HOT-DOG HANGOVERS

Twelve slices square white bread, buttered and toasted, 16 frankfurts, prepared mustard, 1 jar prepared cheese sauce, 2 tablespoons red pepper pickles, endive, cucumber slices, pepper strips, seasoned tomato wedges.

Cut each frankfurt through lengthwise, place under hot grill until heated, spread each half with a little mustard. Place 2 frankfurt halves on one slice of toast, top with another piece of toast and 2 more frankfurt halves, then third slice of toast. Cut through this decker sandwich diagonally. Spoon cheese sauce over each half, sprinkle with pepper pickles, serve with endive, cucumber, pepper strips, and tomato wedges.

FILLING VARIATION

Chipolata Cheers: Twelve slices square white bread, buttered and toasted, 1 lb. chipolata sausages, 1 small can pineapple chunks (drained), 4 rashers bacon, tomato sauce (spiced with a few drops of hot chilli sauce), lettuce.

Fry sausages in heated fat until browned all over. Place half the sausages on slices of toast, top with another slice of toast. Add layer of pineapple pieces, chopped cooked bacon. Top with another toast slice and remaining sausages. Spoon over little tomato sauce, place another slice on each. Cut in halves diagonally, serve on bed of lettuce with various salad greens.

• All spoon measurements are level.

These dishes, with a bread roll, bread slices, or toast as a base, are ideal for lunch or as a light evening meal, when served attractively as shown below.



▲ PRAWN OPEN-FACE

Light slices wholewheat bread (toasted and buttered), 1 lb. prawns, salt, pepper, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup tomato catsup, lettuce leaves, chopped red pepper, 1/2 cup olives, lemon wedges (dipped in catsup), prepared horseradish.

Shell prawns, sprinkle with vinegar, salt, pepper. Wash lettuce and season. Arrange prawns on 4 slices of toast, sprinkle with red pepper. Place equal amount of prawns on remaining 4 slices of toast. Combine mayonnaise and tomato catsup, place spoonful on top of each prawn slice. Arrange prawn slice on lettuce slice on each plate, serve with olives, lemon wedges, and horseradish.

FILLING VARIATION

Crab Toss: One large can crabmeat, juice of 1/2 lemon, salt, black pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups shredded lettuce, 1/2 cup finely sliced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, mayonnaise, parsley.

Remove crabmeat from can, drain off liquid. Season meat with lemon juice, salt, pepper. Mix in the parsley, shredded lettuce, celery, and chives. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Pile on buttered fresh or toasted wholewheat bread slices. Decorate with parsley sprigs.

Note. If desired, use canned salmon and finely shredded cabbage heart mixed with a little sliced white onion.



▲ BARBECUE ROUNDS

Four round poppy-seed rolls, 1 lb. topside steak, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 carrot, 1 sliced onion, 1 cup flour, salt and pepper, 1/2 teaspoon allspice, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, extra parsley to garnish.

Cut steak into thin strips, toss in seasoned flour. Heat oil; add meat and brown, remove meat, add vegetables and brown. Return meat to pan with vegetables, puree, water, allspice, pepper and salt. Cover with lid, simmer 1 hour. Add chopped parsley. Serve between buttered rolls, garnish with parsley sprigs.

FILLING VARIATION

Hot Chilli Suggestion: One finely chopped onion, 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 tablespoon oil, 1 lb. fine hamburger mince, 1 dessertspoon tomato paste, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, good pinch cayenne pepper, 1/2 cup tomato puree, few drops chilli sauce.

Saute chopped onion and green pepper in heated oil. Add mince, continue stirring until browned all over. Drain off any excess fat, add tomato paste, salt, pepper, cayenne, tomato puree, chilli sauce. Cover, simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon between buttered rolls, garnish with sprigs of parsley, and serve hot.

Recipes from our
Leila Howard Test Kitchen



All steel wools are not the same

STEELO

is finer and softer

that's why it keeps your pots and pans smoother as well as brighter

STEELO cleans and shines but doesn't leave any abrasive marks because it is finer and softer. Be sure and say STEELO — especially if you have new saucepans. Even new saucepans get burnt bottoms — inside and out. Keep them smooth as well as shining by using STEELO — the finest, softest steel wool.



* Have you tried new

STEELO Soap Pads



Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. All the fineness and softness of regular Steelo plus coconut oil soap. So kind to your hands as well as your pans.

KY307

Page 41

JUST SPREAD IT ON

- it shines as it dries

Wonder liquid polish for lino and the new tile floors

Forget the drudgery of polishing linoleum, rubber and the new tile floors! Simply spread Goddard's new ONCE OVER on to your floor with a cloth or mop and see it shine as it dries, *without any rubbing*. ONCE OVER gives a brilliant hard-wearing gloss. Easy to keep clean, too — ONCE OVER needs only an occasional wipe with a damp cloth. And so economical. One tin covers the average kitchen floor four to five times. Get ONCE OVER today, it's a miracle of ease. Only 6/11.



Goddard's Once Over APPLICATOR

The easiest way of all! Applicator spreads ONCE OVER evenly and automatically. You don't even have to kneel! 52/- includes a FREE can of ONCE OVER.



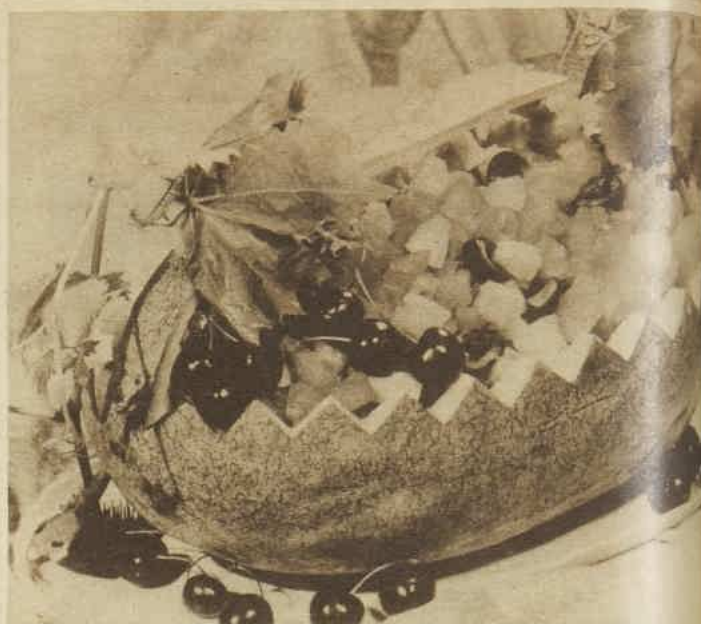
GODDARD'S
Mr. Sparkle
has another
SHINING SUCCESS!



Goddard's... specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.

V254

Recipes win prizes



HOLLOWED-OUT WATERMELON SHELL forms the casing for the simple yet cool exotic sweet above. Directions for preparing this dish are given in our £5 main prizewinning recipe below.

● Two of this week's prize recipes feature watermelon. In the first it is used as an attractive centrepiece for a party table and in the second to make unusual pickles.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each have been awarded for a piquant prawn creole recipe, a delicious banana sweet, old-fashioned ginger nuts, and also the pickle recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

WATERMELON BASKET

One ripe watermelon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 cup (or more to taste) cubed fresh or canned pineapple, juice 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. red cherries.

Choose medium-sized ripe watermelon, cut 2 sections from the upper half to leave arched piece resembling handle of a basket. Carefully cut away flesh from under handle and from inside of basket. Cut picot edge round basket sides; drain and chill. Remove seeds from the flesh and cut into cubes, add the cubed pineapple, sugar (if needed), lemon juice, and half the cherries (cut in halves). Partially freeze in ice-cream trays. When serving pile into the chilled basket and decorate with remaining cherries and grape leaves or mint leaves.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Lawson, 18 Watt Street, Gympie, Qld.

WATERMELON PICKLES

Five and a half pounds watermelon rind, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salt, water, 2 tablespoons powdered alum, $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 2 cups white vinegar, 1 tablespoon whole cloves, 6 blades mace, 3 sticks cinnamon.

Remove green skin from watermelon rind, cut remaining rind into 2in. pieces, add salt and 4 quarts water; stand overnight. Drain and rinse well, add alum and 4 quarts water. Bring to the boil, simmer 30 minutes. Drain and rinse, add 4 more quarts water, simmer until tender, adding more water if necessary to keep rind covered. Add sugar, cook until rind becomes transparent, add vinegar, cook for

25 minutes. Add spices, cook further 15 minutes. Pack into jars and seal.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. K. 10 Woodville Rd., Granville, N.S.W.

PRAWN CREOLE

One pound shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 sliced onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 can mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ red pepper (sliced), stick celery (sliced), $\frac{1}{4}$ in. green pepper (minced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cashew nuts, salt, pepper, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, boiled rice.

Heat oil in heavy pan, add prawns and onion; saute with whole clove of garlic until onion is soft and golden. Add mushrooms, red pepper, celery. Remove garlic. Add ginger, cashews, salt, and pepper. Cook gently 10 minutes. Add cream, being careful not to boil. Serve immediately with fluffy boiled rice.

Consolation prize of £1 to Ms. I. Lynne, 5 Clarence Street, South Perth, W.A.

JAMAICAN RHUMBA

Six large bananas, 6 tablespoons brown sugar, 4 tablespoons orange or pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons dry breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint rum, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon rum, nutmeg.

Peel and slice bananas. Combine in butter ovenproof dish, put in thick layer of bananas, sprinkle with about 1-3in. of the sugar, juices, and crumbs. Repeat layers, finishing with crumbs. Pour melted butter over top, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes, until lightly brown on top. Serve warm with the sweetened and rum-flavored cream, and sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Grantulla Rd., Kallista, Vic.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGER NUTS

Two-and-a-quarter cups flour, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup treacle, sugar for rolling.

Sift flour, salt, ginger into basin. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until smooth and soft, add egg-yolk and treacle. Mix in dry ingredients, and if too dry add a little milk. Form teaspoonfuls of mixture into small balls, roll in sugar. Place on greased oven-slides, bake in moderately hot oven for 15 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss B. C. 2/432 New South Head Rd., Double Bay, N.S.W.

Readers are invited to enter our regular weekly recipe contest by sending in interesting recipes which should contain easily obtainable ingredients.

Please use level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure.

Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Cool and refreshing . . .
and it looks so tempting . . .



RECIPE FOR WONDERFUL WEEK-END SALAD

All spoon and cup measures are level.
An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

Ingredients: 1 cup cooked rice (1/3 cup raw);
1 cup cooked peas; 1/2 cup chopped celery;
6 1/2 oz. can Green seas Tuna, chunk style;
1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 teaspoon
finely grated onion; salt, pepper; 4 oz. Kraft
Cheddar Cheese, cut into strips; lettuce
leaves; 2 tomatoes, cut into wedges, for
garnish; Kraft Mayonnaise.
Method: Combine all the ingredients, except
the lettuce leaves, tomato and mayonnaise,
in a bowl. Season to taste with salt and
pepper. Spoon into lettuce lined bowl and
garnish with tomato wedges; chill. Serve
with Kraft Mayonnaise. 4 servings.

Patio Salad *the Kraft Cheddar way*

Golden strips of Kraft Cheddar make this
cooling salad a sustaining meal.

Why not try salads more often? They're light, they're
nourishing, and they're delicious. Just right for the summer!
This refreshing Patio Salad is wonderful . . . golden-good
Kraft Cheddar with crisp lettuce, fluffy rice and chunky tuna
pieces. You'll love the blend of flavours. Kraft Cheddar is
the only cheese that slices so perfectly . . . blends just right.
Serve Patio Salad on *your* patio — with rolls and long cooling drinks.



Kraft Cheddar is rich in pro-
tein, vitamins and minerals
because it takes a whole gallon
of creamy milk to make every
pound of this fine cheese.
Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in
nutrition — there's a size right
for your family.

There's more goodness to give them with **KRAFT CHEDDAR.**



• A boy who isn't doing well at school often worries about it.

"A slow reader makes a poor scholar"

• Our son was a typical, healthy 13-year-old. Mischievous and clumsy at times, but also cheerful and lovable. He excelled in sports, and this helped offset rather poor school marks.

WE did not worry much at this stage about his bad school reports, because it seemed to us his aptitudes inclined towards the practical rather than the intellectual side of life.

However, we did become concerned when on the eve of his 14th birthday he brought home an even worse report than usual.

We suddenly realised that he was growing up into a world demanding higher and higher qualifications for almost any vocation, and the fact that he could kick a football or swing a racquet better than most would not be much of an asset.

We decided to discuss the problem with John's headmaster.

He was very helpful, and pointed out that John's biggest stumbling-block was his poor reading ability.

This caused him to be slow in all subjects.

"Improve his reading," he told us, "and his marks will improve."

(Incidentally, he told us that almost invariably a bad scholar would prove to be a bad reader.)

He went on to say that as the school was over-

crowded and the teachers overworked it was difficult to find time to help backward students.

He suggested that we encourage John to read as much as possible.

And this is how we set about it.

First, we had a serious talk with John, and emphasised how he had to improve if he was to have a satisfactory future.

He agreed to co-operate.

"Illuminating"

We realised we must only back up the teachers' efforts or we would have two conflicting forces baffling him.

So from then on we asked him to bring home any books used each day. He would then spend half an hour learning the day's notes, and finally we asked him questions to ensure he understood the work.

This turned out to be very illuminating. We found that his books were untidy and badly set out, and consequently hard to follow, so we insisted on a better standard.

If the work was untidy he had to rewrite it. Maps and diagrams had to be completed carefully.

We also searched around

for suitable reading matter. This was no easy task, as it is extremely hard to find books that will interest our type of 14-year-old.

We did discover eventually that he enjoyed humorous books, and although some of these may not be very edifying it was all good practice.

We also searched everywhere for magazines, articles, and leaflets on any subject in which he was interested.

For it is not much use insisting that classical books or educational stories must be read when the first battle is to make a child want to read. Tastes can be guided later.

At least, this is what we discovered, for now John is beginning to really enjoy reading good literature.

We also suggested that he join the Dramatic Society at school. This has helped him to express himself, and to memorise things.

He loves acting now, and reads plays avidly.

We encouraged him to write letters.

This used to be a laborious task, and a recipient was lucky to get two or three scrawled lines.

However, we insisted he write several paragraphs on

interesting topics, and he has now mastered the art.

You might think it rather hard to make a boy write long screeds, but, remember, inability to write a satisfactory composition has meant failure to many a student.

The result of all this has been far better than we had thought possible.

It hasn't been a dramatic but rather a gradual and consistent improvement, until now, two years later, he is in the top ten of his class.

This table is of his marks two years ago, and now. The figures represent percentages:

	Then	Now
English	27	58
Mathematics	42	75
Arithmetic	35	84
Geography	22	90
History	50	69
Science	40	73
French	7	92
Art	56	60

The only thing we regret is that we did not begin this supervision when he was much younger.

My advice is to make sure your children learn to read fluently when they are young, and where necessary constantly encourage and help.

• By a contributor who, for her son's sake, wishes to be anonymous.

Home and Family

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

• How can parents best help their children to do well at school? Experts agree that if a child has good health, coupled with a good steady home atmosphere behind him, he has two big advantages on which to build his school career.

IF he also has the inner resources of self-reliance and the desire to do well, he is off to a flying start.

Experts also say that parents can positively help a child in attaining these four basic things: good health, a good home, self-reliance, and the will to succeed.

Of course, as in all aspects of human life, there are no precise rules.

Happily, a child with indifferent health will, for instance, sometimes do brilliantly. So, sometimes will a child from a quite unhappy home.

Most parents wisely keep a watch on how their children are faring in the big world of school with its worries and joys.

Because their intimate knowledge of their children is unique, their advice and encouragement are invaluable to the child's progress.

If your child is setting out on his first day at school and you are feeling nervous about it, remember that the chances are he will take the big adventure in his stride.

"First-day nerves"

Indeed, try to help him to do this. The teacher will welcome it, knowing that the best results in school matters come from the closest co-operation between parent and teacher.

Here's a word for the worried mother from Mr. E. D. Lasscock, of the South Australian Department of Education. Mr. Lasscock is senior guidance officer attached to the psychology section of the Department.

"These first-day 'nerves' are not so frightful when both the mothers and the children understand that the feeling is quite common.

"It is a good idea for the mother to explain to the child that everyone—all the other children, too—is a little nervous at first.

"Often on the first day a teacher is surrounded by 20 or more crying children and a few sullen ones just standing around.

"Within a few minutes a teacher can have all the children quite happily absorbed in play.

"Mothers can be consoled by the fact—and it is a fact—that infant teachers are carefully selected.

"They are sympathetic, not only to mother's fears but to all the children in their care.

"Some parents of children who simply balk at the idea of going to school feel incapable of dealing with this problem and have to seek outside help in getting the child to school.

"But it is preferable that the parents themselves decide on the best method of helping the child through his difficulty.

"These cases generally work out all right with the teacher's co-operation.

"And, finally, don't worry when the child reports in error that harmless things—like taking a final look at a friend—are NOT ALLOWED at school.

"He is making a big adjustment to get used to school rules, and has to find out gradually what is and can't be done."

• See also "At Home with Margaret Sydney" on page 47.

● This year thousands of children in each Australian State will go to school for the first time. Some will have just turned five. Many of the mothers will be having their first experience of sending their baby off to school—and feeling rather jittery. They wonder about the teacher. Is she kind or stern? Patient or cranky? If the average mother could write a letter to her it would be something like this . . .

Dear Teacher,

VERY soon now I'll be handing my baby over to you and the thought of it brings me a big lump up into my throat.

It always pops up when I think of my very own child having to make this first phase of the big jump outside Mum's cosy kitchen and the comfortable smell of her cooking.

I think of the time he was no older than his grandmother's when I had to go out. He always said it was nice to be "But, Mum, I couldn't see you cooking the dinner."

And the first time he went to school for a short one and all hours in the afternoon. He said the teacher he would not be there the next day because he had

to stay home and do his homework.

You can see how much he hates being away from home! How he will survive five and a half hours of it I don't know.

I think that's too long at first. Surely the three and a half hours from nine o'clock to lunchtime is enough for the first term.

The poor little thing. He'll be feeling so homesick.

I know you'll be busy with the other children, but could you spare a minute now and then to see if my little one is all right?

Will you see that he eats up all his lunch? I'll give him plenty, so he won't be hungry.

And see that he gets a cool drink, won't you? Children need drinks in this warm weather.

I wonder if he'll know what to

do about the lavatory. I suppose you tell the children about that?

He will be too frightened to ask about anything, so please be kind.

Last night at bedtime he asked in a shy little voice, "Mum, when I go to school will you wait for me outside?"

Scare stories

I told a white lie and said I would. Should I have done this? Or should I have told him I would call for him when school was out?

How long should I continue to take him to and from school?

What can I say to undo the harm caused by older children who have painted terrifying pictures of school?

A girl of 10 told him the other day that her teacher caned the

children and pulled them across the room by the hair. I could have pulled her across my knee by the hair!

I've heard of children coming home from school in great distress because they'd forgotten a message from teacher.

At five years of age it's very hard to remember what big people say, so if you have a message could you send it in writing?

No doubt I'm overanxious and fussing too much, but I've never sent a baby to school before and now that the time has come I know I'm not ready for it.

And neither is he.

I wish I knew more about that first day so I could tell him exactly what to expect. Or do you think it's better that he be left to find it all out for himself?

● Most infant teachers would dearly love to answer such a letter. We gave one — who has had long experience of school new-chums and new school mums—the chance and here is her reply. Well known in South Australia, she wishes to be acknowledged simply as "A retired S.A. Infants' Teacher."

Dear Mother,

FIRST of all, don't worry. Teachers understand children and help all they can to make the first day a happy one.

There are a few points to help you prepare your baby.

1. Talk freely to him about school. Take him for walks near the school so that the place becomes familiar.

2. Teach him if you can to tie on his socks, tie his shoelaces, do up buttons, tuck his shirt in, and so on.

3. Give him short messages to take, teaching him to remember what he has to say. As a rule, all important messages are sent home in writing.

4. See that he has the same school clothes as the other children. This is most important. Children do not like to be conspicuous.

5. Don't give him too much

lunch at first and don't worry if he does not eat what you prepare. He will probably be too excited to eat at school. You can feed him up when he comes home.

● When you bring him to school — not too early this first morning, please—don't linger after enrolment. Leave him with the teacher. She knows how to cope with the little ones and is prepared.

● Tell him you will be waiting for him when he comes out. After a week or two (or a day or two, depending on his acceptance of the school-going routine) arrange to meet him at home or at the street-crossing nearby.

In this way he will begin to become independent, walking part of the way with his mates.

● Give him something restful to do when he comes home so that his small frame and active brain can relax after the first few big days.

Generally, on the first day all new children go on an excursion with the teacher to see the parts of the building that they will be using—the playground, the lockers for their belongings, the lavatories, the rubbish-bins.

Growing up

The best way to allay fears caused by older children's terrifying pictures is to tell him that the older children are just trying to frighten him and to take no notice.

Tell him that the teachers are his friends and that they are helpers of children.

Finally, Mother, try to remember that your five-year-old is no longer a baby.

He is growing up and he wants to feel that himself.

Keep him a baby in your heart if you will, but don't, whatever you do, let him know it.



Revlon's 10 new potent pales...

'colors avant garde'

for lips and matching fingertips

Here are 10 never-never-before, low-key, high-fashion shades that were born to be worn by the woman who wants tomorrow's look today—that's you! These colors speak in whispers . . . they're sensuously soft, shatteringly chic, quietly spectacular! You'll want (and love) them all! These new shades are made possible by Revlon's new Super-Lustrous II formula that combines new cream-drenched texture without the usual caking or streaking, a new luscious lustre like you've never seen before. A new deliciously moist lipstick that glides on with sumptuous smoothness . . . color that lasts and lasts.



delicious
flavours
(also plain)

to tempt
the whole family



the world's finest
**INSTANT
SWEET**

contains essential vitamins
and minerals

PINEAPPLE

CHERRY

STRAWBERRY

RASPBERRY

ALMOND

AND PLAIN

NO COOKING... NO BEATING

being a milk-based food,
contains all the goodness of
... a variety of nutrients
necessary for a balanced diet in
an attractive form.

**HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS**



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 30, 1963

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Every few years a controversy flares up over how children should be taught to read, and people who use different methods argue hotly over the virtues of their own.

SPEAKING from my very own small experience of watching our three children go through the process, I'd say that a good deal of the success of any of the known methods depends on the raw material you're dealing with—i.e., the restless, wriggling little five-year-old that you're trying to teach.

Katherine learnt to read with no more difficulty than she learnt to walk.

Print interested her from the first moment she noticed it, and our lives were punctuated by a piping voice saying, "What's that, what's that?" whenever she saw letters large enough to catch her attention.

Advertising hoardings, newspaper headlines, and the fascinating rigmoroles the manufacturers print on breakfast foods and flour and soap and tea were what she learnt on.

Consequently, when the kindergarten decided it was time she learnt to read they took her virtuoso performance of making six months' progress in one week flat as proof that their method (I think it was something called look-and-say) was the best ever.

Diana, at a different kindergarten, was taught by the old familiar k-a-t spells cat, m-a-t spells mat method.

Hugh and I thought she was making terrific progress as a reader till we discovered that she could only read books that had been lying round the house for years.

What she had was not reading ability, but a phenomenal memory—the story came out all right, with not a detail lost, but if you looked over her shoulder it was never quite the same story as the one on the printed page.

Mike was a different kettle of fish

THEN we came to Mike. The girls say it's still a debatable point whether Mike can read or not!

All I can say is that Mike's what you might call a restricted reader. He can read spy stories, detective stories, books about animals, and any number of quite unreadable comics, but he has never learnt how to read school textbooks, or polite notes propped up for him asking him to empty the garbage-tin, or go out and buy a loaf of bread and 3lb. of meat for the animals.

Teaching Mike to read must have nearly broken the heart of several good teachers, and it certainly wore both his parents to a frazzle.

I've never yet banged any of my children on the head with a book, but it used to be touch and go sometimes with Mike!

After days of labor you'd get him to recognise some stupendously difficult word like RUN.

Asked to recognise it again the next day he'd say blankly, "I don't know."

And if you pressed him for an answer he'd start guessing wildly: "Swimming? Motor-car? Ice-cream?"

It was Hugh who pointed out that Mike's guesses, while they were quite unrelated to the word he was supposed to be reading,

were always the names of things he was particularly interested in.

After a couple of years Mike gave up the struggle to drive his seniors mad and decided to learn to read.

Perhaps in a few more years he'll decide to learn to spell, too!

Trouble in China (poor old posties)

IVE been reading an article about how they're having the same sort of trouble in Communist China, so I pointed out to Mike the other day how very fortunate we were in only having to cope with 26 letters to do all the spelling we have to do.

In Chinese the average reader of a newspaper has to be able to recognise about 2500 symbols, and a University student has to know at least 6000.

The reason for these high numbers is that the Chinese alphabet started off as simple outline drawings of objects.

China is a huge country, and, because of dialect differences, people from the north can't always understand the speech of people from the south and east and west, but if they're educated up to the 6000-character level they can correspond with each other perfectly well in letters.

Probably that's the reason why the Chinese postal system, of which they've always been very proud, is such a remarkably reliable one.

Now the poor old Postal Service has been thrown into utter confusion.

The Communist Government decided in 1956 to try to simplify the alphabet by leaving the general outlines of the characters untouched, but doing away with some of the more fanciful brush-strokes.

About a thousand of the more complicated characters were pruned like this, and then the experts sat back to see how the new system would work.

Mike—a simplifier of spelling?

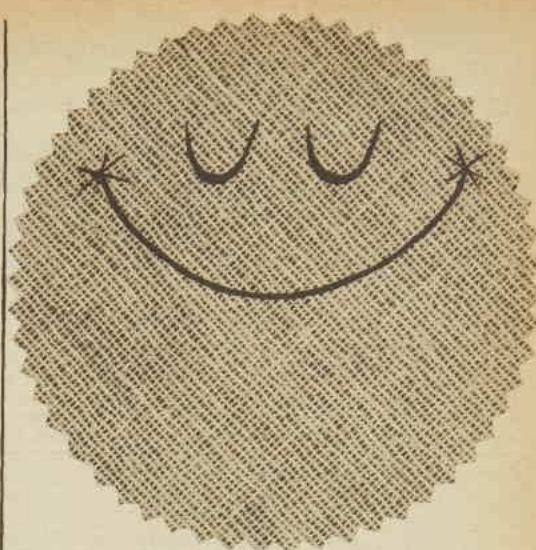
WHAT they hadn't reckoned with was the Chinese passion for complicated games.

Once the 3000-year-old alphabet had been tampered with it became a free-for-all, and self-appointed alphabet reformists all over the country began altering and simplifying the alphabet and whittling it down to a sort of shorthand that they (and nobody else) could understand.

Now the post offices are filling up with bulging sacks of letters that can't be delivered, because nobody can read the addresses, and a 300-man committee of educationists has been appointed to reconsider the whole matter of the simplification of the alphabet.

We are seriously considering offering them Mike's services in an honorary capacity. Even in English he manages to do away with about a third of the letters.

I don't think what someone once called "A hundred thousand Chinese crinkumcrankums" would bother him at all.



make your Cottons smile!

Gladden the hearts of your now not-so-gay "cottons" ... give them a new lease of life with Sanitone Style-Set service. More than just dry cleaning, Sanitone service caresses the fibres, gentles them to a new fun fresh attitude. Whites sparkle, colours glow ... you and your cottons face the world feeling new and gay all over again. Yes, you owe it to your lovely cottons — and yourself — to book them a "face lift" with Sanitone service ... there's a Sanitone dry cleaner near you, he's listed in the pink pages — call on him to-day.



P.S. Girls, send your children back to school crisp and smart with Sanitone service — they'll look as if you've bought them new clothes.



FOR COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL FABRIC CARE

Sanitone is the only dry cleaning recommended by Yarra Falls — renowned makers of fine fabrics.

Sore Aching Feet

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin to bring relief for sore, aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, sunburn, heat rash, get Zam-Buk today.

ZAM-BUK
Medicinal
Cream

is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet and muscular pains.

Zam-Buk

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Sold by chemists and stores everywhere, 1/6 and 3/6

Especially recommended
for SENSITIVE SKINS
SARCURA
Marseilles Soap

The Bulletin
THE MAGAZINE FOR
INTERESTING
PEOPLE!
ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

military uniform. Her mother's head was poised like a flower on the slim neck encased in fine net and whale-bone; soft hair looped over a wide forehead, pale lips curved in a sad little smile. Her mother had been a great beauty a long time ago.

A long time ago, before the journeying began. Before the flight from Russia. Before Shanghai and Hong Kong. And now she, Natalie, was growing old.

Slowly, fumbling a little, she stripped off her faded kimono, went to the washbasin behind the rickety, lacquered screen and splashed water on her face and hands. From the wardrobe she took a dress of cheap, printed silk and pulled it over her head. It felt tight and uncomfortable and pinched under the arms, and she sighed again as she stuffed her feet into high-heeled

white shoes and sat down before the dressing-table.

The damp-spotted mirror reflected her cruelly in the clear afternoon light, showing the flabby, pendulous cheeks, the putty-colored skin, and the wrinkles round her mouth. Her hair was brittle and lifeless.

Only her eyes, green and brilliant in their fleshy pouches, were still the eyes of the young Natalie; the child whom Mademoiselle had taught to curtsy to her parents, and who had worn stiff, frilly white dresses and a blue sash, and in winter a little fur cap and muff. The child who, one day shortly after her thirteenth birthday, had

discovered that she could see into the future.

It had happened quite suddenly when, scarcely realising what she did, she had spoken to her father in his dark library, after he had questioned her about her lessons. She had told him that the woman of whom he was thinking had gone away. And she had said that very soon they, too, would be gone.

He had stared at her, his eyes widening as they always did when he was disconcerted. And then he had started to shout and bluster, and said that she should be whipped for listening to servants' gos-

sip. Yet what she had said about their going came true. And it wasn't until years later that she had discovered he had once been in love with a dancer who had gone to Paris and married someone else.

"How do you do it?" people always asked her. "Do you actually see things — like pictures on a screen?"

But it wasn't like that. She could never explain the mysterious gift by which, for years now, she had earned her living. She didn't go into a trance, as mediums did. She wasn't a charlatan, though she knew that many people thought so when they first came to see her. Nor was it merely thought transference,

which could only help with the present or the past.

She simply made her mind blank, handed it over, as it were, to that mysterious other self that she was fully conscious all the time of her own voice speaking, if she said.

Some of the clients who came to her were difficult, fighting the truths she told them. Yet she mentioned frightening things, and other self seemed to avoid them. And usually, when the client was gone, it was as though her mind were a slate wiped clean. She got.

Usually, but not always. There had been the man who came a month ago. A slight, young man with dark hair, burning blue eyes and clever, less hands. She remembered and much of what she had told him. And the thing she had been unable to tell.

In the hall the clock whirled and struck the half hour. Half past five and her visitor was due at six. It was time for a cup of tea. She thought it would help to ease her head, help lift the load of depression that lay like a dead weight at the base of her mind.

The tiny kitchen, facing west, was like a furnace. She made tea on her primus, carried it to the bedroom, sat down and sipped thirstily. She wished she could dismiss from her thoughts that young man and his soft, beautiful voice, and the aura of violence and disaster he had brought with him.

The thing she had seen had been quite forgotten, even yet, but like a distorted reflection at the edge of her consciousness — faces and figures seen in a clouded

HER cup rattled as she put it back in the water and took it to the sink. She moved the little round table from the wall, set two chairs facing each other and fetched the rather grubby tea-cards from a drawer, shuffling idly in her thick fingers. The rings she wore flickered had light and she frowned.

The grocer on the floor had switched on his radio and his voice, singing in Arabic in a key, floated up to her, tugging at her nerves. A group of Mohammedan children raced past the entrance of the alleyway, screaming and laughing on their way home from school. There was a smell of crushed vegetables and dust and the faint, warm odor of incense.

Then there were footsteps on the stairs, light and crisp, and the bell rang. Natalie put down the cards and went to answer it.

Her visitor was not very slight and cool in a yellow frock. Natalie noted the pose of her small head, the shiny, sun-bleached hair and smooth skin. Not pretty, but certainly attractive, and any age between twenty-five and thirty years.

"Good evening, madame," Natalie said. "Or is it—madame?"

"Good evening." The girl asked the question and Natalie was amused. They were often like this, refusing to give even their names, withholding any clue they thought might help her. As though, remaining completely anonymous, they suspected trickery and were determined to test her powers.

"It's very hot," Natalie murmured.

"Very." The girl's voice made her appearance, clear and calm. She smiled faintly as she sat at the table, folding her white gloves carefully and putting them with her handbag, on the table.

"Now"—Natalie dropped the chair opposite—"you must tell me first what you want to know. You must tell me after it what I say is correct. You understand? It will help me to make the contact. You need not be afraid of interrupting me."

The girl nodded. "What I want to know?" she repeated. "Is it about my health. Then—"

Health and money, Natalie lifted sharply. It wasn't the same she had grown to expect.

To page 50

Continuing . . . THE CLOUDED GLASS

from page 25

Not only Australia's finest—but the world's finest coaches



FULLY AIR CONDITIONED SUPER CLIPPER SERVICE



LOOK AT THESE EXCLUSIVE PIONEER TOUR FEATURES

- ★ Only Pioneer has Super Clippers
- ★ Only Pioneer has air-conditioning to constant 72°
- ★ Only Pioneer can give you genuine air-conditioning
- ★ Only with Pioneer can you see so much, so comfortably
- ★ Only with Pioneer do you get silent "ride-on-air" Super Clipper travel.



ALSO PIONEER OFFERS

- ★ The widest choice in Australia of tours, durations and departure days
- ★ Interesting Coach Captain commentary
- ★ No luggage problems—luggage is stored in under-floor cargo holds
- ★ The finest accommodation
- ★ Friendly service—second to none
- ★ Non-duplication of highway routes on tours
- ★ All daylight travel.

NOW OPERATES ON ALL INTERSTATE PIONEER TOURS

Pioneer, Australia's leading Highway Holiday Organisation, proudly announce that its fully air-conditioned Super Clipper service now operates on all interstate tours and single journeys. After searching the world for a finer coach, Pioneer imported from the U.S.A. a fleet of magnificent Super Clippers. No matter how hot, cold or dusty it is outside, the fully air-conditioned Super Clipper travels smoothly along with the temperature inside at a constant, comfortable 72° with the dust-free air completely changed every 4½ minutes. Passengers relax in restful "aircraft-type" adjustable seats whilst the countryside glides past the wide panoramic, tinted windows with every seat in the coach giving an equally fine view. And, besides the luxury, you'll never know a more comfortable and silent ride. Superb "ride-on-air" suspension just will not allow bumps or jolts. Because the powerful diesel is in the rear of the Super Clipper, engine noise is practically non-existent and you relax and listen to soft music or the interesting Coach Captain commentary. Truly the luxury and comfort of a Super Clipper ride is far superior to that of any car.

AND, BEST OF ALL, PIONEER OFFERS THE LOWEST FIRST CLASS FARES IN AUSTRALIA



PIONEER

PIONEER Interstate Express Services and leisurely Tours operate daily between Adelaide, Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney, Brisbane and the Gold Coast.

BOOKING OFFICES IN ALL CAPITAL CITIES OR BOOK THROUGH GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAUX OR RECOGNISED TRAVEL AGENTS

Home hints from readers

● These hints sent in by readers will help you in your daily household routine. Each one wins £1/1/-.

STRIPS of plastic about 1 1/2 in. wide, cut from the ends of discarded plastic bags, are excellent for tying shrubs to garden stakes. Plastic has some elasticity to cope with wind and will not cut into the bark of shrubs.—Mrs. Joan McArthur, 40 Chauvel St., Reservoir, N.S.W.

If blankets shrink and become too short, sew a piece of sheeting about 18 in. long and the same width as the blanket to one end. Tuck the sheeting under the mattress at the foot of the bed to give more blanket on top where it is most needed.—Mrs. T. S. Teller, Box 57, P.O., Chinchilla, Qld.

Next time you bandage an injured finger, seal the end of the bandage with clear nail-polish. It's much neater than a knot.—Mrs. W. Angwin, 20a Hazell St., Backman's Bay, Tas.

Clean school panama hats by applying the following mixture with an old toothbrush: Beat together an egg-white, juice of half a lemon, and a teaspoon of salt. After brushing on, wipe over with a damp cloth and put in the shade to dry.—Miss Carol Dalton, 51 Redbrook St., Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

To make artificial flowers more lifelike add a few drops of your favorite skin perfume to each bloom after washing. It lasts until the next wash and makes rooms fresh and fragrant.—Mrs. A. Laver, William St., Westbury, Tas.

A lamb's-wool paint roller makes a good applicator for liquid floor polish. It will cover the area easily and without streaks. Don't bother to buy a new one—a roller that is just its prime for painting is quite good enough. Rinse the roller immediately after applying the polish.—Mrs. H. G. Johncock, 35 Bowditch Ave., Belair, S.A.

To make an attractive sunroom rug, remove one side of a child's rug and shorten the legs. Give the rug a coat of paint and cover the patterns in matching striped cotton material.—Mrs. M. Gibbons, Box 15, P.O., Bowral, N.S.W.

Before filling cushions with feathers or kapok rub the inside of the cover lightly with beeswax, press with a warm iron, and the filling will never penetrate the fabric.—Mrs. F. Suthers, McClellan St., North Ipswich, Qld.

I had an old-fashioned hatpin with a fancy head. A jeweller cut the pin off, leaving just enough to form into a loop, so it can be worn as a drop pendant on a long chain. This idea could be copied by those who own similar pins.—Mrs. C. Clarkson, 25 Devonshire St., West Footscray, Vic.

Stuff shoulder-pads for a dress with old nylon stockings or scraps of nylon material. They will dry quickly and need not be taken out when the dress is washed.—Mrs. C. Jenkins, Koraleigh, via Perth, Vic.

If you are a coffee drinker and come alone all day, fill the vacuum-pot with boiling water at breakfast. This saves heating the jug when you want only one cup of coffee.—Mrs. L. Spekking, 10 Minchburgh St., Rooty Hill, N.S.W.

To remove paint stains from glass, wipe with hot vinegar.—Mrs. A. Brehmer, Lehighville St., Beenleigh, Qld.

Make baby's pram or cot sheets with a buttonhole at each corner. Sew a button to mattress corners and button the sheet on. It will stay flat and firm under the most intensive wriggling.—Mrs. L. A. Collison, Upper Allyn, Eccleston, via Paterson, N.S.W.

Worn-out plastic raincoats make effective covers for school books. They last longer than brown-paper covers and give more protection.—Anne Lynch, Thornfeldt St., Stawell, Vic.

When dyeing any article, drop a reel of white cotton in the dye and you will have perfectly matched thread for future repairs.—Mrs. E. Nicol, 152 Simpsons Rd., Bardonia, Brisbane.

TIPS FOR THE COOK

BEFORE greasing pan or poachers to poach eggs, sprinkle in a little plain flour. The pan will then be much easier to clean.—Mrs. V. Martin, 3 Hay St., O'Connor, Canberra.

Joints for grilling or roasting should be steeped first in boiling water for two or three minutes only. This seals meat fibres and traps the natural juices, thus improving the flavor.—Mrs. Kiley, 1 Preston St., Como, W.A.

A delicious quick dessert: Crumble some ginger biscuits and fold into cooled, stewed apple pulp. Serve with cream or custard flavored with chopped preserved ginger or powdered ginger.—Mrs. F. Taff, 29 Thorne St., East Geelong, Vic.

Improve the flavor of meat rissoles or meatloaf by adding a generous pinch of mixed spice and small teaspoon of ground cloves to the mixture.—Mrs. B. Arnold, Box 279, Devonport, Tas.

One tablespoon boiling honey added to a stiffly beaten egg-white makes a delicious cake filling.—Mrs. E. Dally, Box 308, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

NEW FREEDOM...ALL THE TIME!



With MEDS, you feel free to relax and enjoy yourself any day of the month. Meds make everything so simple because they're worn internally. Perfectly safe, too — many nurses choose them. Next time, place your trust in Meds, and discover new freedom.



For free informative booklet, mailed in plain wrapper, write to:
NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name

Address

State

W.W. 30.1.63

PRODUCT OF Johnson & Johnson

Meds tampons by Modess

"Who told you about me?" She made the question casual. "Who sent you?"

"I can't remember," the girl said. "I heard your name somewhere when I first came here. Then today I was looking up someone in the directory and I saw it again. And suddenly I thought I'd come and see you."

She's lying, Natalie thought with a flash of irritation, remembering the urgency of the telephone call.

"Cut the cards," she said, "with the left hand. Toward the left." Not that the cards were of importance. They were only there to establish confidence, for show. As she watched the ringless hand she tried to curb her feelings. It didn't help to get annoyed.

"Health and money?" she murmured. "Nothing else — romance?"

"Not romance." There was a glint of amusement in the eyes that met hers.

She spread the cards fan-wise and face upwards. It was time now to surrender her mind. She waited, and then spoke.

"You have been troubled about your health," she said, "but it is only a nervous tension, and not serious. As for money, you have enough." She stared at the cards, touching them absently, moving them a little. "You have had more in the past, but always you spent freely. Now you earn less and feel insecure. Am I right?"

"Yes," the girl said slowly, "you're right. I never could learn to save."

Continuing . . . THE CLOUDED GLASS

from page 48

"Yet you gave up an excellent position to come to Algeria. It was as though something drove you. Something powerful."

"I don't know myself why I came." The girl stirred a little, and unconsciously her hand strayed to her throat. Her lips curved a little as she added, on a note of self-mockery, "Perhaps it was the finger of Allah that moved me, like a pawn in a chess game. Destiny. Fate. Who knows?"

"There have been many men in your life," Natalie said. "Always, men have made about you an illusion. You could have married well, for money and position, but you refused them all. Is it not so?"

"Yes." The brown eyes dreamed, between gold-tipped lashes. "If I'd wanted to — but I didn't. They weren't for me. I was looking for — something special."

And now you have found it, Natalie thought. That's why you weren't interested in what I could tell you of romance! She gathered up the cards with a snap, shuffled them and laid them down on the gaily patterned cloth.

"Cut them, please," she ordered.

"There is a man here," she said, "not of your race, but also from the North. A man with a pale skin and dark hair

feeling of unease was creeping over her. She touched a card and hesitated before she spoke again.

"He is married."

She looked up, but the girl was smiling.

"No," she said. "He was married. He isn't now."

The room was very quiet. The alleyway was quiet. The sound of the downstairs radio had stopped.

"There is a dark woman," Natalie said stubbornly. "Dark in coloring and with a darkness over her life. He no longer cares for her this man of yours. He married her when he was very young and he regrets it deeply. She is older than he, and had a son already by another. He married her out of pity, and now he wishes to be free."

"But he is free." The girl's voice held a hint of irritation, and then her expression changed to one of amazement, touched with fear. "How did you know about Zohara?" she whispered. "How could you know? She has got a son, and she was married before. Paul adores the boy . . ."

She drew an uncertain breath and looked at Natalie.

"That part is right," she said, "but not the other. They were divorced six months ago and he's living alone now in another flat. He told me so. And as soon as he gets a better job . . ."

"He is not alone," Natalie stacked the cards and gestured to the girl to cut again. This time the fingers trembled a little as she did so.

"She is with him, this dark one," Natalie said, "living under his roof, though he treats her with indifference, as though she is a — a piece of furniture. The child — her child — is there, too, and to him the young man is kind. But she — she suffers greatly. Because she still cares."

"It's not true!" The girl was on her feet. "It can't be true! Everything else, yes. But I won't believe that."

But you do believe it, Natalie thought. You came out of curiosity, worried because you were sleeping badly and had headaches. You came because you needed reassurance that there would be money enough to remain here. And now . . .

She saw the expressions chase themselves across the mobile face, the doubt give way to growing panic.

"He never asked me to his new flat," the girl said, almost to herself. "Never once, in all these months. I wondered . . ." She whirled and stood over Natalie, her hands clenched, her whole body shaking. "If he's with her again — even — even the way you say, tell me why. Why?" she asked.

"Pity," Natalie said somberly. "And there is the boy. If he leaves them there is no one to care. He left her once. That is perhaps when you say there was divorce. But he has gone back to help them. He cannot afford to have two establishments, so they must share once more. He is not rich. Not rich at all, this man who loves you. And —"

"Loves me?" The girl stared down at the scattered cards, then desperately turned toward the window. "Loves me? Is it love to lie to someone who trusts you? To deceive . . ." Her voice broke.

Natalie looked at her with-out triumph.

"He is not as other men," she said, almost gently, lean-

ing sideways, her hands on her plump knees as she spoke to the rigid back. "He is an artist with great talent. It is more to him than life. The woman almost destroys him, and he would have left her even if you did not come. But now he cannot."

"Yet with you he has hope again. You have a quiet house, clean and cool. There he is himself — the self he once was, and wishes to be again. With you he could make a new beginning. But now that she — the other one — is in trouble . . ."

"Trouble?" The girl whirled. "What kind of trouble?"

Natalie shook her head, but she knew. Illness, dragging and incurable. The shadow was there: the black shadow.

"He lied to me," the girl whispered incredulously, and Natalie shrugged.

"Perhaps. Because he needs

rose she had herself under control.

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly. "I didn't mean to behave like that. But I didn't expect . . . All I was worried about was my headaches, and a cheque that's been delayed."

Natalie said nothing. She felt worn and spent, and now the other self was ebbing away.

"How much do I owe you?" the girl was asking.

"Fifty pesetas a full reading," she said automatically. "But you didn't really use the cards, did you?" The question was utterly unexpected, but Natalie saw that the girl was scarcely aware of what she had said.

"No, I did not use the cards." She took the fifty-peseta note and put it under the photograph frame. "I only — see."

They went out together, and at the head of the steep,

whom alone he could go to the work that was his life. That much she had seen and spoken of. But there had been more, blurred and clouded. There had been the pair, and a fleeting vision of those restless hands reaching out to destroy the thing she loved rather than let it go.

Vague and formless and terrifying, the picture had been; like a nightmare half-remembered, troubling her through the hot summer days, keeping her company on the solitary evenings. But suddenly it was clearer and the thudding of her heart was loud in her ears.

I'll have to tell him tonight that I'm going away.

The girl had spoken as though the words were difficult to shape, as though her tongue refused to form them.

Natalie closed her eyes. It was as though two pictures merged to become a whole. She saw the young man's hands fastening round the slender throat, fasten, and release their hold. And she felt, deep in her very soul, the madness of that struggle, the terror and, at the end, the hopeless, numbing despair.

She stood for a long moment where the girl had stood. She opened her eyes, and the familiar objects of the room sprang into focus. The torment that belonged to another was ebbing away now, but she still felt weak and faint, and the palms of her hands were damp.

A full reading, she had said. But it wasn't true. She had spoken today of the past, the present. If her visitor had not got up when she did — would she have seen the future, too? Could she have warned her?

WOULD a warning have changed anything? The Finger of Allah, she had said. Destiny. Fate. These things couldn't be altered and she, Natalie Suvorov, was helpless to prevent the tragedy that she knew must come.

Somewhere, crossing the Soccio Grande perhaps, or walking along the Boulevard Pasteur with its crowded, pavement cafes, the girl would be making her way back to the flat where she lived alone. A girl whose name she didn't know, and who would soon be telling the man who loved her that she was leaving him forever.

Slowly, Natalie moved to the window. The sea was tinged with splashes of flamingo-pink as the sun went down. Swallows swooped, crying shrilly, and a girl, blown by the wind, sailed past like a huge grey bird. From the cavernous doorway opposite came the pulsing glow of charcoal fires and the smell of frying fish. Unlabeled light bulbs began to wink through open windows. The cry of the muezzin, deep and sonorous, echoed over the rooftops and was picked up and repeated from mosque to mosque.

Suddenly, for the second time that day, Natalie found herself recalling the girl she had once been, in her white dress and her blue hair, dreaming of her own future, the only future she could never see.

Was there nothing she could have done just now to avert disaster, and in so doing give her own life a purpose and a meaning? She knew there was not. She knew, too, that it was through her, and the words she had spoken, that death and disaster would come.

The sunset voices were silent. The wind had dropped. A pale star glimmered and then another. Natalie slowly drew the curtains and stood out the coming night.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



you and is afraid he would lose you if you knew the truth. Perhaps he hopes that the burden he carries now will one day be lifted."

She lumbered to her feet and her shoes squeaked as she crossed to the window and laid a hand on the girl's shoulder.

"He was always poor," she said softly, "always alone, driven by the desire to create, that gives him no peace. And with you he has peace — a little. Because you understand."

"Understand?" The girl laughed, a high, hysterical sound, swiftly suppressed. "I thought I did. But now I don't understand anything. Him, or you, or myself."

SHE twisted free and began to pace the room.

"It's horrible!" she burst out. "I tried to help. He has got talent. It's like a fire banked down. Even I could realise that. And I was so proud to think I could encourage him, and that one day all the world would know . . ."

Her face crumpled. The tears slid down her cheeks, but she made no move to wipe them away. She sat on the edge of the bed, staring straight before her.

"Back with Zohara," she said, "under the same roof! And I never knew. I never even guessed. I've seen him every day, and he didn't tell me. That's what I can't bear."

There was a moment of silence. Then, mechanically, she opened her handbag, found a handkerchief, and wiped her eyes. Her fingers were almost steady as she powdered her face. When she

narrow, tiled stairs the girl paused.

"It wasn't true that I couldn't remember who told me about you," she said. "Paul said he'd been here, on an impulse, about a month ago, that you'd told him he had talent. He was — pleased. And yet he waited until yesterday to mention it. He's always — secretive."

Her lips twisted a little, but she went on stonily, "I suppose it's funny, really. If I hadn't come here today — but I'll have to tell him tonight that I'm going away. Everything's spoilt now. I feel there's nothing left. And — I'm not coming back. Ever."

Without a farewell she turned and went down the dark stairs, walking carefully, as though her very bones were brittle. For an instant, a ray of sunshine from a slit of a window in the wall touched her head, and then the street door opened and closed.

Natalie's heart was thudding uncomfortably as she returned to her room and put away the cards which lay scattered over the table.

Paul said he'd been here. Bits of the pattern were falling into place. Now the picture was slowly becoming clear.

Natalie shuddered. It was there again, the oppression that had haunted her since the strange young man had come, almost a month ago. And she was remembering the things she had told him, and the things she had not told him, because her vision of the future never extended very far. And because she hadn't been sure — didn't want to be sure . . .

Torn between two women. Between an angry and impatient pity for the one and a need for the other, through

The best place for your Cheque Account



is Australia's most experienced Bank

The friendly

WALES

The simple act of opening a cheque account with the Wales entitles you immediately to the many special services the Bank offers.

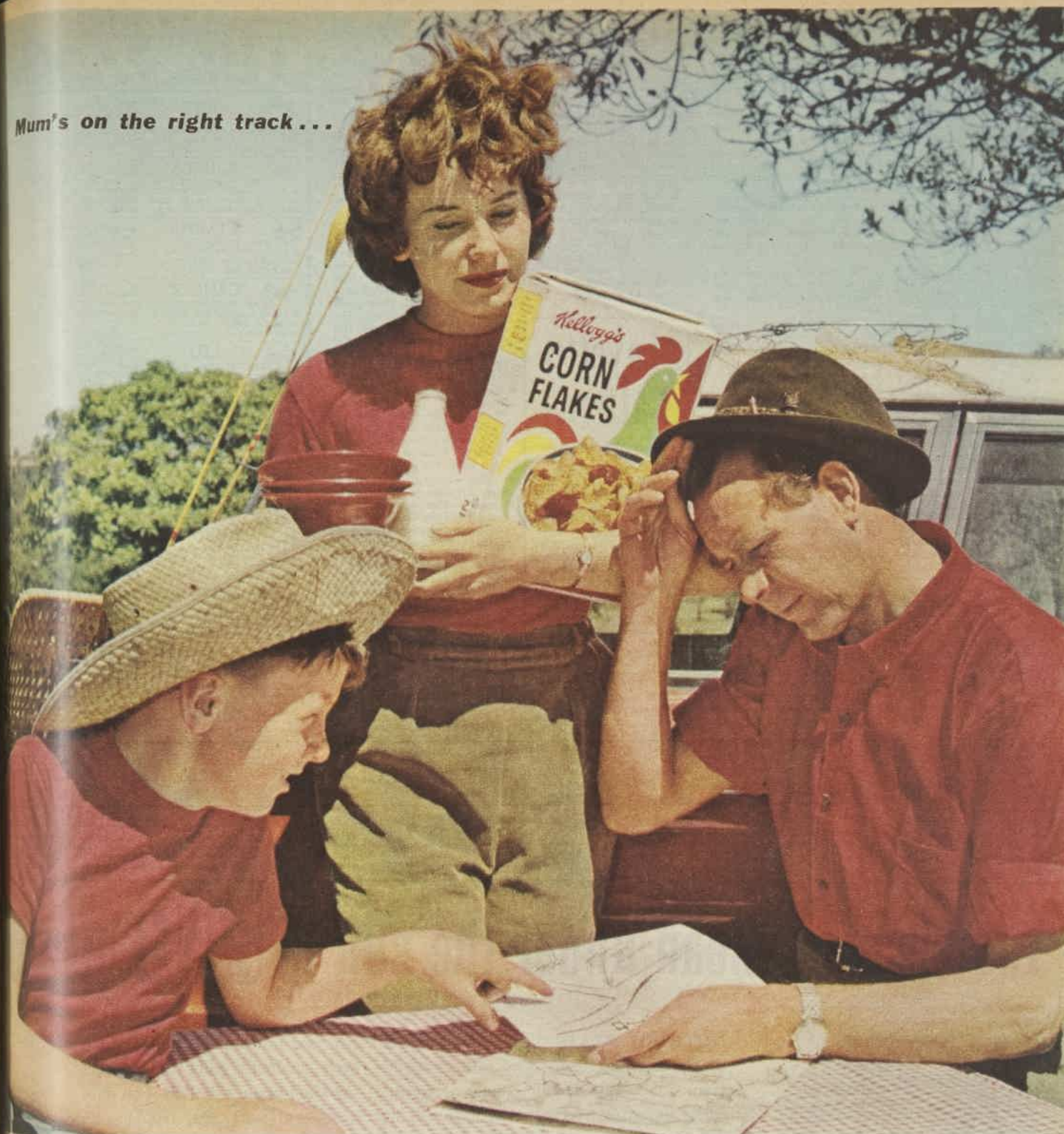
During its 145 years of banking experience the Wales has pioneered many ideas for better customer service. Take advantage of them — just by opening your cheque account with the Wales at the branch of your choice.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

Mum's on the right track...



There ought to be a better word than delicious—
just for

Kellogg's^{*} CORN FLAKES

Best flavour
Crispness that welcomes milk
More nourishment in every friendly flake

The best to you each morning

*Registered Trade Mark



K18

Page 51

Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

from page 23

few of their friends. It was such a fun crowd. Don't you think so?"

"I thought it was a gang," said Sara distinctly, "a rather criminal gang of people who were useless when they weren't doing some harm."

"Oh, my dear," giggled Mrs. Evans, "you don't mean it!"

"They had no morals," said Sara, "and they didn't want any. They roamed around, breaking up each other's homes, only they didn't have homes—they just had beautiful houses. They were promiscuous, and bragged about it. They had no mercy. They had money, and they had beauty and they used it to corrupt people."

"Why, I had no idea you felt that way! I wouldn't have mentioned them—"

"Wouldn't you?" asked Sara. "Didn't you mention them because you wanted to see how I'd react? They did. They were very curious to see how I would stand up under what they did to my marriage. There are people who like to watch torture. But they said I was wonderful!" Sara's voice was low but ominous with anger and hate. She put down her glass. She said, "Now if you'll excuse me—"

"Let's take a turn around the deck, Sara, before dinner," said Hugh Lawrence in his unperturbed way.

Eve Drake's eager, excited glance followed them to the door. The Captain was mumbling that he "didn't understand any of this, a lovely woman—"

"I'm so sorry!" Mrs. Evans was protesting.

But she isn't, thought Eve. She's enjoying it. She has a story to tell.

"Carter," said Mrs. Evans, "for heaven's sake, give me a drink! You must think we've gone mad in here. Miss Drake. I had no idea that she would act like that. I just happened to mention casually that when we

reached Tahiti I had a letter from a friend of mine, who said that Sara Martin was on board and to be sure to look her up. And when I told that to Sara Martin she simply froze up—"

"Yes, she looked frozen," said Eve Drake, "until she started to speak. Then you saw what was under the ice—"

"Of course, I suppose she had a bad time. But those things happen all the time and—"

"What did happen?" asked Eve.

"What might happen to anybody," shrugged Mrs. Evans. "Sara Martin's husband fell in love with a girl who was simply fascinating. And she got a divorce, of course, this one did, I mean."

"Did he marry the fascinating girl?"

"Oh, yes. But the sad thing was that they both were killed in an automobile accident in Spain a couple of months later. They were still on their wedding trip."

"Some of those Spanish roads," one of the men began in an effort to divert the conversation.

Eve Drake closed her great eyes for a second. She knew now how to act that part. She'd felt it as Sara Martin spoke. Frozen—and then the torrent—unforgiving—she could identify herself with it now.

The gong sounded for dinner a half hour later. Tom Gallagher went in at once. Last night he had not gone down, but he felt that tonight he could take on Charlie Bain if he had to. He ordered the beef and was half finished with it before the Bains came in. There was no one else at the table.

Nor at the Captain's table yet. The flowers back of it tonight were multi-colored hibiscus and red bougainvillea

that must have been brought on board at Tahiti, and Tom was reminded of the places on the island where he and Sara had seen such blossoms growing. They delighted her. She had said, "To me flowers are a sort of extra dimension."

So she was a widow. Her husband, whatever he had done and it must have been pretty bad, was dead. The thing for her to do was to face that, stop dreaming about how good it used to be, or beating herself against what couldn't be changed.

Layette Patterns

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The set—price 3/6, post free—includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

Note: Please print names and addresses clearly.

There came the Captain's crowd, the movie actress all done up in a green rig that made everyone stare at her and that was what she was after, of course. The other women were all dressed up, too. It must have been a party, for they were late and all the men looked as if they had a good start already—where was Sara? Wasn't she coming in tonight? The sinking disappointment in Tom could have told him, if he had

been willing to admit it, that he hadn't come down just for the dinner.

There were two vacant places next to each other. The second belonged to the State Department man who was going out to the Australian Embassy. The geographer to whom Tom talked sometimes had spoken of Hugh Lawrence, and said he was a very able man. Tom looked down for the fourth time and now he saw Sara, arriving with Lawrence beside her. He seemed to be staked out as Sara's escort.

She had said, when they were pretending, that she would never want any other man than her husband. But of course she would. How could a girl like that help it? She would want a man and this time she'd better be careful to pick the right one. Somebody who would take care of her, not let her down, not die and leave her bitter. It can't have been just his death, thought Tom. She probably believed, until that happened, that they'd get together again. Maybe it's just as well for her that he is out of the way.

She seemed to be giving all her attention to Hugh Lawrence. The actress wasn't eating and the Captain wasn't doing anything else. I suppose Lawrence has money, thought Tom. These men who take Embassy posts usually have to have private fortunes.

"Well, good evening," said C. E. Bain.

Tom stood up until Mrs. Bain was seated. "How are you tonight?" he asked her.

"It's been a lovely day."

"The bar steward told me that we may run into some bad weather."

"It's hard to believe on a night like this. We were out on deck and the stars were just beautiful. Weren't they, Charlie?"

She must have walked him around to sober him up, thought Tom. She's a nice woman, stays right on her job.

C. E. Bain unfolded his

To page 54

AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray; Week starting Jan. 23

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, rose, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, pink, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, pink, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 23-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, blue.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- ★ Romance and the party of life are under congenial stars. You may get something you have been waiting for for a long time. Friday could prove a crucial day.
- ★ You will find yourself dependent largely on the capriciousness of others. Saturday is favorable for domestic affairs. There could be a setback on Friday, but it is a success week.
- ★ Now is the time to take those things that have been weighing you in. You can change the world for the better and set it in a clearer light.
- ★ You are entering a year which is not particularly happy and rewarding. A new way of life is emerging and this week is a stream. This week is good emotionally and materially.
- ★ Don't force issues in love. It could prove to be a bad day. Saturday is a day of romance. Your popularity will stand high. A wonderful evening.
- ★ The joy you will experience through giving love and pleasant hours will compensate for everything else. You will be able to work to a light and happy end. Don't overtax yourself on Friday.
- ★ Romantic and pleasant love are in store, but Friday may be a suddenly broken promise. Friends and relations will be to your aid. Saturday is a day of travel.
- ★ The help of a member of the opposite sex may enable you to transact an important business matter. A little caution is advised. You won't hurt you on Friday.
- ★ A fortunate week that brings love, luck, and personal life. Happy stars last until Jan. 30. How successful you are depends on how you cope with your restlessness and tendency to drift.
- ★ It would be wise to make all important business and financial decisions on a quiet day, as next month could prove a bit cult. There are changes in work conditions.
- ★ Plan broadly and bring your heavy gun to bear on major targets. It is a day to be up and doing and set your feet on a firm foundation. Next month is a rugged patch.
- ★ You are entering a year which is a cycle of day and night. But very fortunate stars help you, and within reason, objectives are attainable. Be circumspect on Friday.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrology diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

The cleanest clean under the sun is FAB clean



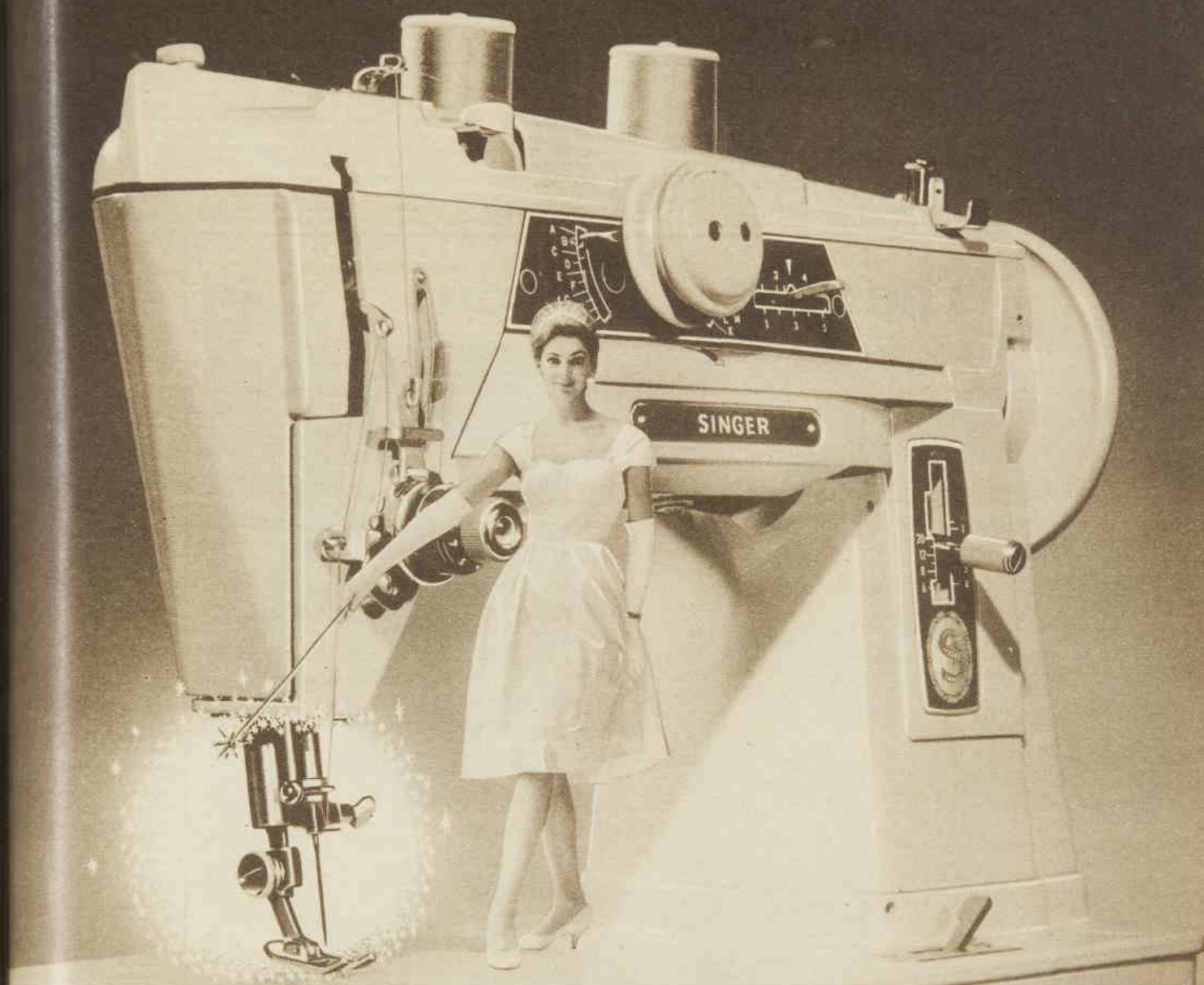
NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean . . . because only Fab contains Actergent. And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder . . . last longer.

No hard rubbing . . . no hard scrubbing . . . even children's grubby playclothes come sparkling clean with Fab. Fab does all the hard work. Buy fabulous Fab, and prove it yourself.



THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN

ONLY SINGER HAS THE MAGIC OF SLANT-NEEDLE SEWING!



SINGER* "Slant-O-Matic"*

The secret is that the needle actually slants forward. Magic! Your work is brought right up close to you. It's far easier to see. Tremendously easier to sew. There're 24 other magic features on this wizard machine, too, including the Singer exclusive Drop-in Bobbin in front of the slant-needle—the most easy-to-get-at bobbin ever, simple Flip-Charts showing you how to dial for practical as well as thousands of fancy stitches (and for mending those awful rips and tears only youngsters can achieve). Even though the "Slant-O-Matic" is full of magic, it's still the easiest machine in the world for the beginner to learn on. And here's something else no other brand can match: your "Slant-O-Matic" is precision-built with our world-famous Singer craftsmanship-care. That's yet another reason why our machines have been leaders now for more than 110 years. We'll be happy to

demonstrate the magic of Slant-Needle Sewing to you at any of our Centres or in your home. Without obligation? Naturally. PRICE: 119 gns. (less trade-in) or 19/6 weekly. (+The Slant-Needle is a Singer exclusive World Patent.)



Buttons and
Buttonholes



Beautiful
Embroidery



Straight and
Fancy Stitching



Flip-Charts for
Stitching and
Threading

* Trademark of The Singer Manufacturing Company.

Repairs Service and Spare Parts (though seldom needed) are instantly yours from our 500

SINGER SEWING CENTRES

388 George Street, Sydney; 330 Swanston Street, Melbourne; 221 Adelaide Street, Brisbane;
151 Rundle Street, Adelaide; 809 Hay Street, Perth; 66 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

The Manager, SINGER SEWING CENTRE.
Please supply me with brochure on "Slant-O-Matic."

Name _____

Address _____



SING/WW.30

Page 53



Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

from page 52

napkin and looked at Tom with an air of knowing more than he would say. So he read all about it, Tom said to himself. He also had seen the financial journal.

"You know, Gallagher," said Mr. Bain, leaning toward him, "I'm afraid I goofed."

"Did you?" asked Tom. "How?"

"Oh, Charlie," said his wife.

"When I spoke to you about Flour Fibre the other night — I think it was the first night out when we were getting acquainted — I had no idea that you were so closely connected with it."

"I'm not connected with it at all," said Tom.

"Yes, I know that you're no longer with the company. That was

why I thought I goofed. But it was quite an innocent remark. I hope I didn't hit a sore spot. It certainly wasn't intentional."

"Please, Charlie, order your dinner."

"I'm going to, sweet. I just want to offer my apologies if —"

"There's no reason for any apology, Mr. Bain. At the time you didn't know any more about my affairs than I knew about yours."

He was trying to be civil for the sake of Mrs. Bain, who was making such an effort to divert her husband.

But he was determined not to make any explanations or discuss

the deal between Globe and Flour Fibre. That is what Bain was so juicy bit of business gossip from the horse's mouth, thought Tom. Then he'd have something to talk about in the bar. I can't let him from talking, but I can't get anything out of me.

At the Captain's table conversation was struggling to keep tonight. Across from him, Vicks brought up a new subject. "Someone was saying that Gallagher, who was with FF board. Is that so, Captain?"

"I've not met anyone by that name. The purser could tell me, of course," said Captain Lark. "Did you say he is?"

"He was the executive of the Flour Fibre Company. They make industrial products."

"Globe has just absorbed it," saw in the paper," said Captain Evans. "Very smart deal. The stock went up six points."

"The piece in the paper said that Tom Gallagher was now over to Globe. It's surprising, cause he's been so indignant about FF. But I suppose he was caught out when they merged. There's never room enough for enemies in those consolidations."

"Those things happen."

So that was it. Sara had listened intently to every word, and when the men dismissed the matter with the same callous conclusion that she had heard so often, she turned her eyes to search the room for Gallagher. He had spoken of serving her in the dining-cabin, she had meant to look for him that night, but the shocking incident of the Evans' party had driven everything else out of her mind. He was, at a table on the far side of the balcony. I know now, she said to herself, what he was trying to get away from.

AND he knew me. I had to tell him, or defend herself. I had to make him understand that Henry is not the way it was. I'm a strong woman, a bitter one, and I shall be. I was outrageous mad at that party. What I said was utterly true, but I shouldn't have said it. Poor Tom Gallagher, one stole his business — he'd had a raw deal. He told me about those product inventions as if he loved them. He shouldn't take his beating hard. It will ruin him. I know how that is. Hate tears you pieces. It exhausts you.

"Is Australia a peaceful place," she asked Hugh Lawrence.

"You might find it so," he replied. "You must let me tell you more about it before we get on. You might want to stop and prolong your visit."

For almost a week the voyage was lyric, and life on board the Capricorn not unlike the pictures in the brochures of the Oceanic Line. The rows of matrons on the sundeck were occupied day by men and women laughing and basking, getting their sun-worth, telling each other how good was the life. In bathing suits and playclothes they lined up for the al fresco lunch, always certain they did not want much to eat after that big breakfast, and were unable to resist piling their plates with the cold meats, the salads, the mysterious steaming morsels in the casseroles, and the fresh fruits.

The ping-pong tournament had begun and a bridge tournament was going on for some of the who were too old or too young to take the sun. When the sun went down so did the drinks of the downers, beginning the process of the long evenings when a confusion of brilliant stars dazzled a few who watched them, and dancing and light and gambling games went on until the bars closed.

To page 55

ALL characters in the novel and short stories which appear in the Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no resemblance to any living person.

The star... is you!



YVETTE MINÉUX, STAR OF M.G.M.'S CINERAMA PRODUCTION "THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM"

Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10
Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that
keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

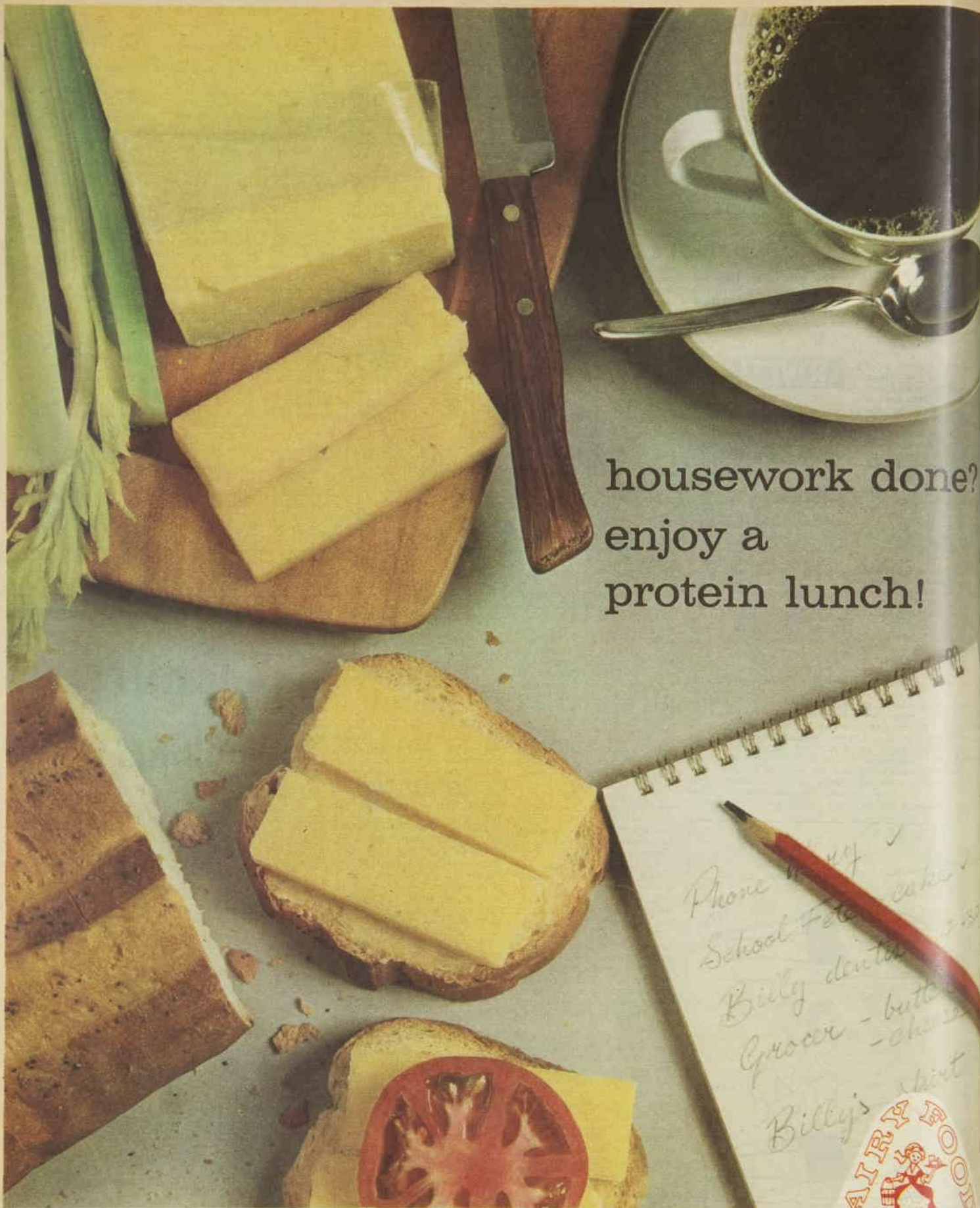
the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as you face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. And you . . .



In four pastel shades and white

L402R2



housework done?
enjoy a
protein lunch!

That's another busy morning gone. Now you've earned lunch — a quick, easy lunch. But a **good** lunch. Take the goodness of Australian cheese — and you've a hearty lunch that's ready in less time than it takes to make a cup of coffee. Cheese is quick, simple — but it gives you

more vital protein than any other food — more than even the finest steak.

Cheese is for busy people like you — light, quick, digestible, its honest goodness sets you up for the day.

Make a habit of it. Cap a good morning's work with a lunch of protein.

WATCH THE POPULAR FAMILY TV SHOW "DISNEYLAND" — SUNDAY NIGHTS

Page 56

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 30, 1968

Phone Mary ✓
School Fees ✓
Billy dentist ✓
Grocer - butter ✓
Billy's shirt ✓
DAIRY FOODS
CHEESE

**WITH THE FLAVOUR
EVERYONE LOVES—
THE PROTEIN
EVERYONE NEEDS**



• Tall, slender ixias need full sunlight.

BRIGHT and EARLY

AMONG bulbs, seeds, and seedlings there are many "early birds" well worth planting during January for a bright display.

The best of the bulbs are the **HYBRID FREESIAS**, which now come in many brilliant colors.

Treat them as border plants, and remember they do best in sandy or

very well-drained soils. Plant the little corms about 2in. deep, and in a very few months you'll have a sea of rainbow colors to pick or leave.

IXIAS are a charming family of hardy bulbs that usually bloom in early to late spring. There are about a dozen colors. They need sunshine.

ANEMONES do well if planted between the end of January and early

Gardening Book — page 90

May. Dig the soil over deeply and add some bonedust, but avoid fresh manure and quick-acting fertilisers.

Be sure to plant anemone corms the right way up. Have the crown (which is usually rough) uppermost and the smoothest side downwards.

RANUNCULI, members of the buttercup family, are a much-improved species, and in recent years the camellia-flowered variety has almost driven the older types off the market. They all need a sunny position protected from strong winds.

Plant the claws or "bulbs" in light, fairly well-worked loam. If the foliage yellows badly during early growth, lift and replant in better-drained soil.

DUTCH IRISES have flowers that are much larger and more robust than the old Spanish iris, and bloom earlier. There are many colors.

NERINES are not a very numerous family, only about a dozen being listed by seedsmen. They flower in late autumn and often run into winter.

Two of the best are *Sarniensis* (Guernsey lily), a vivid cerise scarlet, sparkling in the sun as if sprinkled with gold, and *Fothergilli* (scarlet, also tinged with gold). The stems are 12 to 15in.



• Nerines can be grown in pots or window-boxes, or in the open garden.

ICELAND POPPIES have simply "grown on us" in the last generation. Many people can remember when these rarely grew more than about 12in. high, and only orange, lemon, and white were obtainable. Today they are obtainable in a score of different strains, and rival the rainbow.

Sow in boxes and set the seedlings out in sunny positions.

Gardening Book — page 91

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

The only liquid blue in a plastic squeeze pack



—and with a sprinkler top, too.

So nice to handle—no sediment

Every woman knows that, whatever comes or goes in new detergents, powders or anything else, blue always adds still more whiteness to whiteness. But do you know this about **Bluo**? **Bluo** is the only liquid blue without sediment — a clear blue that never leaves streaks. So money saving!



XLO
SPONGE CLOTHS
...are thicker

Half the price of any other cloth that mops, washes or shines with the same efficiency.

KY307

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MURIEL."—Slim-fitting checked frock has pockets on skirt and unusual collar buttoning. Material is seersucker in pink, lemon, blue, or apple-green, all with white check.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/1/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/12/-.
Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

from page 55

dramatically, and flung her arms around him so that he tangled with the leash.

"You don't have to do that," said Tom.

"But I want to. I've seen you on the ship, haven't I?"

"I've seen your dog. He and I are pals."

"You angel," she said, "help me down. Let's get out of this awful wind."

He was amused. She was the siren all right. She knew how to curl that arm, how to throw herself so a man felt it. And she knew how to follow up, to ask for more help.

"Have you a car?" she asked.

"A taxi."

"Then can I drive back to the ship with you? My driver is a monster. He hates Boris."

"He's probably just scared of him," said Tom. "But if you like we can take you. I'm heading for the ship right now."

"Thank you, darling," she said ardently. "Pay off that creature, will you? Is that your car? I'll get Boris inside."

She thrust a purse into Tom's hand, but of course he did not open it. He took care of her driver, explaining that they didn't need two cars since they were all going back to the ship. He thought with amusement, Harry will have something to tell the missus and the kids when he gets home tonight. I'll introduce him to Eve Drake. The other driver didn't know who she was. He thought she was just a crazy American woman.

Harry was stunned when he was told who his lady passenger was. He said reverently that he never

missed one of Miss Drake's pictures. He kept looking at her in the rear mirror as if he thought she might disappear. Finally he got up his nerve to ask for her autograph so he could prove this event to his wife, and Eve took out her own card and scribbled a warm message for the missus on it. She's all right, Tom decided. She respects her public. Like the rest of us, she knows it's the consumer that counts.

It had been an extraordinary day for Tom. But the climax came when he got out of the taxi at the wharf with the actress, and a couple of photographers who had been lying in wait for her blazed at them both with flashlights. He felt a fool. Then, as the procession of Eve Drake, Boris, and himself reached the deck in close formation and he saw Sara Martin staring at him incredulously, he began to think it was funny.

The sailing hour of the ship had not been changed, but its departure was not a normal one today. The people who had come to see off friends or to look at the ship were not throwing confetti. They were talking excitedly among themselves, holding their hats, trying to keep their skirts down, going to the end of the pier to see if the pilot boat had taken over. On the few places on deck where it was possible to stand, apprehension as well as the wind was rising.

"Does the Captain plan to take this ship out of the harbor on a night like this?"

"They say we're heading into a terrific hurricane."

"That little pilot boat can never get this ship out of here with the wind against us."

"Has anyone talked to the Captain? After all, we've paid good money for a pleasure cruise. If this is it —"

Captain Loft, calm though serious, was on the bridge out of reach of the passengers.

"We're better off at sea," he said to the Chief Officer.

"We might be held up here for several days. Once we get out of the harbor we'll be all right."

BERTHING lines were cast off. But as the tug tried to pull the Capricorn away from the dock a great gust of wind slapped the ship back against the wharf and the people anxiously watching from the shore saw that several portholes had been smashed. Word of the damage travelled to the passenger decks almost as quickly as it went to the bridge.

"Nothing serious, Captain. Just have to board up the portholes."

"Get the carpenter right at it so we won't ship much water."

The tug was making another effort. It was a battle between the tough little tug and the violent wind. From the bow some of the passengers were watching with fascination. No one could possibly keep a foothold now on the upper decks on the port side and even where the promenade deck was partly glassed there was little protection, for streaks of wind rushed into it from exposed corners.

But the Capricorn came out to sea. On one side the long island looked green under the winter sky and on the other the chert ships and a few ships huddled close in the lee of the island. The cruise ship was alone except for the little tug and progress was steady. The fact gave reassurance to almost everyone. The course of the talk changed.

"It will be all right," "you know it's always best to get out of a harbor when there's a on-shore wind," "this is a local storm, it will be much worse on shore," "I've crossed the twenty-three times and I'll say my word for it, this is a hurricane," "I don't know," "the Captain knows what he's doing," "we won't be for dinner tonight," "calls for a drink."

Deckhands went about their surefooted way, keeping down everything that might break loose, pieces of machinery, the officer was busy in the dining-room the Chief had decided that it was necessary to put up glass rails around the table at night.

"But don't have them up those pots of fresh beer," he said, "they may fall over. Leave the beer behind the Captain's cabin bare tonight. He won't be down for dinner, anyway," said Sam Wilson to his assistant Chief Steward, between us, from what I heard of the weather I don't believe the Cap will be down again before we get to Sydney."

Sara Martin wore comfortably with a crick in the back of her neck and she covered that she was a

To page 59

golden rule for "back to school"

KING GEE

SCHOOL SHORTS and shirts to match

Top marks to King Gee for boyproof shorts to take tumbles, tubbings, long, hard wear! Made from Red Label Quality Sanforized® Bradmill Drill, with boilproof elastic action back, extended waistband, heavy-duty pocketing and overlapped seams for extra strength. School grey, navy, fawn, khaki, white. Also available in grey or navy permanent pleat, genuine wash 'n' wear, Polyester and Viscose fabric.

Matching shirts in school grey and khaki. Tailored from drip-dry mercerised drill, a Sanforized® shrunk fabric. Smart two-way collar keeps trim with permanent in-built stays.

BOXERS Tailored tough in famous Bradmill Drill, a Sanforized® shrunk fabric. Boilproof elastic waist, 3 heavy-duty pockets. School grey, navy, khaki, white, blue, brown.

mothers who know value agree, you can't buy better than King Gee

from page 58

change my mind if I fell in love with Australia. Or any other place where the ship makes a stop."

"Falling in love is a good reason for change of plans, I suppose."

"Or being footloose," said Sara. "Are you going to make the round trip?"

"I don't know. I haven't made up my mind. I liked what I saw of New Zealand."

"Did you? Better than Moorea?"

"Well, of course, it makes more sense," he said.

"I met some interesting people in Auckland. Hugh Lawrence's friends."

To page 61

"I saw you go off in style yesterday morning," said Tom.

"I saw you come back with lots of publicity."

He laughed. "Eve's a great girl. Completely uninhibited."

Sara finished the papaw before her and asked for an egg.

"I wonder if we can go out on deck today."

"Not if you want to stay on the ship, I'm afraid."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"I tried it. This is a day when you'll have to stay pretty close to the velvet ropes they've strung around the lounge and the corridors."



"Mother wants you to stay, Roland!"

PANELYTE LAMINATED PLASTIC

WIPES CLEAN, RESISTS STAINS, LASTS A HOUSETIME



new MESETA MAPLE woodgrain

See how this warm, rich textured Panelyte woodgrain can add a special touch of elegance to your home. You get all the beauty of actual Meseta Maple, plus the world famous durability of Panelyte. It resists scuffing, scratching, and impact — wipes spotless in seconds with a damp cloth — looks new after years and years of wear. Get an actual sample of Panelyte Meseta Maple at your furniture store today, or post the coupon at right for Panelyte Colour Chart.

FREE COLOUR CHART

complete with do-it-yourself instructions for applying Panelyte to existing furniture. Post coupon for your copy by return mail to your CHARLES HOPE PTY. LIMITED State distributor, address below left.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE



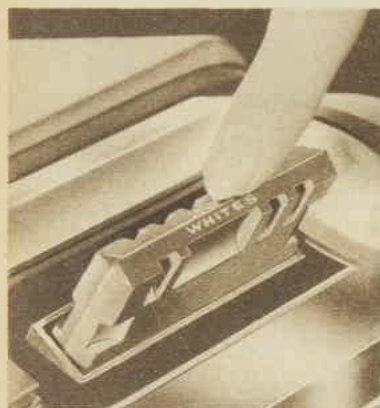
SYDNEY: 33 Atchison St., Crows Nest. Ph. 43 4267
MELBOURNE: 81-87 King William St., Fitzroy. Ph. 41 3970
ADELAIDE: 131 Wright St. Ph. 51 5576
PERTH: 168 Railway Parade, West Leederville. Ph. 8 4511
HOBART: 29 Salamanca Place. Ph. 2 7365
BRISBANE: Cnr. Kingsford Smith Drive and Links Avenue, Eagle Farm. Ph. 68 1071

AUSTRALIA'S STYLE LEADER IN DECORATIVE LAMINATES



No dials to set with *Keymatic*

AUTOMATIC WASHER



Just click in the key—that's all you do! Hoover Keymatic is the simplest, most advanced washing machine ever. No settings to learn, no dials to turn—just a simple keyplate marked with separate washing programmes. Select the programme you want, click in the keyplate, and the washing process is automatically controlled. Washing's as easy as posting a letter with the new Hoover Keymatic.

A perfect wash for every fabric

Every fabric has a special programme to give perfect results, e.g., bed linens are washed in hot water with two different actions—triple rinsed, spin dried. Delicate fabrics are gently tumbled in luke warm water, rinsed three times at reducing temperatures to avoid shrinkage, then spin dried. And the key controls it all!

2 completely different washing actions

Not just two speeds, but two different washing actions—each one automatically selected by the keyplate.

1. Famous 'Boiling Action' pulsator for robust, everyday washing. Proved in over 500,000 Australian homes.

2. New 'Tilted Tumble Action' for gentle washing. Tilted washbowl keeps clothes constantly immersed in water, gently flexing as the tub revolves slowly. Safe for even the most delicate fabrics.

Big capacity. Easy to load and unload

Keymatic takes up to 10 lb. of clothes. You can't overload it—takes all you can fit into it. Keymatic is easier to load and unload because the tilted washbowl is right there in front of you. No need to reach or stoop. Just lower the door and you've got a handy shelf for stacking the clothes.

See Keymatic at all Hoover retailers now.

Keymatic has everything—yes, everything

Compact design, fits anywhere—under a bench in kitchen or bathroom. No special plumbing-in or installation. Moves on easy-roll castors. Automatic heater controls exact washing and rinsing temperature for each fabric. Re-uses water—returns and re-heats to correct temperature for next load.



Price: 220 gns.

Hoover Keymatic The only automatic washer with no dials to set

Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

from page 59

She thought, we are in danger. Most of the people on the ship realise it, and are very brave. They're cheated — they came for a pleasure cruise or to escape like Tom and I or to earn a living. Nobody expected a storm like this. But we all have to take it. You can't fight nature. Henry said something like that. There are hurricanes of desire, too, wrecking people. Poor Henry. I hope he was happy for a little while with her.

Suddenly she was conscious of the peace in her mind and was astonished. She thought, I never believed I could feel this way. I can take it. I can accept it. Is it because of the storm? Because I may be in an open boat before morning? Or because I'm no longer in love with Henry? I can let him go — he's gone — and I know that he can't come back and that probably he never would have come back to me. She thought very secretly and honestly, is it because I've found out that it is possible to fall in love with another man?

Foam hit the window. The storm seemed worse. She must go down with the others. She wanted to be with them. She looked in her wardrobe and saw the rainbow wool dress that she never wore. But she had not been able to make herself wear it or to give it away because Henry had loved her when he had chosen it for her. Look-

FROM THE BIBLE

● "I have learned to find resources in myself whatever my circumstances."

— Philippians 4.11. (New English Bible.)

Paul has learned the secret of peace and adjustment to life — he called upon inner resources, which without his troubles he may never have known he had.

ing at it had always been painful, but still she had brought it along with her. Now she shook out its folds. It's cheerful, she thought. It doesn't look afraid. She remembered what Henry had said about her when she first put it on for him and the memory crossed her mind like a pleasant one. She pulled the dress over her head and went down the stairs clinging to the velvet ropes. The whistle blew for the lifeboat muster and she found the corner where the passengers assigned to Station Four had been instructed to assemble.

Hugh Lawrence was watching for her. He was quickly beside her. "You're all right? I was under the weather myself this morning and couldn't get around." "I'm fine. I'm sorry you feel badly." "I'm all right now. But I was worried about you. The room phones aren't working because several operators are sick and I didn't know where you were. Sara, let's go down to my quarters. It's quiet there and I want so much to have a talk with you."

He was very pale. He looked quite ill. Sara said, "I think you should go down to your cabin when this drill is over. Of course I'll come."

Eve Drake appeared. She wore a black turtle-neck sweater and the tightest of black pants and some of the women temporarily forgot the storm. Eve had Boris on a leash. A steward stepped forward automatically to say that dogs were not allowed in the public room.

"But I cannot leave him!" said Eve. "The storm makes him so nervous!" She looked around and saw Tom Gallagher.

"You help—" she said, "tell this man I cannot leave her confidence trickle back. Then he turned to look for Sara and saw that she was leaving the lounge with Hugh Lawrence."

Sara spoke first after they had reached Lawrence's sitting-room.

"The storm does seem to be getting worse."

"It's no better."

"Are you afraid?"

"No. But I'm probably the one person on the ship who has least reason to be afraid."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not going to live very long, Sara. A year more or less wouldn't make much difference."

"You're not in earnest? That's not true!"

"Very true. I wasn't sea-

"You don't like me?" "I couldn't tell you how much I like you. How grateful I've been for something you've thrown around me. But is liking enough?" "It would be for me."

"I'm so sorry, Hugh."

"It's not enough for you?" "It might have been," said Sara, "but for some reason during this voyage — during the storm — the hate has gone out of me. I can feel again — do you know what I mean?"

"You're in love," he said, "I saw you with him. But I wasn't sure. That makes my poor plan hopeless. Forget it and forgive me."

"I shall never forget it — nor you," said Sara.

The Evans' and the Millers were at the Captain's table at dinner. From his usual

done with those derelicts down at the Captain's table. Can I join the party, Tom?" She sat down and said to everyone — the Bains made a fascinated audience — "Do you want to hear the joke of the century? It's that I thought there wasn't going to be any excitement on this trip! Are we going to survive, Tom?"

"I'll bet on your surviving," said Tom.

"Oh, I love this man!" said Eve. "Don't you, Sara?"

Sara did not answer. Her eyes turned to Tom. Do I — shall I — do you want that — she asked silently.

"But I thought," began Eve Drake, staring at Sara, remembering the Evans' party. Then she stopped and laughed.

"I'd give something to know what the Captain thinks our chances are," said Mr. Bain, puzzled by the talk around him.

The Captain was drinking another cup of coffee at the moment.

"Could you take a short rest, sir?"

"After a while," said Captain Loft. He didn't intend to rest, though he had had no sleep in twenty-four hours. He knew that a ship could be lost while its captain took a nap. This was a ten-point storm and ships went down in twelve-point storms. It was unpredictable now. No one could foresee this, he said to himself once more. The reports weren't this bad. I must get these people through. They have homes. And I have Lucy.

Some passengers were asleep under sedatives, some were ill, a few were crying, and quite a number were praying. There was no doubt before nine o'clock that the force of the storm had increased. It was shown not only by the shaking of the ship and the creaking noises but by the gravity of every officer and attendant.

Tom Gallagher went into the lounge to wait for Sara. She had gone with Eve Drake to see if Boris was all right. He passed Mr. Crandall, who was smoking a long cigar, and Tom said, "Good evening, sir."

Mr. Crandall detained him. "I've been sitting here wondering," he said, "how the Maoris made it in one of those canoes we saw. Weather doesn't change. They must have run into storms as bad as this."

"Maybe they didn't do it the first time."

"The probability is that they were blown off course," said Mr. Crandall, "and that was how they happened to discover New Zealand." He gave a little chuckle and repeated, "Blown off course. Happens to people as well as ships. Sit down, young man. I've been wanting to have a little visit with you. Mrs. Crandall feels safer in her bed tonight. But I like my cigar. What I wanted to ask you is how far you've looked into the possibilities of multipurpose foods."

To page 62

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Boris. Boris is your friend, too!"

Tom grinned at her. He asked aloud, "Does any one mind having a dog here? Perhaps the rules can be waived on a day like this."

Nobody objected and the steward retreated.

The voice of the Captain came steadily through the rooms. "This is your Captain speaking. For the comfort of the passengers we are conducting lifeboat drill in the public rooms, but each passenger should be aware of his boat station on deck and know at least two means of approach to it."

He went on to finish the short talk they had heard twice before, and again the lesser officers demonstrated the way to put on a life belt. In silence the passengers watched, now more carefully than before. Would it soon be necessary for each of them to do that? Before morning?

"Are there any questions?" asked the steward, removing the belt.

"Yes, how could we get over the side of the ship and into the boats in a gale like this?"

"You'd have assistance, madam."

"But could they launch lifeboats in this kind of a sea?" asked someone else.

"That is the duty of the crew, sir."

The purser heard the questions and spoke to the leader of the orchestra. Music began, though it was not yet teatime. The afternoon light was yellowish and malignant. The passengers crowded the lounge and the library and the bar. Men and women who had never spoken to each other during the cruise began to exchange opinions, to seek optimism and encouragement wherever it could be found.

Tom Gallagher saw Mr. and Mrs. Bain sitting in a corner. They looked forlorn and with a curious feeling of responsibility he went over to ask how they were getting along.

"All right," said Mr. Bain. "Elsie is a little nervous."

He put a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

sick this morning. It was a different kind of attack. They come and go. One day an attack won't go, that's all."

"Oh, no—"

"That is one of the things I wanted to tell you. And there's something else. This is a bad storm. Certainly I wouldn't last long in an open boat. But we have a chance of riding this out, of getting to Australia. And if we do — if we do, I am going to ask you not to go on with the ship, but to stay for a while. I wouldn't suggest this if you hadn't told me, and proved to me that night of the Evans' party, that you are unsettled, drifting, and not happy."

"But what would I do in Australia?"

"Marry me. No — don't say anything yet. Let me tell you how I feel. I'm not an impetuous person. But in the past ten days I've become more than fond of you. I was married once, but it didn't last and since then I have never wanted to risk it again. Not until I met you. Sara, I could love you very much if you'd let me."

HUGH smiled gently, and went on. "Yesterday, this morning, even before that I have been wondering if you would accept the little piece of life I have left. I won't be a messy invalid. And I'm a rich man. There's that aspect, such as it is. But what I'd like to do is comfort you — and take comfort in you. Would you consider it at all?"

"It can't be true — about your illness."

"The doctors all agree. I'm getting adjusted to it. I don't want to live out the little time I've left in fear or resentment and I think I won't. But to live with you would bring such color and beauty at the last. I shouldn't make you dreary. The one thing I can't promise you is time. Will you stay with me?"

"Oh, dear Hugh," said Sara with tears in her eyes, "if I could — but—"

"It would seem too abnormal?"

"Not that."



"I've given them a lot of thought. As a matter of fact, I had hoped to go ahead with a new product. But, of course, that's all over the dam now that I'm out of FF. I don't know what Globe will do, if anything, about those foods."

"Wouldn't do any harm for us to talk about it. Keep our minds off the gale. What is this new product you had in mind? If you don't mind my inquiring? My firm's in the business that's looking for such things. I'm retired myself, but I'm still in an advisory capacity — maybe a little stronger than advisory —"

He chuckled again and Tom began to talk. It was incredible that on this ship, on this wild, perilous night, he might be meeting an opportunity. Blown off course —

He almost forgot the storm as they talked until the shock came. It

Continuing . . . THE VOYAGERS

from page 61

was sudden, different from the shaking and trembling of the ship. There was a thud, a bump, a shiver, a list. Every nerve in the room leaped.

"I must go to my wife," said Mr. Crandall, and struggled out of his chair.

"Let me help you," said Tom. "This may be nothing."

He did not believe what he said. It had felt like a collision. His thought and fear rushed to Sara. Eve Drake's room was two decks above. He must find Sara, not let her out of his sight again, no matter what happened they must see this through together — thank heaven they were in the same lifeboat —

He took Mr. Crandall to the door of his cabin and then rushed up the nearest stairs. There at the top Sara and Eve Drake were staggering along, dragging the unwilling dog.

"Darling, here I am, it's all right," he called to her. Sara told Tom later that he said that. All he remembered was taking her into his arms.

The ship was still moving. It hadn't stopped. The lights hadn't gone out yet.

"What's happened? Is it a collision? Are we on the rocks?"

The voice on the loudspeaker

brought complete hush. "This is your Captain speaking. I wish to advise all passengers and members of the crew that we are in no danger. The sound you heard and the shock you may have felt was due to the impact of one of our stabilisers, which has broken loose and struck the side of the ship. It has sustained some damage and without the stabilisers the comfort of the ship will be reduced to some extent, as we shall not be able to prevent a certain roll in these high seas. They are diminishing. We believed we have passed through the eye of the storm. I repeat there is no present danger. Good-night."

The Capricorn came gracefully into the Harbor at Sydney. On

the dock mechanics and were waiting, for the new the broken stabiliser and portholes had been saved. Also on the dock passengers and reporters were waiting the arrival of Eve Drake.

The chief steward said they were discussing arrangements.

"Miss Drake and Mr. Crandall both leave the ship here. There will be two vacant places at the Captain's table," said the steward. "Is anyone very getting on here?"

"There's a widow who's one of the biggest catches in the Northern Territory. Quite attractive and young. I understand her name is — I forget, but I'll find for you, Sam, before we go."

"Do that. I'll give you Drake's place. How many gers do we lose here?"

"Forty — we take on the No. we lose forty-two because Gallagher told me this morning he's going to fly back tomorrow."

The passengers, dressed in their best, began to gather on the deck to see their ship come into a port. Mr. and Mrs. Crandall stood by themselves, a little outcast and wary of an arm.

"We'll miss Mr. Gallagher's table," said Mrs. Crandall. "He's an odd fellow, but quite how to take him," said Bain. "I notice that he's been up Wells Crandall. He is trying to latch on to a job."

"He's in love with Martin," said Elsie. "I'm going to be married. Look, comes Eve Drake. Isn't she today?"

"I never thought she was a candle to you, old girl. I think you deserved that first

EVE DRAKE. Sara and Tom and Hugh. She wore immense jewelled instead of a hat. Barely wearing a jewelled collar with the design. The effect was to be. But there would be no about what Eve secretly ing, as she looked eager country where she meant a great picture.

"Now I have to go and she told everyone."

"I hope your new wonderful," said Sara.

"If it is, you should credit line."

"I should?"

"Wait until you see me but perhaps you won't remember you'll be too happy — I let you have my Tim — there's the man who's take me through this job blew them a dramatical went away with the public officer of the Line."

"I must go, too," said Lawrence. He took Sara but she lifted her face, and kissed her.

"Take care of yourself."

"I won't believe — I'll just be happy," said Tom. He shook hands with Tom you're flying back tomorrow."

"We both are," said Tom. turned in astonishment at that and Lawrence, disapproving.

"Both of us?"

"You will come, won't you?"

"But you said you should wait until you something would work in Crandall's company. When change your mind?"

"Just now."

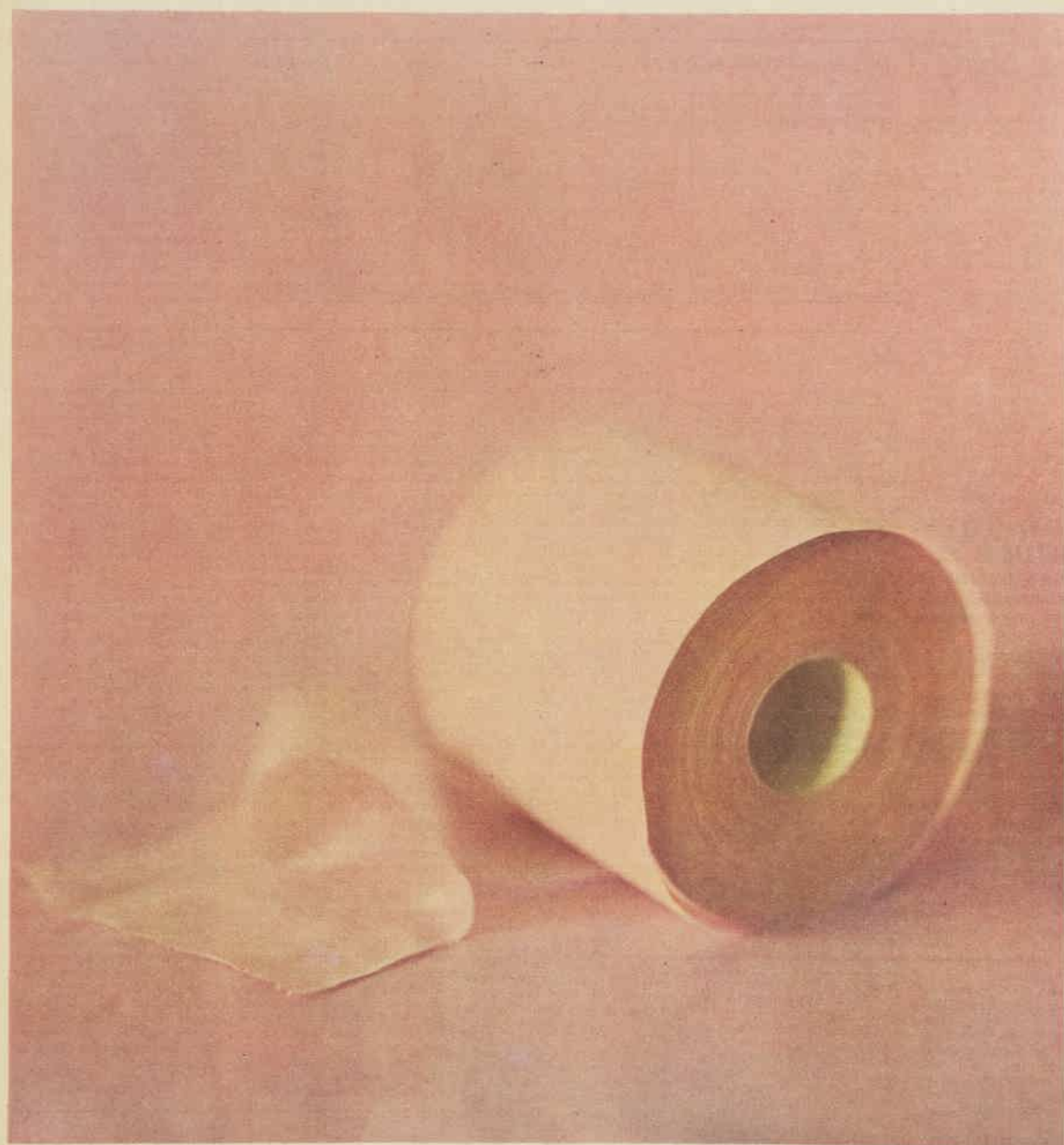
"But why?"

"Because he kissed Tom. 'He loves you. But much as I do, I don't should waste any time. never be enough."

The End.

(c) Margaret Culkin Bannister

Notice to Contributors
PLEASE type your manuscripts clearly in ink, on one side of the paper. Short stories should be 1100 to 1400 words; short stories 1500 words. Enclose stamp for return postage of manuscript if rejection. Every care is taken at publication but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to The Australian Women's Weekly, 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



What's so different about Sorbent?

Sorbent is a safe toilet tissue, consistent in quality and wonderful comforting softness, for all the family. Available at your favourite store in soft pastel colours, pink, yellow, aqua and purest white.



OTHER FINE PAPER PRODUCTS BY **BOWATER — SCOTT**



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

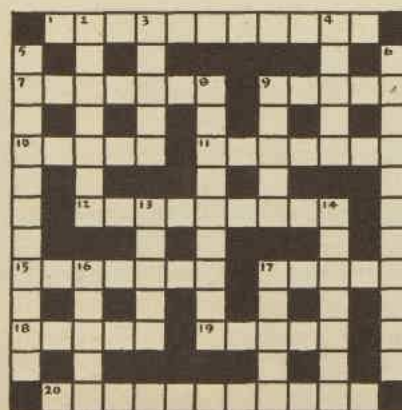
INHABITANTS of a weird planet, who captured Earth's scientific satellite, plan to come to Earth on a trade commission selling strange crystals. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Give superfluous beautification (4, 3, 4).
2. Symbol of innocence heading a well-known walk (7).
3. Comprehend with a snaky ending (5).
4. Monsters originating from fairy tales (5).
5. Cut nail (anagr., 7). (It is mad to give such a clue.)
6. Well-known worm destroyer (5, 4).
7. Dante's hell (7).
8. Meat-jelly, starting where 9 across ends (5).
9. Famous prize-giver (5).
10. Fame that at the end turns the sod (5).
11. The devil take tea with relative speed to make mani- (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Dip into a liquid using Irish Gaelic to finish it (7).
3. The vilest part of anything (5).
4. Smallest of a versatile astronomer (5).
5. I cut soon all exhortations (11).
6. Exception that proves the rule (7, 4).
8. Plant made of a shrub with white wine (9).
9. Tutelary spirits (5).
10. Of the country, mostly from Russian mountains (5).
11. I posted (anagr., 7).
12. Narrative, seldom true, yet mostly skillful (5).
13. This tree usually grows in moist ground, and its root is turning red? (5).

Fashion PATTERNS

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/8 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7808.—"Cowboy" scarf distinguishes this smart frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F7807.—Smart dress with braid trim and short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Short sleeves (B), ¾yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves (A), 2½yds. 54in. material; both styles, 4½yds. braid. Price 4/6.

F7808



F7806.—Figure-flattering pinafore with side bows has its own blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Pinafore, 2yds. 54in. material or 3yds. 36in.; blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7806



F7807



F7777



F7461.—Five-piece sports set in one pattern includes overblouse, slacks, jacket, skirt, and blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Overblouse, 2½yds. 36in. material; slacks, 2½yds. 36in.; jacket, 2½yds. 36in.; skirt, 1½yds. 36in.; blouse, 1½yds. 36in. Price 4/6.

F7777.—School uniform available in 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42, and 44in. lengths. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 759.—CHILD'S FROCK

Hipster frock with pleated skirt is available cut out to make. Material is spotted poplin in red, navy, or pale blue, all with white spot; or white with aqua, pink, or navy spot. Size 4 to 6 years, 24/6; 8 to 10 years, 25/6. Postage 2/6 extra on all sizes.

No. 760.—TEA-TOWELS

Set of three cut out and traced to embroider with animal design on multi-colored striped linen. Price is 21/-, plus 1/6 postage, or 7/3 each, plus 9d. postage each.

No. 761.—MATERNITY FROCK

Charming loose-fitting frock available cut out to make in printed polished cotton with hydrangea design. Colors are teal and beige with green on white ground, or tan and beige with green on white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

● Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



759



760



761

She does
well at work
or play



Busy at school . . . busy at play . . . children use up a lot of energy. Mother makes sure they get extra nourishment with Arnott's Milk Arrowroot biscuits in their school lunch every day.



Arnott's
F A M O U S
MILK ARROWROOT
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality